World's Greatest Terminal, by Wm. Pickett Helm

RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

DECEMBER

Fact and Fiction

25 CTS.

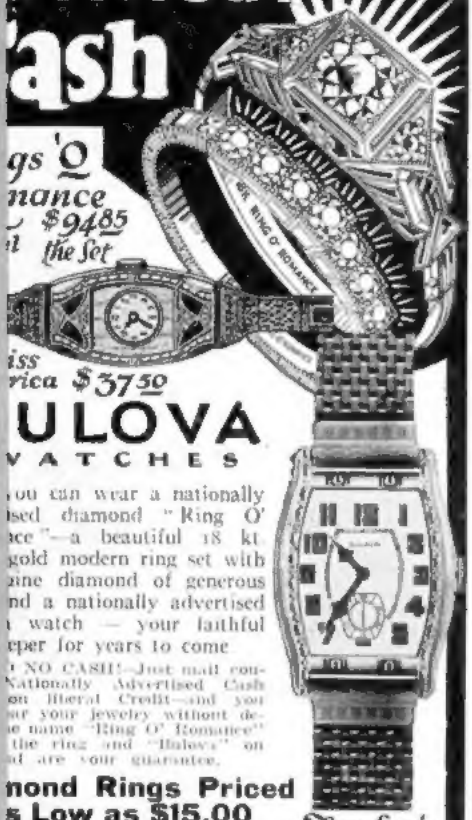
HILL-BILLY

A powerful Novelette
by Clifford Knight

"Red Eye!"

Free Two-Tone Copy of this Painting Without Lettering. See page 154.

...Yours WITHOUT ...ash



...ULOVA ...ATCHES

...ou can wear a nationally ...ised diamond "Ring O' ...ance"—a beautiful 18 kt. gold modern ring set with ...ine diamond of generous ...nd a nationally advertised ...watch — your faithful ...eper for years to come.

...NO CASH!—Just mail coupon. Nationally Advertised Cash ...on Liberal Credit—and you ...ar your jewelry without de... The name "Ring O' Romance" ...the ring and "Bulova" on ...d are your guarantee.

...mond Rings Priced ...s Low as $15.00

... for our New Diamond Cata... showing marvelous new designs ...h ladies' and men's diamond ... Never have we been able to offer such beautiful ...d rings at such low prices. The catalogue is ...REE!

Railroad Watches

... send you our beautiful watch catalogue showing Famous Santa Fe Model Railroad watch, and ...lewel Santa Fe Special in both 16 and 12 ... Also the new 60 hour Runn Special. Catalogue ...EE.

... for our Special Spot Cash Offer. Good for 30 ...ays.

SANTA FE WATCH COMPANY
...-57, Thomas Building, TOPEKA, KANSAS

...NTA FE WATCH CO.,
...857, Thomas Bldg., Topeka, Kansas.
...e send me articles I have checked:
...nd Ring O' Romance [ ] "Bridal Pair" and Bulova [ ] "Miss America" [ ] Lone Eagle [ ] ...-4-... in your advertisement. Also send beautifully illustrated ... catalogue.

...

...

...

What a CHRISTMAS!

America's Finest
Bicycle
and the very latest thing in a
22 SAFETY RIFLE

IVER JOHNSON BICYCLES

Far and away the finest made and every boy knows it. Many snappy models in handsome color combinations. Prices from $32.50 up and worth it.

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY RIFLE

THE 22 MADE SAFE.

Firing or aiming is impossible until safety knob is snapped down.

So far in advance of any 22 you ever saw, you wouldn't be satisfied with any other, and only $7.

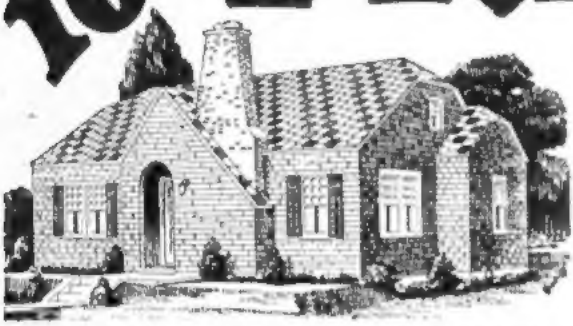
Send for free Folders B in colors describing Bicycles and the New Rifle.

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
79 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

New York: 151 Chambers Street
Chicago: 108 W. Lake Street
San Francisco: 717 Market Street

FC

6 room HOUSE FREE!



Just for a name

ANY NAME MAY WIN THIS HOUSE

Can you imagine anyone winning a beautiful new 6 room house just for suggesting the most suitable name for it? Well, that is just exactly what is going to happen! Sounds almost too good to be true, doesn't it—but it is true! There are no strings tied to this offer. Positively nothing to buy or sell. No obligation whatsoever. Offer open to everybody—man, woman, boy or girl. This new style true American-type 6-room house with its circular entrance—big 18 ft. light and airy living room—3 cozy bedrooms—cheerful kitchen and handy bathroom and closets is meeting with such great popularity that we are desirous of obtaining a suitable name for it for use in connection with our building program and will give one away ABSOLUTELY FREE just for the most suitable name suggested for it. Surely, you can think of a good name for such a charming house. Do not use more than two words. Any word or words may be used or any combination of words, such as "Ridgelawn", "Shadynook", "Hearthome"—or names like "Sunshine Inn", "Journey's End." No matter how simple your suggestion is, send it in QUICK! Any name may win!

House Can Be Built Anywhere In U. S.

It makes no difference who you are or where you live. This house can be built anywhere in the United States. Maine, California, or anywhere. We are simply giving the house away FREE for the most suitable name and it makes no difference to us where it is built. Surely, you have longed for the day to come when you could call your home your own. This is your grand opportunity. No doubt, you have already thought of a splendid name. Rush your suggestion TODAY—QUICK! Any name may win!

$100.00 Cash Extra For Promptness

We are in a hurry to name this new house and will pay the winner $100.00 cash JUST FOR PROMPTNESS! The 6-room house and $100.00 cash will be given the winner providing the winning name is mailed within (3) days after this announcement is read. The very name you have in mind may bring you this house and $100.00 cash. Send it in TODAY—NOW!

Follow These Rules

This offer is open to everyone excepting members of this firm, its employees and relatives. Each participant may send only one name—sending two or more names will cause all names submitted by that person to be thrown out. Contest closes January 24th, 1931. Should two or more persons submit equally suitable names, the house, as offered, will be given to each one so tieing, and the $100.00 cash for promptness also will be given to each winner provided suggestion is mailed within (3) days after this announcement is read.

Nothing Else Required

Positively nothing else is required of you to win this 6-room house. Just suggest the most suitable name, that's all. Rush your suggestion today, regardless of what it is. Any name may win.

First Name You Think of May Win This House

You may have the most suitable name right on the end of your tongue this minute. Send us your name and address and the name you suggest TODAY. A postal card will do, just say, "I suggest ———————— as a name for the house as offered." Remember, any name may win!

BUNGALOW BUILDERS, Box 2838, BATAVIA, ILLINOIS

RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

December, 1930 *"For the Railroad Man and the Railroad Fan"* Vol. IV—No. 1

Features

World's Greatest Terminal — By William Pickett Helm — 1
New York Project, 40 Years in the Making, Nears Completion
Photographs

Locomotives—$4.04 a Pound — By John Adams — 9
It's Cheaper to Buy a 4-8-4 Passenger Jack than a Ford
Photographs

Hospitals on Wheels — By Earle W. Gage — 49
Railroad Provides First Aid for World's Outposts
Photographs

Moving the Christmas Mail — By John A. Thompson — 53
How the Main Lines Work with Uncle Sam to Cheer Merry Hearts
Photographs

Midland Memories — By A. B. Clark — 90
Poignant Recollections of Boomer Days in Colorado
Photographs

When the King Travels — By Sidney Smith — 124
Royal Luxury for His Majesty on England's High Lines
Photographs

Serials

Gangsters of the Rails (Five Parts—Part II) — By E. S. Dellinger — 66
Sinister Hands Reach Out for Connie, and Murder Rides the Steel
Illustrated by Joseph Easley

The Mask of Ching Wo (Six Parts—Part V) — By Max Brand — 141
Gentleman Bandit Puts to Rout a First Class Lynching Party
Illustrated by Fred Small

Novelette and Short Stories

Hill-Billy (Novelette) — By Clifford Knight — 17
The Kid from the Bush Wanted to Be an Op When a Rival Stole His Girl
Illustrated by Joseph Easley

Train Movement — By Griff Crawford — 34
A Super Asked for the Whole Truth, but Found It Hard to Take
Illustrated by Harry C. Temple

The Lady in Lower Ten — By Arthur K. Akers — 42
Love Potions and Knockout Drops in a Pullman Potah's Life
Illustrated by Everett Lowry

Rusty Threads — By Bob Cross — 128
He Lost in the Game of Life—but Not to the Rats
Illustrated by John R. Neill

FB

THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, Publisher, 280 Broadway, New York
WILLIAM T. DEWART, President **C. T. DIXON, Vice President**

MESSAGERIES HACHETTE
3, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4

PARIS: HACHETTE & CIE.
111 Rue Reaumur

Published every month and copyright, 1930, by The Frank A. Munsey Company. Single copies, 25 cents. By the year, $2.50 in United States, its dependencies, Mexico, Cuba, and Canada; $4.00 to other Foreign Countries. Remittances should be made by check, express money order or postal money order. Currency should not be sent unless registered. Entered at the post office, New York, N. Y., as Second Class Matter November 15th, 1929, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. The entire contents of this magazine are protected by copyright, and must not be reprinted without the publishers' permission. Copyrighted in Great Britain.

Manuscripts submitted to this Magazine should be accompanied by sufficient postage for their return if found unavailable. The publisher can accept no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts

True Tales of the Rails

The Flagman — By John Johns — 97
Barney Miner Flagging in the Sub-Zero Night—and Faith
Illustrated by Joseph Easley

Mixed Cars — By G. F. Gifford — 101
A Crook Juggled Initials and a Clerk Paid the Price
Illustrated by Harry C. Temple

Superstition and a Stripped Jack — By A. J. ("Fatty") Thomas — 104
The Hogger's Hunch Was Good on the Wild Ride in the Night
Illustrated by Joseph Easley

A Hot Box That Saved Lives — By Neil A. Robertson — 106
Just One of Those Things That's Liable to Turn a Dispatcher Gray
Illustrated by John R. Neill

A Trick at Quarry Hill — By Hardy Reeves — 110
The Boomer Thought All the Thrills of Railroading Were in the West
Illustrated by Harry C. Temple

Departmental and Miscellany

Along the Streak o' Rust — Railroad Personalities — 60
Carrying the Banner (Poem) — By Pete Peters — 65
Sunny Side of the Track — 89
World's Biggest Oil-Burning Jack — By Earle W. Gage — 117
The Roadway Engineers (Poem) — By Edward Gilligan — 118
By the Light of the Lantern — 119
A Lively Group of Business-Getters — 127
Christmas Eve at Katahdin (Poem) — By Olin Lyman — 136
The Boomers' Corner — 137
On the Spot — With the Editors — 155
Coming for January — 160

FC

Win $2,500 Or Buick Sedan and $1,000

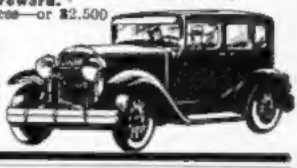
You can share in great advertising campaign. Over $5,000.00 in 140 Prizes. Also thousands of dollars in special rewards. C. H. Essig, a farmer, Argos, Ind. won $3,500; Mrs. Edna Zilet of Kentucky, won $1,950; and scores of others. Now better than ever. This is your opportunity. In our new campaign **someone** wins $2,500—**why not you?** Enter now—

CAN YOU FIND 5 FACES?

Strange faces are in tree, clouds etc. Some are upside down, others look straight at you. **If you find 5 or more faces,** mark them, clip the picture and mail. If you answer now, and take an active part, **you are sure to get a special cash reward.** You may win Buick Sedan, and $1,000 for promptness—or $2,500 if you prefer all cash. Mail answer today.

$1,000 Extra for Promptness
If you are prompt I'll give $1,000 extra if you win first prize. Answer today!

Send Today Someone answering wins Buick Sedan delivered by nearest dealer. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. No matter where you live, if you want to win $2,500 first prize money, **send answer today** for details. Can you find 5 or more faces? **Send no money. Alan Grant, Mgr. 549 Washington Blvd., Dept. 92. Chicago.**



CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

AGENTS & SALESMEN WANTED

GET OUR FREE SAMPLE CASE—TOILET ARTICLES, FLAVORINGS AND SPECIALTIES. WONDERFULLY PROFITABLE. LA DERMA CO., DEPT. 5, ST. LOUIS, MO.

AGENTS—I AM MAKING ONE OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL OFFERS ever made to Food and Household Specialty Agents. Don't fail to write for particulars. M. G. Roth, Pres. HO-RO-CO MFG. CO., 2701 Dodier, St. Louis, Mo.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR, Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes, Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. CARNATION CO., 142, St. Louis, Mo.

FLORIDA REAL ESTATE

BECOME INDEPENDENT—HAVE AN INCOME FOR LIFE ON ONE OF OUR 20 ACRE POULTRY AND FRUIT FARMS, N.W. Florida; $500 full price; 5 years to pay, no interest. McCASKILL ESTATES, 7 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

Learn Radio in 8 Weeks TELEVISION TALKING PICTURES
Thousands of jobs open paying $50 a week and up! You qualify in 8 weeks—not by correspondence, but by actual work on actual Radio, Television and Sound Equipment. **Not books or lessons.** Free Employment Help. Send for big, new FREE BOOK. **Radio Div., COYNE Electrical School, Dept. 90-14 500 South Paulina Street - - - - Chicago, Illinois**

HELP WANTED

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, Men—Women, 18—50, qualify for Government Positions, $125—$250 month. Steady. Paid vacations. Common education. Thousands needed yearly. Write, INSTRUCTION BUREAU, 236, St. Louis, Mo.

FIREMEN, Brakemen, Baggagemen; colored Train or Sleeping Car Porters, $150—$250 monthly. Experience not necessary. 836 RAILWAY INSTRUCTION BUREAU, East St. Louis, Ill.

FEDERAL DISTRIBUTORS EARN BIG MONEY. No capital or experience needed. Exclusive Territory. Write for outfit. FEDERAL PURE FOOD CO., M2311, Archer, Chicago.

PERSONAL—STAMMERING

TOBACCO HABIT OVERCOME OR NO PAY. Over 500,000 used Superba Remedy to help stop Cigarettes, Cigars, Pipe, Chewing, Snuff. Write for full treatment on trial. Costs $2 if successful, nothing if not. Superba Co., L-80, Baltimore, Md.

IF YOU STAMMER or have a speech impediment, write me at once for particulars. Results guaranteed. 11,000 cases corrected. Home Courses or Institutional Course. MILLARD INSTITUTE, 2339 Millard Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

PATENTS AND INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED. PATENTED OR UNPATENTED. Send sketch and description or model, or write for information. In business 30 years. Complete facilities. ADAM FISHER MFG. CO., 240 Enright, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE COPY OF "RED EYE!"

Every reader has an opportunity now to get a beautiful two-tone reproduction of the front cover painting on this issue. This reproduction is without type and suitable for framing. ***The coupon below must be filled out and mailed in with two cents in postage or we will not be able to take care of you.***

RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, 280 Broadway, New York City.

Please send me free, a two-tone reproduction of the cover on your December issue, without type and suitable for framing. *I send herewith two cents in postage.*

Name.....

Address.....

If a "rail" please state branch of service.....

City and State.....

FREE RADIO CATALOG

LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES

The latest in Radio . . . new 1931 Screen Grid Humless All-Electric Sets, remote control, public address, phono-combinations . . . all dynamic speaker equipped. Also battery operated sets. Beautiful consoles. Accessories, parts, kits, electric appliances, etc. Send for this 168-page FREE book today!

ALLIED RADIO CORPORATION
711 W. LAKE ST. Dept. 327 CHICAGO

DON'T WORRY

ABOUT RUPTURE

Why put up with years of needless discomfort and worry? Try a Brooks Automatic Air Cushion. This marvelous appliance permits the opening to close, yet holds rupture securely, comfortably—day and night. Thousands report amazing results. Light, neat-fitting. No hard pads, metal girdle or parts to chafe or gouge. Patented in U. S. and 13 foreign countries. Try one 10 DAYS WITHOUT A PENNY'S RISK. You'll be delighted. Free book on Rupture and convincing facts mailed postpaid in plain sealed envelope. Address

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 177 STATE ST., MARSHALL, MICH.

LEARN Electricity In the Great School of Coyne—complete in 3 months. Big outlay of electrical equipment.

Earn $60 to $100 a Week

Enter anytime. You don't need experience. Special limited offer. Radio and Aviation Electricity Courses included. Earn while you learn. *Send for big free catalog.* Act now!

COYNE Electrical School, Dept. 90 - 57
500 South Paulina Street - - CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

NEW DEVICE MAKES CAR WASHING EASY!

WORKS BY WATER PRESSURE

Cars become spotlessly CLEAN in a jiffy! Gy-ro washes cars QUICKLY without chamois, soap or spray. Amazing Offer to Agents: Big profits. Send name and address today for details. Costs Nothing.

GY-RO BRUSH CO.
Dept. H-40, Ampere, N. J.

EVERY AUTOIST WANTS ONE

AGENTS MAKE 100%

FALLING HAIR & DANDRUFF

POSITIVELY STOPPED PERMANENTLY DESTROYED

By NATURAL METHODS

Singeing, tonic, etc., worse than useless. Results guaranteed thru application of Natureopathic discoveries of French Health Institute, which has successfully treated thousands in France and thruout Europe. Complete treatment at special American introductory price of $1.00. French Health Institute, American Studio, Dept. A, Box 210, New Haven, Conn.

FEET PAY

A business and profession that is a big income producer from the start. Few weeks study starts you to earning. Study and practice FOOT CORRECTION by mechanical means—not medical nor chiropody. EASY HOME TRAINING for men or women. Endorsed by practical Foot Men. Thousands of suffering feet need you. MUCH TRADE WAITING. Ask about FREE Tuition Plan.

LINCOLN CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE, Inc., 1500-G Walnut Street, Philadelphia

You get PROOF the first 7 Days I can make this NEW MAN of YOU

CHARLES ATLAS
"The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

I'VE helped thousands of men—young and old—underweight and overweight—weaklings and even "strong men" and other physical directors who wanted MY KIND of Muscle Power. Now I'll show YOU my quick, sure way to build yourself a new body and make "A NEW MAN" of yourself.

Spending just a few minutes a day in your own home, doing what I tell you, without tricky apparatus, starving or gorging, using only my *natural* methods of *Dynamic-Tension*—in ONE WEEK you begin to SEE and FEEL the difference in your bodily condition and physical appearance.

And my methods will dig down into your system, banishing such ailments as constipation, pimples, skin blotches and the others that do you out of the good things and good times of life. If you're timid and bashful, you lose all that—you have a new, more forceful personality—you become a NEW MAN!

FREE *"Everlasting Health and Strength"*

Do what my thousands of other pupils did—send for a free copy of my 48-page book "Everlasting Health and Strength." Spend 2c to mail my coupon—to learn how YOU can win the biggest prize in life—a handsome, healthy, husky body. Address CHARLES ATLAS (Dept. 1212), 133 East 23rd Street, New York City.

CHARLES ATLAS (Dept. 1212)
133 East 23rd Street, N. Y. C.

I want the proof that your system of **Dynamic-Tension** will make a **New Man** of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, **"Everlasting Health and Strength."**

Name.....

Address.....

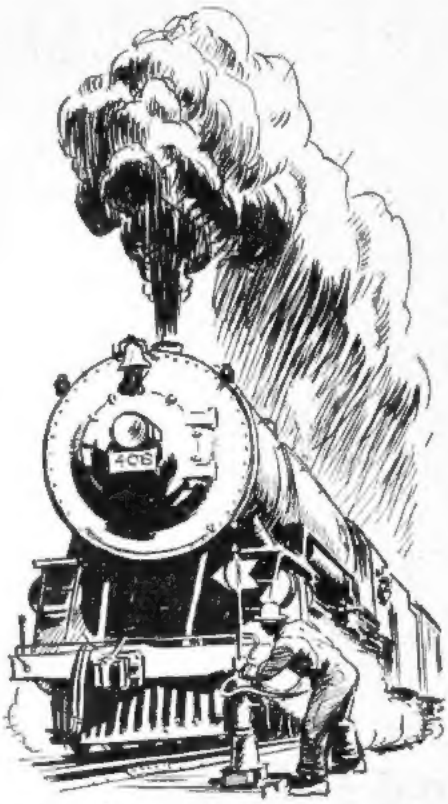
City and State.....

(Please print or write plainly)

FE

Head in Here for Christmas

There isn't anything you can do that will bring more cheer to a railroad man or a railroad fan each month for the next year than your signature on this coupon plus $2.50. We'll do the rest and include a gift card from you.



Make yourself popular give subscriptions to

RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

Fact and Fiction

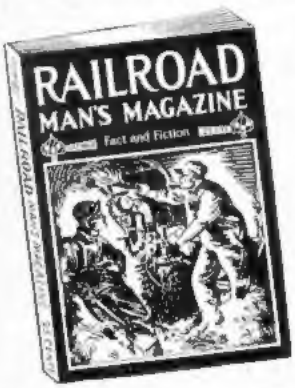
Entertaining and informative fact articles.

Thrilling book-length novels.

Short stories which project the realism of the great iron road and the men and women who man it.

Poems, Departments, Features

Written and edited by railroaders for railroaders and their friends



RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE Date.....
280 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find $..... Send Railroad Man's Magazine for one year and greeting card to:

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

Acknowledge order to:

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

RUPTURE IS NOT A TEAR

NO BREAK TO HEAL

Rupture is not a tear, but is due to a muscular weakness in the abdominal wall. Trusses merely brace these muscles but do not strengthen them—on the contrary, the gouging of the ordinary truss pad often increases this weakness as it tends to shut off circulation of the blood.

STUART'S ADHESIF PLAPAO-PADS are **patentably different**—being mechanico-chemico applicators—made self-adhesive purposely to keep the muscle-tonic called "Plapao" continuously applied to the affected parts, and to minimize danger of slipping and painful friction. The adhesive fabric is **soft as velvet** and clings to the body **without straps, buckles or springs. Easy to apply—comfortable—inexpensive.** Awarded Gold Medal, Rome, Grand Prix, Paris, Honorable Mention, Panama Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, etc. For almost a quarter century stacks of **sworn testimonials** from many different countries report success—**without delay from work.** The epidermatic absorption of Plapao utilizing "mechanico-chemico therapy" tends toward a natural process of recovery, **after which no further use for a truss.**

Stop wasting your time and money on old-fashioned devices. Learn how to close the hernial opening as nature intended, so **the rupture can't come down.** Send no money; just mail the Free Test coupon below. For your own good—write today—tomorrow may be too late.

FREE TEST COUPON

Plapao Laboratories, Inc., 164 Stuart Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Send me a Free 10 day test supply of the remedial factor Plapao and 48-page illustrated book on Rupture; no charge for this now or later.

Name.....

Address.....

Get Strong!

Eight Improved Muscle Builders

All for $2.98

Easily master feats which now seem difficult. If you want physical culture for health this equipment is what you need. SAVE AT LEAST HALF! We furnish ten cable chest expander adjustable to 200 lbs. resistance. Made of new live extra strength rubber to give resistance needed for sure muscle development. Pair of patented hand grips develop powerful grip and arm. Wall exercising parts develop back, arms and legs. Head strap permits exercise of neck muscles. Develop leg muscles with foot strap—gives speed, endurance. Illustrated course shows how to develop any part of body.

GUARANTEE
Entire satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

SEND NO MONEY

Send name and address! We send all by return mail. Pay postman $2.98 plus postage (If you live outside U. S. A. price $3.50) cash with order.

CRUSADER APP. CO., Dept. 4011, Maplewood, N. J.

End Pile Torture

With This Successful Internal-External Treatment—No Suffering, No Delay

SEND FOR FREE TRIAL

Try the Page Combination Treatment with internal tablets and the pain and suffering from itching, bleeding, blind or protruding piles is quickly relieved because of the internal as well as external action. Relieves pain and aids healing. No matter what other methods you have used without result, you owe it to yourself to give the Page Method a trial. Write today for FREE Test Package. Costs you nothing. Thousands have found pile relief through the Page Method. Send for free test.

E. R. Page Co., 247G Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Play the Hawaiian Guitar like the Hawaiians!

Only 4 Motions used in playing this fascinating instrument. Our native Hawaiian instructors teach you to master them quickly. Pictures show how. Everything explained clearly.

Play in Half Hour
After you get the four easy motions you play harmonious chords with very little practice. No previous musical knowledge needed.

Easy Lessons
Even if you don't know one note from another, the 52 printed lessons and clear pictures make it easy to learn quickly. Pay as you play.

GIVEN *when you enroll* **—a sweet toned HAWAIIAN GUITAR, Carrying Case and Playing Outfit—Value $18 to $20**
No extras—everything included

WRITE AT ONCE for attractive offer and easy terms. You have everything to gain. A postcard will do. **ACT!**

TENOR BANJO and other courses. The same thorough instruction on Tenor Banjo, Violin, Ukulele, Tenor Guitar, Ukulele, Banjo Ukulele. Well-known instructors. Write for full information.

FIRST HAWAIIAN CONSERVATORY of MUSIC, Inc.
9th Floor, Woolworth Bldg. Dept. 235 New York, N. Y.
Approved as a Correspondence School Under the Laws of the State of New York
—Member National Home Study Council

GOV'T. POSITIONS

$35 TO $75 WEEKLY

MEN-WOMEN — **AGE 18 to 55**

WE HELP YOU GET ONE

( ) Ry. Mail Clerk	( ) Steno-Typist
( ) P. O. Laborer	( ) Immigrant Inspector
( ) R. F. D. Carrier	( ) Seamstress
( ) Special Agent	( ) Auditor
( ) Customs Inspect'r	( ) Steno-Secretary
( ) City Mail Carrier	( ) U. S. Border Patrol
( ) Meat Inspector	( ) Chauffeur-Carrier
( ) P. O. Clerk	( ) Watchman
( ) File Clerk	( ) Skilled Laborer
( ) General Clerk	( ) Postmaster
( ) Matron	( ) Typist

INSTRUCTION BUREAU, Dept. 424, St. Louis, Mo. Send me FREE particulars How To Qualify for positions marked "X". Salaries, locations, opportunities, etc. ALL SENT FREE.

Name.....

Address.....

Strange Fluid Charges Batteries *Instantly*

A simple, harmless fluid which automatically recharges automobile, radio and other wet batteries instantly, is being offered on trial to users by Harry Elliott, Suite 345, Eighth & Park Sts., Des Moines, Iowa. This remarkable fluid also increases the life of batteries and enables them to hold their charge indefinitely. Dead batteries charge themselves as if by magic. Old batteries act like new. No trouble—no battery expense—can be used instantly by anyone. Mr. Elliott wants agents and is making a free offer. Write him today.

FG

1931 LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES! FREE RADIO CATALOG

Everyone interested in RADIO should have this Catalog. Solid with "Specials" from cover to cover. Teeming with values . . . every item a feature. All latest sets and equipment. Screen Grid, A. C., Humless, all electric sets . . . also battery operated sets and direct current sets. Dynamic speakers, beautiful consoles, kits and parts. Wholesale prices. Astounding savings. Get this FREE bargain book *today*

Chicago Salvage Stock Store
509 S. State St. Dept. 607 Chicago

THE CRIMINAL OUTWITTED!

HERCULES TEAR GAS "FOUNTAIN PEN" affords instant Protection for every man, woman and child.

MAKE UP TO $25 DAILY

Education of the public in the use of Tear Gas against thieves, coroner, purse snatchers, bank robbers prowlers, also against ferocious animals masterminone of the greatest mass sellers today.

Safe, reliable. No permanent injury. Ideal for women. Needed by every home, office, store, bank motorist and many others.

MILLIONS WAITING

A natural seller, full time or sideline. Unlimited field. Choice of colors and prices. **No stock investment. Your pay daily in advance.** We deliver.

SPECIAL LIMITED **FREE** OFFER. WRITE QUICK

Simply point HERCULES and Tear Gas Cloud instantly Baffles any criminal

Hercules Gas Munitions Corp.
622 Diversey Parkway, Dept. 812, Chicago

Be A Detective

Make Secret Investigations

Earn Big Money. Work home or travel. Fascinating work. Experience unnecessary. **DETECTIVE** Particulars FREE. Write NOW to **GEO. D. F. WAGNER, 2190 Broadway, N. Y.**

U. S. GOVERNMENT JOBS!

$1260 to $3400 Year

Steady Work
Short Hours
Common Education Usually Sufficient
Men-Women, 18 to 50
Mail Coupon today sure.

Franklin Institute, Dept. S-274, Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Rush to me without charge, (1) 32-page book with list of U. S. Government Jobs obtainable. (2) Tell me how to get one of these jobs.

Name.....

Address.....

The LUDY

South Carolina Ave. at the Boardwalk

ATLANTIC CITY'S NEWEST

Centrally Located Fireproof Hotel

220 ROOMS with the last word in hotel equipment

Salt Water Baths Solarium

Ocean Deck Bathing from Hotel

Overlooking the Ocean

American Plan $6 Up

Fireproof Garage Attached

R. B. LUDY, M.D.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 949, 70 5th Ave., New York

Learn Radio in 8 Weeks

TELEVISION

TALKING PICTURES

Thousands of jobs open paying $50 a week and up! You qualify in 8 weeks—not by correspondence, but by actual work on actual Radio, Television and Sound Equipment. No books or lessons. Free Employment Help. Send for big NEW Free book. Radio Div., COYNE Electrical School, Dept. 90-6E 500 South Paulina Street - - - - Chicago, Illinois

CLIP-LITE - clip it on!

THE RESTFUL LITEWEIGHT READING LAMP

Clip it where you want it. Telephone, dark closets, typewriter, etc. Fits any socket. Economical.

Ideal Bridge Prize

Complete full length cord and 110 V. bulb. Send check or M. O. 10c extra if C. O. D.

Paloron Elec. Mfg. Corp.
26 Waverly Place—Dept. G-1
New York, N. Y.

AMERICAN MODEL RAILROAD COMPANY

WE have had the first and still the only complete catalogue in this country of true Scale Model Railroad Supplies Send for it, you won't be disappointed. Price 35c with credit slip.

THE AMERICAN MODEL RAILWAY COMPANY
30 Avon Rd., New Rochelle, N.Y.

2 in 1 Cleaning System

SPOT REMOVING CLOTHES BRUSH

Combines brush and cleaning fluid in 1 operation. You clean as you brush. Agents write for liberal offer

MILWAUKEE DUSTLESS BRUSH CO.,
106 22nd St. Milwaukee, Wisc.

FH

Railroad Man's Magazine, December, 1930 *Photo by Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc.*

An Artist's Conception of the Proposed New Ten Track Railroad and Vehicular Bridge Across the Hudson. A Composite Photograph-Painting, with Weehawken, N. J., in the Background and New York City in the Foreground Showing How Several City Blocks Might Be Leveled as an Approach to the Bridge and What the Proposed Terminal Might Look Like

RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. IV DECEMBER, 1930 No. 1

World's Greatest Terminal

Ten Railroads Await Word from Washington to Begin Building Immense Hudson Bridge and New York Union Station—Triumph of Lindenthal's Forty-Year Fight Will Cost Hundreds of Millions of Dollars and Revolutionize Traffic to and from the Richest City on the Globe!

By WILLIAM PICKETT HELM

THE good old days of railroading were in their prime. Out on the line the trains roared past, swinging and swaying, creaking and rumbling, throttles wide open. In the private offices, hard-fighting, swashbuckling officials ran the roads hell-bent for rule or ruin. To these ends there was no middle. Every son of a gun on the pay roll hit the ball and hit it hard. Every line was for itself, and the devil took the hindmost.

Rebates flourished like crows in a cornfield. Secret agreements outnumbered published tariffs. Passes were thick as flies at the honey jar. Rates had slithered swiftly down to hard and ruinous bottoms. Graft was rampant and open. There was but one common rule, *Haul the Traffic.* Born of it was the motto, *Get the Business.* Wreck and ruin were in the air; the sheriff stroked his black mustache and smiled

They were the hectic days, but they spawned a mighty plan for the living present. An old-time dream, conjured up amid the hot competition of a withering age, it comes to us now across the span of more than forty years. It takes form; and we behold, with wondering eyes, the greatest terminal project ever conceived in the history of American railroading!

What is it?

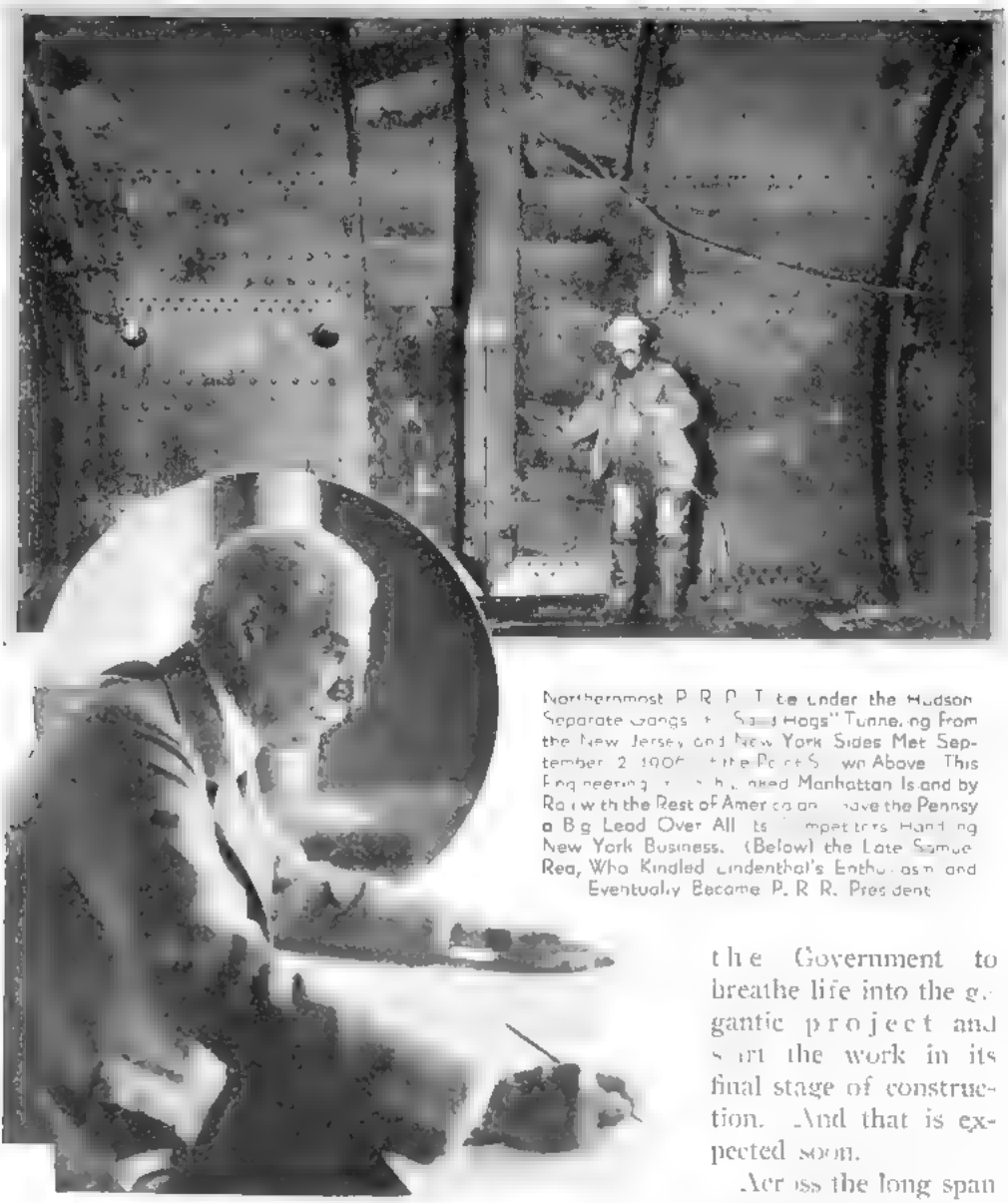
Here, in its high lights, is what it is:

The greatest bridge in the world, swung high across the Hudson River.

A mammoth new union terminal eclipsing all others, in New York City.

Ten great railroads running their trains across the mammoth bridge and landing their passengers in the heart of Manhattan.

All that and more, much more, it is,



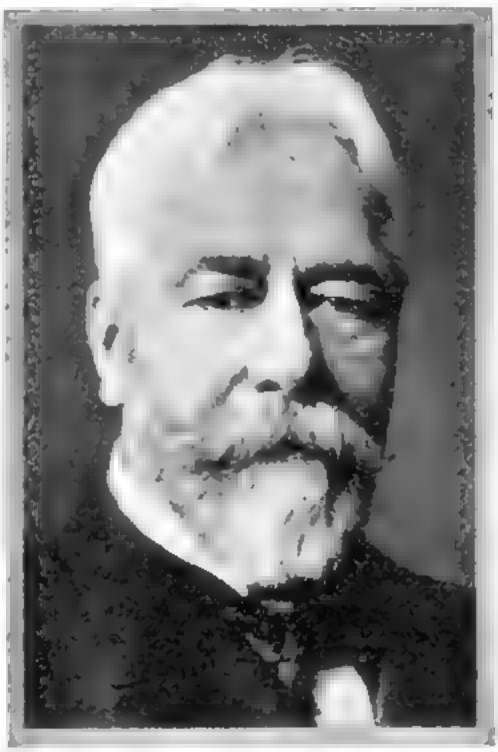
Northernmost P. R. R. Tube under the Hudson. Separate Gangs of "Sand Hogs" Tunneling From the New Jersey and New York Sides Met September 2, 1906, at the Point Shown Above. This Engineering Feat Has Linked Manhattan Island to Rail with the Rest of America and Gave the Pennsylvania a Big Lead Over All Its Competitors Handling New York Business. (Below) the Late Samuel Rea, Who Kindled Lindenthal's Enthusiasm and Eventually Became P. R. R. President

and its actual consummation seems fairly close at hand. For forty years they have been working to that end. Now the last word is in. The last brief has been filed. The final testimony has been spoken. The plans have been drawn. The cost has been computed. The money has been assured. There is lacking only the final decision from the Government to breathe life into the gigantic project and start the work in its final stage of construction. And that is expected soon.

Across the long span of years from the conception of the project to the present time when its consummation seems so close at hand, there looms the commanding figure of one man who fathered the plan in the days of his prime, fostered it forty years, and now, in the evening of life, expects to witness its success.

That man is Gustav Lindenthal. He

is known the world over as a genius of railroad and bridge engineering. He maintains a modest office at Jersey City. He was forty years old when he first began working on the plan. He is eighty now. The story of the big undertaking is his life story for the last half of his eighty years.



"We Will Build It to Last Two Thousand Years!" Says Gustav Lindenthal, Engineering Genius, Who Has Been Working on the Bridge Project Since 1890

It opens in the thick of the fight between the New York Central, then regarded by some as Commodore Vanderbilt's upstart line, and the Pennsylvania Railroad for supremacy in the rich fields of the East and Middle West. President Roberts of the Pennsylvania was sitting at his desk. A courier dashed into his office.

"They're going to cut the rates again," he panted. "Within a week the Central will be hauling passengers from New York to Chicago at a dollar and two bits a head."

The president's lip curled in a sneer.

"And we," he said, "will haul 'em for a dollar a head."

A few days later the Pennsylvania boomed the amazing tidings to the world—*New York to Chicago, fare one dollar!*

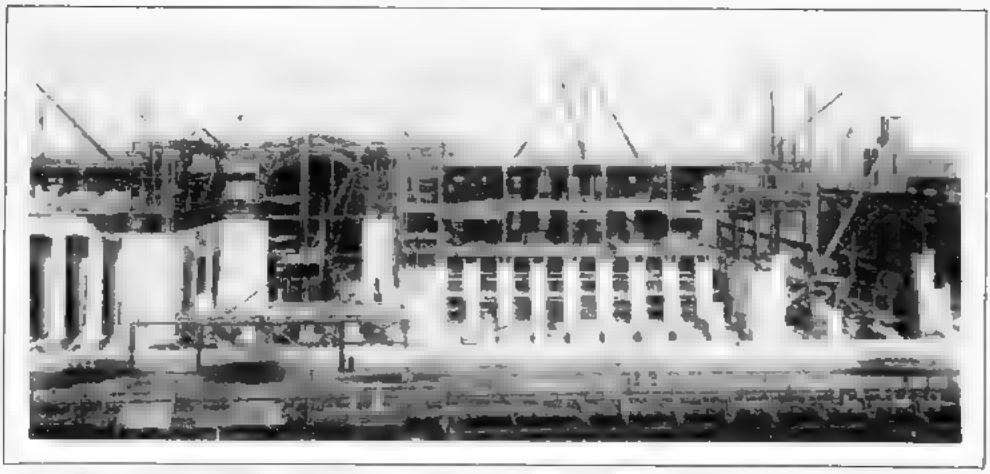
Now it was the Central's move. The dollar rate was ruinous—ruinous to both roads. Beyond it the Central would not go. But it still held a trump card.

"New York to Chicago, One Dollar," read the Central's answer. "Leave from the Heart of New York and Land in the Heart of New York on Your Return. No Other Road Can Give This Service."

And that, the Central said, would hold them for a while. When President Roberts read the Central's answer, he made no reply. Indeed, there was little that he could make. The Central did land its passengers in the heart of New York. The Pennsylvania fetched up at Jersey City. A ferry trip across the Hudson won the last word for the Central.

But Mr. Roberts did not rest passive under the Central's taunt. He sent for his confidential man—a young chap named Samuel Rea, then thirty-five years old and on his way to the Pennsylvania's presidency himself—and these are the instructions he gave to Mr. Rea:

"Find the best bridge engineer you can hire. Bring him here. I want to build a bridge across the Hudson. We'll see about this business of land-



Pennsylvania Station, New York, in Process of Construction, Showing the Seventh Avenue Façade as It Looked about Twenty-five Years Ago. This Terminal Covers Eight Acres, while the Tracks and Yards Beneath Cover Twenty-eight Acres. It Is Said to Be the Largest Building Ever Erected at One Time in the World's History

ing passengers in the heart of New York."

Young Rea went out. To Pittsburgh. There he saw Gustav Lindenthal. Lindenthal came to New York. He looked over the field. He reported to President Roberts. The job could be done, he said.

"Where," asked Mr. Roberts, "will you put the New York end of the bridge?"

"At Washington Square."

"What will it cost?"

When Lindenthal answered, the railroad president threw up his hands.

"We can't undertake it," he said. "It would bankrupt us."

Then Lindenthal, the engineer, played *his* trump card.

"Why should the Pennsylvania build the bridge all by itself?" he asked. "Why not build a bridge that other roads could use, too?"

"All right," was the reply. "See what the other roads say."

The other roads, Mr. Lindenthal found, were keen for a move that would enable them to eliminate the ferry ride across the Hudson—or North River to New York.

Hard Times in the Nineties

A SEPARATE corporation was generally favored as the agency for constructing and operating the bridge. Mr. Lindenthal placed the proposal before New York financiers. Among them were Thomas Fortune Ryan and Garret V. Hobart, later Vice President of the United States. They liked the idea. Ryan, Hobart and others joined Lindenthal in seeking a charter.

Where would they get a charter? At Albany the Black Horse Cavalry was riding business for all the graft it could get. At Trenton another, though less spectacular, group of political buccaneers was in the saddle. So the incorporators turned their eyes to Washington. They sought a Federal charter. It was a daring and unusual move; regular, however, for all its rarity. And it involved the payment of no graft, the raising of no corruption fund.

Hearings were held. The charter

was recommended. Congress granted it. The corporation was formed—the North River Bridge Company. Ryan, Hobart and other prominent men were among the incorporators. Of all the incorporators, Lindenthal alone survives.

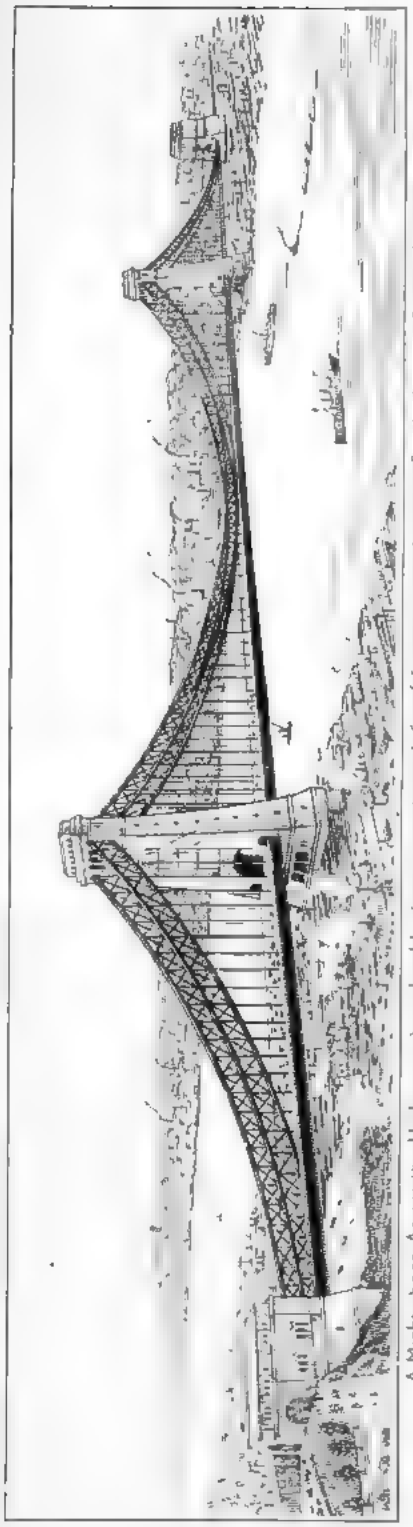
The charter was granted in 1890, forty years ago. At once the enthusiastic group made plans to push their project to success. Vain plans, they proved, for the hard times of the early nineties came riding hard on the heels of incorporation; and when better times came along delays were encountered in local hearings and in waiting for some of the hardest hit roads to get back on their feet financially.

The project dragged along twelve years or more. Then the Pennsylvania, impatient and financially strong, said it could wait no longer for its New York terminal. Other roads were not able to go on at that time. So the Pennsy began to tunnel under the North River. It was the beginning of actual work on the mammoth project that gave this road and the Long Island Railroad their midtown terminal in New York.

Meantime there had been other developments. In New York the trend of industry and population was setting in strongly uptown, so the proposed location for the bridge was shifted farther upstream. At Washington the Interstate Commerce Commission was intrenching itself in its regulatory powers The old cut-throat competition was over And War Department engineers, charged with the supervision of all bridges over navigable streams, were, in its interest, investigating the project.

Across the East River the Brooklyn Bridge had been built, even before the North River bridge was projected, and

Two Big Figures in the Hudson Bridge Fight The Late Thomas F. Ryan (Upper Portrait) and Secretary of War Hurley



A Mighty Span Across the Hudson, as Visualized by Gustav Lindenthal, Chief Engineer and Architect for the Hudson Bridge Corporation

its capacity had been taxed early. The Brooklyn Bridge was 135 feet above the water—too low, the engineers thought now. The new bridge across the North River was to be built higher. That problem of height was to be troublesome in the days to come.

The Pennsylvania completed its tunnels and its trains went rolling into Manhattan. The World War came, and passed. When it closed the roads were eager for the North River bridge

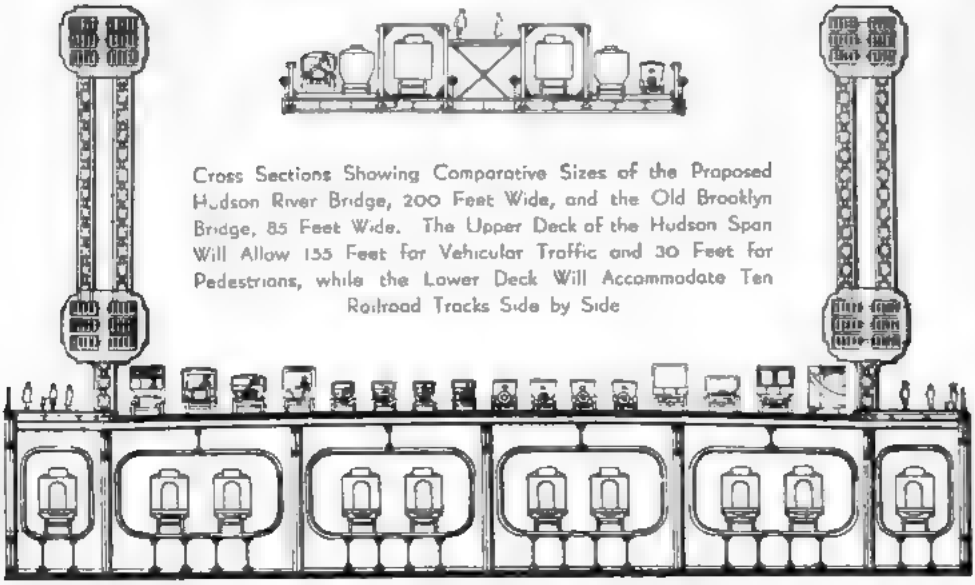
Economy and Bigger Business

THE bridge is one thing—with it, a modern railroad terminal is another thing—for economy in place of several inadequate terminals scattered along the river front. It will mean greater comfort, more business, and stimulation of suburban settlement a hundred miles into New Jersey.

Lindenthal devoted days, weeks, months, years to the project. The railroads sent their best engineers to sit in council with him week after week and month after month. They were hard-headed business men, those engineers; they had to be shown that the project was practicable. They were shown. The men who held the purse-strings, they, too, were hard-headed. The project would have to pay. They could consider it only on that basis.

Lindenthal showed them that it would pay. For all its vast promise of betterment the project was no rainbow with a pot of gold way off yonder somewhere at its end. No; it was a practical business proposition. It had been just that from the beginning.

Finally, a site for the New York end was decided on at the foot of West Fifty-Seventh Street. Plans were drawn in utmost detail. Application was made to the War Department at Washington for permission to go ahead. And then, once more, the question of height arose to defer fulfillment of the project.



Cross Sections Showing Comparative Sizes of the Proposed Hudson River Bridge, 200 Feet Wide, and the Old Brooklyn Bridge, 85 Feet Wide. The Upper Deck of the Hudson Span Will Allow 155 Feet for Vehicular Traffic and 30 Feet for Pedestrians, while the Lower Deck Will Accommodate Ten Railroad Tracks Side by Side

Government engineers thought the bridge ought to be 200 feet high. The group behind the project maintained that such height was excessive. Why should it be so high? For shipping? There were but eleven vessels on the seven seas whose masts rose more than 175 feet from the surface of the water, every one of them foreign vessels. For all other shipping a height of 175 feet would be adequate. All American-built ships could pass under the Brooklyn Bridge with its vertical clearance of 135 feet.

And those eleven ships—why, none of them was poking around the North River north of Fifty-Seventh Street. Even so, equipped with collapsible masts they could steam under the bridge. Many vessels are equipped thus to-day.

Then, too, a 200-foot bridge would mean longer approaches, for grades would have to be gradual. Longer approaches meant vastly larger outlays for land and other handicaps. Hearings were held. Secretary of War Hurley became interested. The last hearing was held June 4, 1930. It was regarded as the final hearing.

Next will come the decision. It may be handed down before this issue of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE reaches its readers. That decision, it is thought, will end the long delay and authorize the building of the bridge at a reasonable height above the water. If so, it will usher in the beginning of actual work on the greatest railroad terminal project man has ever undertaken anywhere in the world.

A Ten-Track Bridge

ALL railroads in New Jersey will be able to move their trains over the bridge. Those roads are the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore & Ohio, the Erie, the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western the Central of New Jersey, the Lehigh Valley, the New York, Ontario & Western, the New York, Susquehanna & Western, the Reading and the West Shore.

Back in New Jersey, away from the river, those roads will link up, at convenient points, with electric lines lead-

ing to the bridge, and their passenger trains will be taken into the proposed mammoth terminal on Fifty-Seventh Street, Manhattan, which is an integral part of the plan. The New Jersey end of the bridge will be in Weehawken.

The bridge itself will be two hundred feet wide and will swing by mammoth cables from enormous anchorages that go down to bed rock at the river's edge on each side. There will be two decks for the bridge. On the lower deck there will be room for ten lines of railroad tracks side by side The upper deck will provide ample room for traffic lanes for motor cars and trucks, as well as for pedestrians. The central span will be 3,600 feet long; the approaches each 1,600 feet.

Five years' work will be required to build the bridge and its approaches and three years will be needed to construct the terminals and link the roads on the Jersey shore.

The cost of the project will depend, of necessity, upon the final detailed plan selected. For the building of the bridge and its approaches, the cost will run from $150,000,000 to $175,000,000, dependent on the plan selected. That huge outlay, however, will be the smaller part of the total cost of the entire project. The great terminals and other related portions of the project are to be considered, and with land selling on the New York side at high prices, the cost will mount. The terminal will extend over six or more blocks on the New York side.

Forty years! It is a long time. The world has changed since they carried passengers to Chicago at a dollar a head. The North River bridge plan has been changed, too, to meet the modern needs. It is planned now as a fixture for the centuries to come. For how many centuries? I asked that question of its creator, of the man who thought it out in the first place and kept it alive so long

"We will build it," he said, "to last at least two thousand years!"

SEVEN MEN DIED ON THIS IRON BATTLEFIELD

Five Trainmen and Two "Knights of the Road" Met Death in a Head On Collision of Two Heavy Cotton Belt Locomotives Near McNeil, Arkansas

Locomotives—25c a Pound

By JOHN ADAMS

London & Northwestern Kettles Being Coupled to the Heavy Through Passenger Train

Prices Run from About $10,000 to $110,000; and Even at That, Engines Are on a Par with Flivvers, Pound for Pound

MODERN locomotives run into big money. They are huge and highly specialized mobile power units of tremendous capabilities. Naturally they are expensive.

It takes about $90,000 to purchase a new high-speed, high-powered Hudson type passenger job such as the New York Central uses to whip its Twentieth Century Limiteds over the rails. Something nice—and considerably larger—in the way of a late model heavy-duty Mallet compound for difficult freight service costs still more. Say $150,000 for a 2-10-10-2 in moderate sized lots.

Yet, pound for pound of fabricated machinery, locomotives are nearly on a par with flivvers. In fact, they are the great bargain buy in motive power units to-day.

This assertion can easily be proved. The new 1930 Ford coach is quoted at approximately $500, f. o. b. the factory. It weighs about 2,405 pounds. Flivvers cost 21 cents a pound.

Now take the big 4-8-4's built last year by the American Locomotive Company for the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific. They are thoroughly up-to-date engines, designed for handling fast freight in large tonnages.

One of these locks weighs 437,000 pounds. The total price is $108,180, bringing this down to dollars per pound, the result is amazingly low—24.8 cents, roughly—just slightly less than 25 cents a pound higher than Mr. Ford's price.

Even the large Virginian Mallets, the 2-10-10-2's that have a rated weight of 1,084,000 pounds, only cost about 20 cents per pound, which is still about a quarter less than the same weight of flivver.

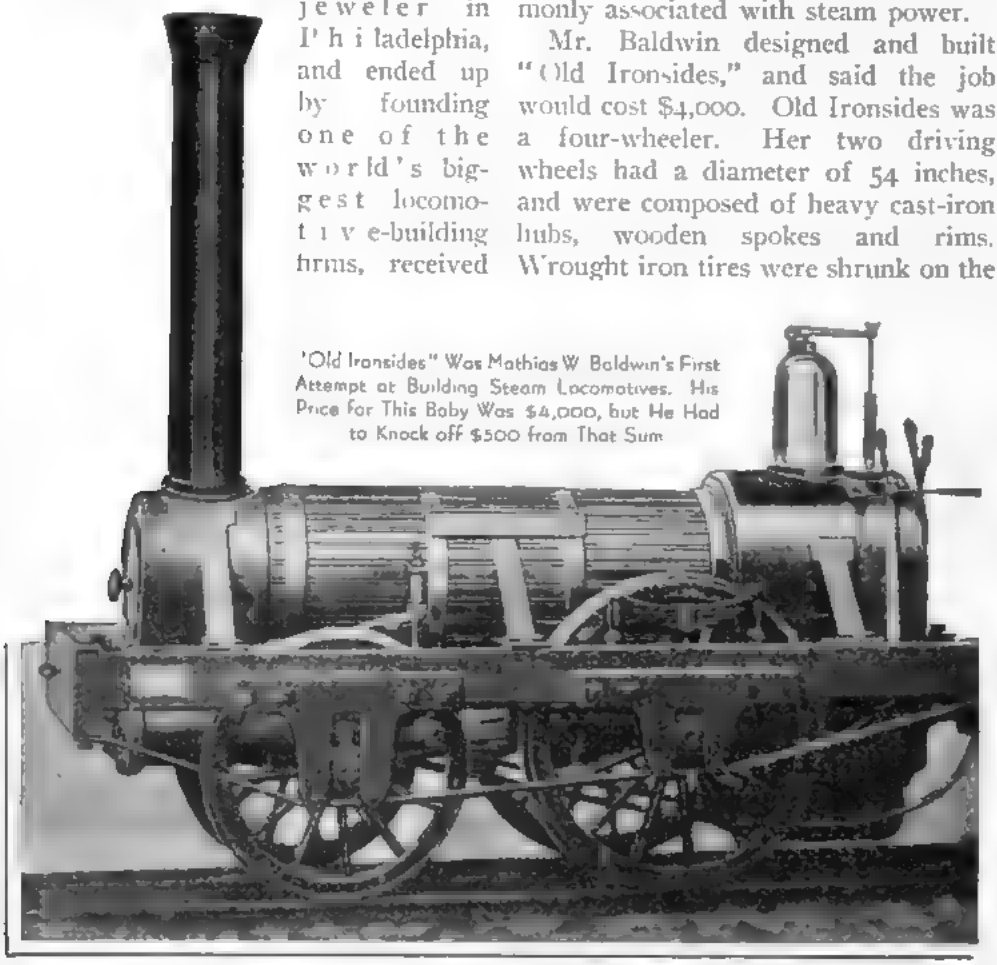
This amazing efficiency of modern locomotive-building practice becomes even more wonderful when it is remembered that the manufacturer has to deal with a relatively cumbersome and bulky piece of machinery. Furthermore, the locomotive builder has not the tremendous mass production of a standardized article that helps so much to bring down Mr. Ford's manufacturing costs.

In general, of course, the trend of locomotive prices has been upward, but the locomotive manufacturer always gives a lot for every dollar.

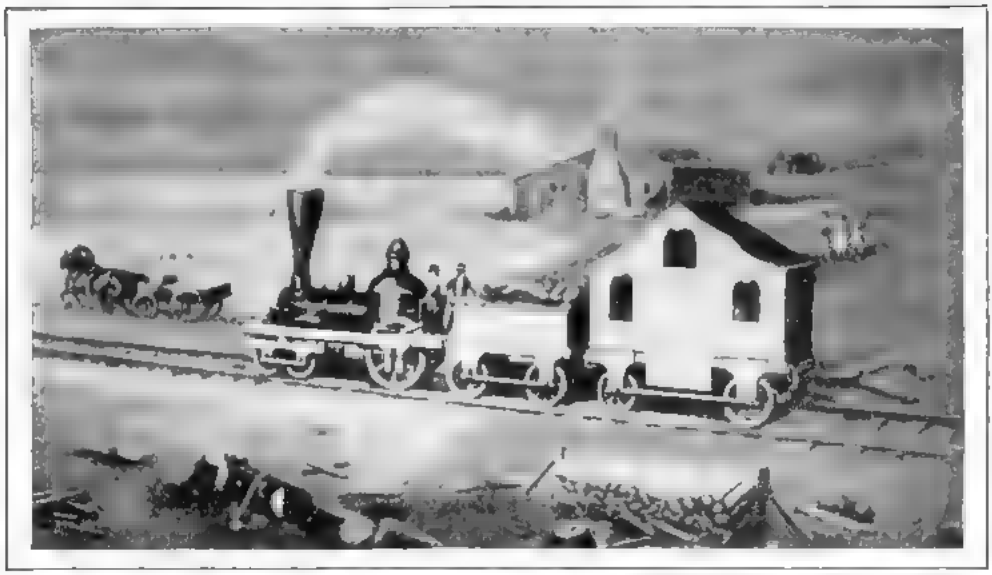
About a hundred years ago Mathias W. Baldwin, who started out to be a jeweler in Philadelphia, and ended up by founding one of the world's biggest locomotive-building firms, received his first order for a steam locomotive. Previously he and his partner had made a few stationary steam engines that had attracted widespread attention, with the result that the Philadelphia, Germantown & Norristown Railroad asked him to see what he could do in the way of a steam engine that would haul their carriages over six miles of primitive strap-iron track between Philadelphia and Germantown.

At that time horses were used to pull coaches over the rails and the owners were not at all sure but what that wasn't the safest method of locomotion. Horses didn't blow up. And in those days boiler explosions were commonly associated with steam power.

Mr. Baldwin designed and built "Old Ironsides," and said the job would cost $4,000. Old Ironsides was a four-wheeler. Her two driving wheels had a diameter of 54 inches, and were composed of heavy cast-iron hubs, wooden spokes and rims. Wrought iron tires were shrunk on the



"Old Ironsides" Was Mathias W. Baldwin's First Attempt at Building Steam Locomotives. His Price for This Baby Was $4,000, but He Had to Knock off $500 from That Sum

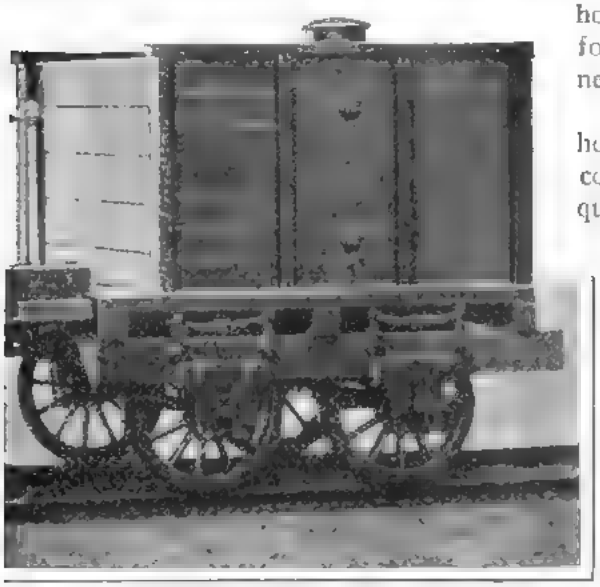


Pioneer Engine Similar to "Old Ironsides" Highwheeling an Ancestor of the Modern Pullman Car

rims. The boiler was horizontal, the smokestack high and imposing.

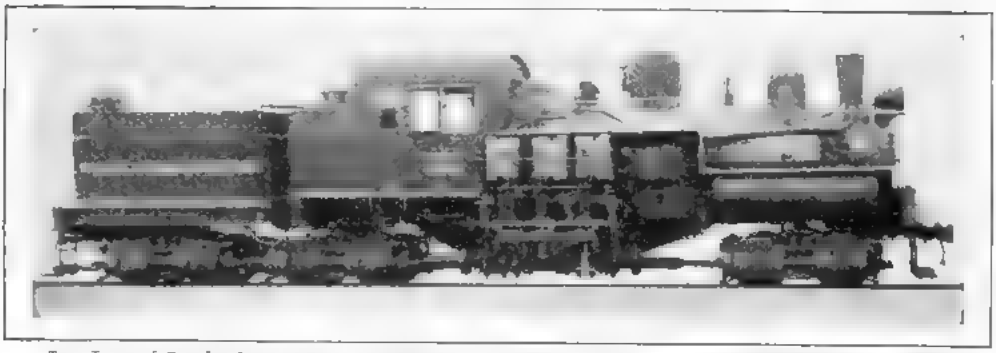
Yet, in spite of her name, Baldwin's first attempt at locomotive building had a wooden frame extending outside of her wheels, and her boiler was incased in wooden lagging. With her throttle open wide, and her engineer holding on like grim death and praying she wouldn't jump the tracks, Old Ironsides is said to have done twenty-eight or thirty miles an hour on the straightaway.

Maybe that doesn't seem so speedy in these days when an Interstate Commerce Commission has found it advisable to limit the rate of travel for passenger trains to seventy miles an hour as a safety precaution; but for a first attempt in an entirely new field it was rather good.



Nevertheless, thirty miles an hour or no, when Baldwin went to collect his $4,000, the P., G. & N. quibbled and hedged. That was a tremendous price to pay for anything, they said, thinking no doubt of the number of horses they could get for the money.

Finally the railroad settled for $3,500. Baldwin was probably glad to get that much. At any rate, he was thoroughly disgusted with the locomotive business.



This Type of Pacific Coast Shay Geared Locomotive, Built at the Lima Locomotive Works, Can Be Bought for about $28,000. She Is a Handy Little Thing to Have Around the Place, and Has an Amazing Hauling Capacity

"Thank Heavens, that's finished!" he said. "It's the last I'll ever build!"

He changed his mind later.

As locomotives developed, quite naturally their prices expanded. In 1842 the average cost of a good one was approximately $6,500. Ten years later the average price had jumped to $7,500. By 1874, any one wanting to buy one of the latest in locomotives had to put up from $10,000 to $18,000. To-day the average cost of a modern locomotive is probably $70,000 or $80,000. Some run well over $100,000.

An interesting phase of the modern locomotive industry is the delivery problem. Ordinarily the iron horse is rolled to its destination as dead freight, and as part of regular freight trains. Side rods are removed. Pistons are blocked, and occasionally the cab is protected by a wooden sheathing.

From the time the locomotive leaves the foundry until delivery has been made a builder's representative rides with it. He houses himself in the cab, has a bunk fitted in to sleep on, a stove if the weather is cold, and food enough to last him for the trip.

When the locomotive's destination has been reached he sets it up, gets it in full running order, and not until

A. H. Hermes, a Hogger on the Sparta (Ill.) District of the Missouri Pacific, Is Shown Here with a Model He Constructed. Its Cab and Tank Are Metal, the Remainder Hermes Carved out of Wood with His Pocket Knife. The Model Is 64 Inches Long, 15 Inches High, and Weighs 40 Lbs.

then does he return to the locomotive works.

In the case of export jobs where locomotives are being shipped to South America or other overseas countries, the engines are placed intact in the holds of vessels especially designed for the purpose. An agent of the manufacturer accompanies them on the steamer and gets them in running order at the ultimate point of delivery before he comes back to the United States.

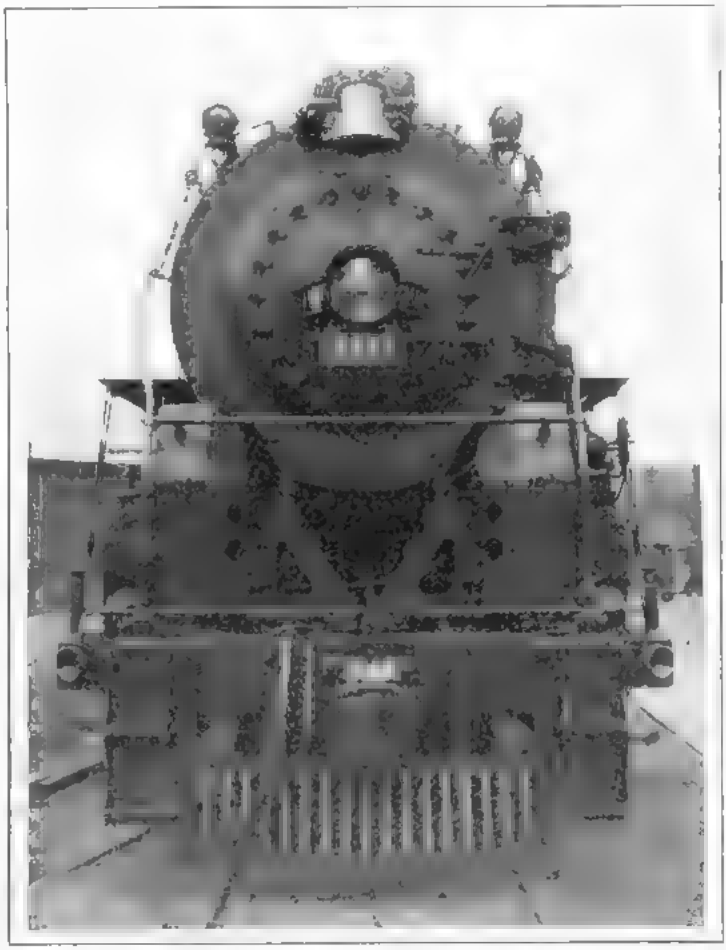
Some-time ago, the American Locomotive Company faced an extremely difficult delivery problem when it came to putting some of their gigantic 2-10-10-2's on the tracks of their customer in Virginia.

Incidentally, the first Mallet type compounds ever built in this country were made by the American Locomotive Company for the Baltimore & Ohio back in 1904. They were 2 6-6-2's.

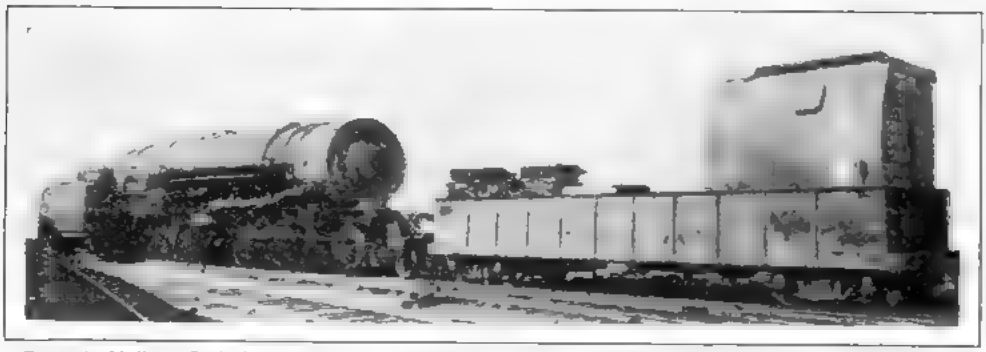
The 2-10-10-2's are huge and powerful leviathans of the rails. They were built at Schenectady, N. Y., and the contract called for delivery completely erected and ready for service on the Virginian Railway Company's tracks.

Shipping arrangements required considerable planning before the railroad carriers could be convinced that they could safely move locomotives of such size and weight over their lines. It was necessary first to submit diagrams showing the estimated height and the width clearance dimensions, as well as the distribution of weights on each axle.

If some projection should happen to exceed the carrier's clearance dimensions, an effort had to be made to meet the objection by removing that part,



This Iron Horse Is Not For Sale. Its Sole Mission in Life Is to Demonstrate That Timken Roller Bearings Are Just as Practical in Locomotives as They Are in Roller Skates or Electric Washing Machines



Gigantic Mallets, Built by the American Locomotive Works at Schenectady, N. Y., Were So Large That They Had to be Partially Dismantled (as Pictured Above) Before They Could Be Shipped to Princeton, W. Va., by a Devious Route

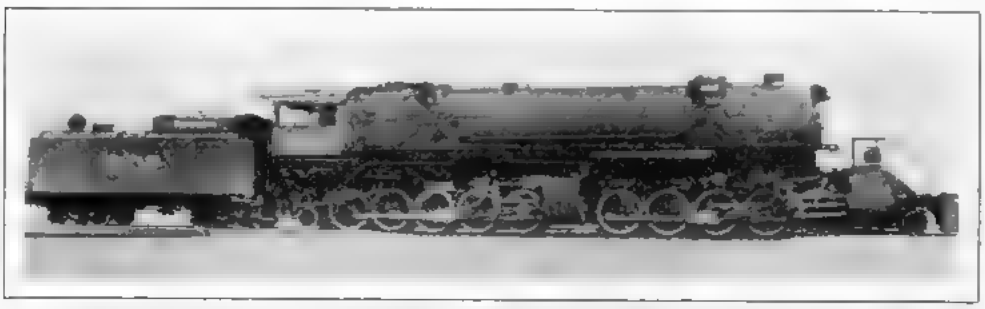
if possible, and putting it back on again after the locomotive reached its destination. Or if the weights were too heavy for some trestle or bridge, an effort had to be made to locate a safer detour route.

Delivering the huge Mallets was no simple job of wrapping them up and sending them on their way. The locomotive company discovered they were so big that it was impossible to ship them completely assembled and moving dead on their own wheels. They wouldn't go over bridges or under tunnels. They were too wide for safe clearance in various yards and freight terminals.

parts and projections. The cab, low-pressure cylinders and certain other parts were removed, after which the remaining skeleton with its tender was shipped on its own wheels.

Each locomotive required one flat car, one gondola, and one box car to carry the loose and detached parts.

Authority was eventually secured for shipping them in this manner to Princeton, West Virginia, although under special operating instructions and by devious and circuitous routes. At Cape Charles, for instance, the giant jacks had to be loaded, one at a time, onto a new and large float, and ferried to Port Norfolk, Virginia.



Virginian, 2-8-8-2 Type, One of the Huge Mallets That Presented a Difficult Shipping Problem

After ways and means had been studied carefully, the company finally decided to leave the boiler on the frames, but trimmed off all outside

The running time from Schenectady to Princeton was about two weeks.

The Mallets weighed some 684,000 pounds each, and were designed with

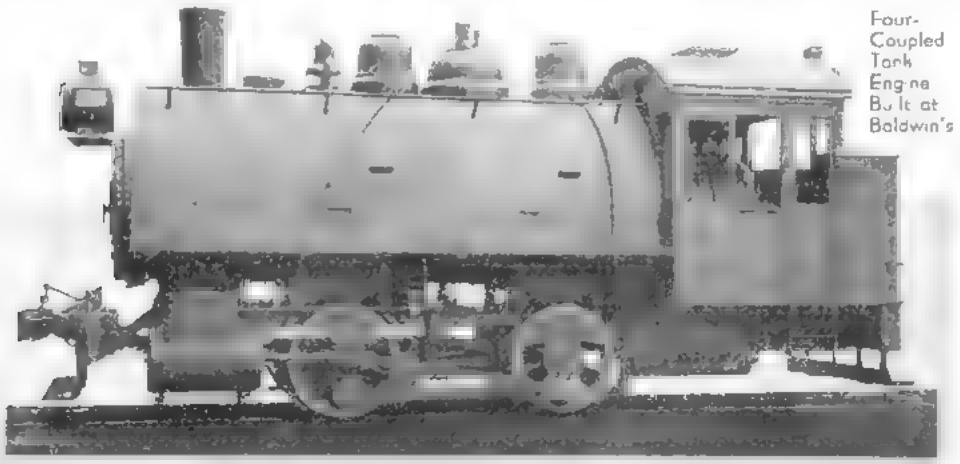
Photo by Sparon Kolanian, Hotel Astor, New York City

Suggest on For a Christmas Gift $90,000 Will Buy a New, High-Powered, Hudson Type of Passenger Jack, Such as Th s One Used by the New York Centro

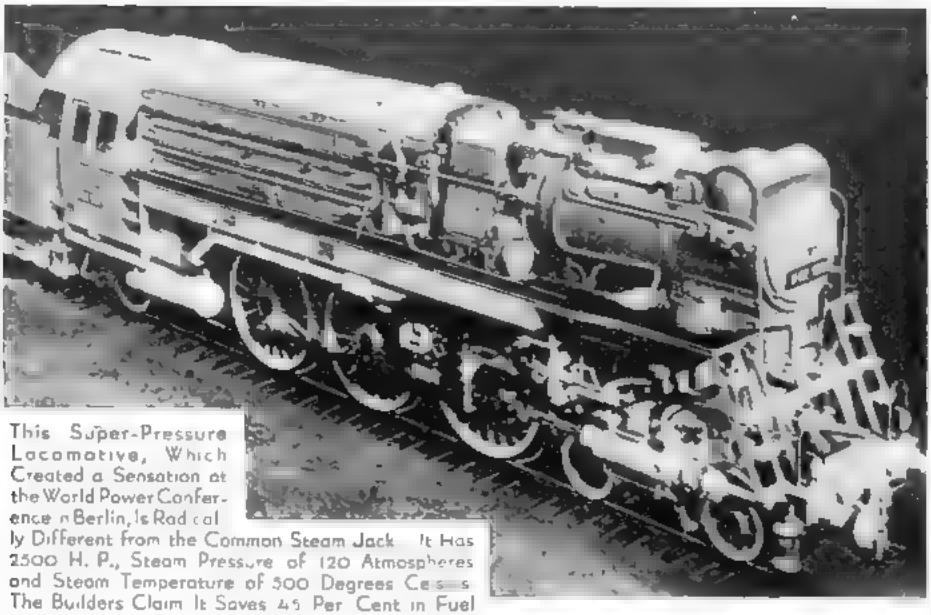
a tractive force rated at 147,200 pounds compound and 176,600 pounds simple The locomotive buver gets all that included in the purchase price Locomotives are generally bought under contracts stipulating delivery to the buyer's own tracks.

Formerly ten or twelve years was considered the average life of a locomotive. Nowadays they are built so that with decent care and ordinary handling they are quite apt to last until they have become outmoded and obsolete

Not all modern locomotives cost



Four-Coupled Tank Engine Bu lt at Baldwin's



This Super-Pressure Locomotive, Which Created a Sensation at the World Power Conference in Berlin, Is Radically Different from the Common Steam Jack. It Has 2500 H. P., Steam Pressure of 120 Atmospheres and Steam Temperature of 500 Degrees Centigrade. The Builders Claim It Saves 45 Per Cent in Fuel

$110,000, or anything like it. A first-class, dependable, hard-working, up-to-date switch engine of the latest type can be had for about $50,000. Some are a lot cheaper.

Coming down to dinkys and little fellows suitable for logging camp operations, contractors, mining activities or other industrial uses, the prices run from well under $10,000 on up. It all depends on size, accessories and fancy trimmings.

If noise is not a consideration, and if amazing hauling capacity under extraordinary operating conditions is required, there is nothing like a handy Shay geared locomotive. They can be had fixed up to burn hard or soft coal, coke, wood of all varieties, oil or whatever you happen to have around the place.

Instead of the customary rod drive, in the Shay the pistons operate on a shaft geared directly to the driving wheels. To compensate for curves the driving shafts are provided with universal couplings and slip joints.

For ordinary derailments when only one truck is off the tracks, the engine can be quickly put back on the line by its own power and the use of wrecking frogs. A pair of wrecking frogs and a wedge are included as part of the standard equipment supplied along with the tools and other things that go with every locomotive.

The price of these engines varies, of course, according to the size demanded and extra embellishments desired, such as superheaters, feedwater heaters and electric headlights. A real fancy one might cost in the neighborhood of $28,000.

However, whether it is a Shay geared locomotive for hauling logging trains over a mountain, a Virginian Mallet for snaking long strings of heavy freight up a steep grade, or a new high-speed passenger locomotive designed to knock a few minutes off the schedule on a railroad's crack run, the buyer of a locomotive to-day gets a good buy—a bargain as well as a masterpiece of modern machinery.

1 R

Hill-Billy

Love and Hatred Run Strong in the Bush Country, and It Isn't Safe to Steal Another Fellow's Girl

By CLIFFORD KNIGHT

Illustrated by Joseph Easley

Bud Found Steps in the Face of the Rock and He Climbed, Morarity Following Close at His Heels

IT was an easy shot. The car would roll across his sights in less than thirty seconds. When he squeezed the trigger, that would be the end of "Bill" Spint.

He then would go back up over the hill, hide his rifle in a place he "knowed," go down the other side, circle around and come up through the hollow from the far end. He had "catched" a trout in the river earlier in the morning and tied it in the water. He'd get it before he passed Clel Whipple's place. If he "hollered" in at Clel and showed the trout, that would be a good thing.

Nobody would suspect he had ambushed Bill Spint. Honey Clegg might think so, but if he was cute about it her suspicions wouldn't last long.

It was Honey who was the reason back of the ambushing, but it wasn't her fault. Bill Spint had sparked

Honey a bit the night when the rest of the men folks in the hollow had gone coon hunting. He'd promised to go on the hunt, then backed out and sneaked over to Honey Clegg's.

You couldn't blame Honey for not telling that Bill had come sparking that night. That was a woman's way of doing. Bill told it himself at the dance at Clel Whipple's on the Tuesday night following.

Clel and his wife, Evaline, were fiddling while Buck Whipple, Clel's brother, was picking the mandolin and calling the dances. There was lots of noise; feet were cracking hard on the bare floor, and folks were dizzy swinging fast like that. But between the calls he had heard Bill Spint say to Mattie Yellman as he swung her, that he'd sparked "Bud" Cross's girl the night of the coon hunt.

"What if Bud hears about it and gits mad?" asked Mattie while they were marking time

"Bud's too dumb. He ain't thinkin' about nothin' except gittin' a job on the railroad," answered Bill

There wasn't anybody going to spark his girl. And he wasn't dumb. He'd said so after the dance where Bill could hear him, out in the road in front of the Whipple's place. Bill hadn't said anything to that so he'd offered to fight Bill. But Bill said he wasn't picking on babies; dared him to go ahead, though, and start something.

Nevertheless, Bud was afraid of Bill—he'd always been afraid of him—and folks in the hollow had laughed at Bud when they heard about it. That had hurt him deep, and he wasn't standing for it. In less than thirty seconds Bill Spint would find that out.

The car rattled nearer. Bud crouched behind the rock on the hillside, the fingers of his hand closing tighter on the rifle, his shoulders taking on the tense hardness of the rock against which he leaned. He'd pop Bill in the eye just as he would a squirrel, and then cut over the hill like he'd planned, and come home from the far end of the hollow.

The sun was bright on the red Ozark road; the car rolled along, fenders rattling in the morning silence. A yellow flicker flashed across the open space between Bud and the approaching car, smacked up against the trunk of an ash tree and began hunting bugs.

There was now only twenty feet until Bill would be opposite the ambush—then fifteen. Bud's sights were on the car, they moved to Bill's shoulder, then up to his head and then to his eye.

Bud's fingers squeezed ever so slightly and the trigger moved. A hair more and the hammer would fall! He'd show Bill Spint he couldn't spark Honey Clegg, show him he wasn't so dumb, pay him back for all the years he'd picked on him. What if he did want a job on the railroad? He thought about the railroad agent at Bissel, back over beyond the hills a piece. The agent was a blue-eyed man with a smile Bud liked. Then he put the man out of his mind. He was going to ambush Bill Spint first. That was the job; then cut over the hill.

The car was opposite now. Bill was as good as dead. *Squeeze the trigger!*

II

But Bill Spint rolled by in his rattling car on his way to town. He passed out of sight around the shoulder of the hill; the red road was empty.

It was dog-goned funny how that happened. The yellow flicker on the

ash tree decided to move on; it flashed in the sunlight above the road. Bud's rifle followed it up. There was a roar and the bird dropped all loose-feathered in the road; a tuft of breast feathers floated silently off into the weeds.

Bud Cross could still shoot. Why hadn't he shot his man?

Bud scraped a handful of beggar's lice from his overall legs, reckoned he wouldn't pick the rest of them off now, climbed out of his seat beside the rock and went down the short slope of the hillside to the road. He didn't go home by the far end of the hollow; he didn't get the trout; he didn't "holler" in at Clel Whipple. There wasn't any sense to that now, because Bill Spint was rolling toward town

"Didn't you shoot nothing?" asked his ma when he put the gun on the pegs over the front door.

"Saw a skunk up the road a piece. Shot at a bird instead."

He'd get some wood up from the pile and put it outside the kitchen door for his ma, and then by that time she would be thinking of other questions to ask him.

He didn't want to talk any more than he had to about the morning on the hillside waiting for Bill to come along. It was queer how it all happened. Bud hadn't puzzled it out yet. He had aimed to kill the man; why, then, hadn't he done it?

The railroad agent over at Bissel kept popping into his head. He was a foreigner named "Jim" Smith, from Nebraska, but he "knowed" a good coon dog and he liked to dance with the hill people. Bud thought a heap of Jim Smith.

"Trouble with you, Bud," Smith had said, the last time he saw him, "is that you are just like all the other hillbillies over there in that hollow where you live; you don't think of nothing much else but fighting. If you folks don't like anybody, you go down to his house after dark and throw rocks at it. You come up here to Bissel and you're just as like as not to fall off the sidewalk a fighting, chewing each other's ears and fingers. Charlie Reppert got his ear half bit off last fight he was in, and old John Whiffin lost a finger that way once, they tell me. You-all ain't quite civilized, if you want my opinion."

Bud thought he'd pile the wood, eat dinner which would be ready by time the sun was overhead, and then go over and see Jim Smith. His ma had another question to ask him when he got the wood piled.

"Did you ever think to say to the railroad agent, Bud, that yore grandpap was a railroad man? Don't you recollect him tellin' when you was little that he cut ties for the Splitlog road when it was built. Got twenty-five cents a tie."

"'Tain't no good tellin' that, ma," said Bud. "Can't make nothin' now tiein'; ain't no oak fit for ties around here no more. They ain't needin' ties nohow. Besides, I want to git work in an office like Jim Smith."

"Call yore pa, then; dinner's ready—and holler at the younguns."

III

It was quite a walk over to Bissel. Bud decided he'd take out over the hills instead of going by the road. Like as not if he went by the road he'd meet Bill Spint coming back

He wasn't afraid of meeting Bill. Bill was older and stronger than him. Bill had picked on him ever since he was little, and he'd aimed to do something to Bill for a long time for that. But sparking Honey Clegg was going

too far. He had to do something now. Honey was his girl. Just because he hadn't ambushed Bill this morning was no sign that he wouldn't yet. He'd get that "varmint." There was plenty of time

The local freight was at Bissel when Bud got to the depot. The train stopped to unload groceries for the general store, and to pick up a car of walnut logs whenever Flack Colter's boys got it loaded, which was maybe once or twice a week. A red-haired brakeman was on the platform when Bud came along. He grabbed Bud by the front of his overalls

"Hello, hill-billy," he said, jerking Bud toward him. "Where's that fish you was goin' to bring me? I said I'd give you a dollar for a good one."

"I ain't been fishin' yet," lied Bud

"Yeah, you hill-billies are too lazy to breathe."

Redhead made a pass at Bud's head, which its owner dodged. Bud didn't like that fellow. The brakeman would wait a long time for that fish, which Bud never had said he'd catch for him in the first place.

A man with a long razor scar on his chin that must have been from a cutting scrape, was waiting in the depot when Bud went in. He'd never seen the man before, but he was talking to Jim Smith.

"Come here," the man said when he saw Bud, "and set down in this chair."

He slapped the arm of a chair at his side. Bud didn't see why he should, and hung back.

"Come on, come on," the man said in a tone that Bud didn't like.

"He wants to talk to you, Bud," said Jim Smith. Jim had a pleasant face and his voice sounded sweet. Bud sat down.

"What did you do with that mail sack?" the man asked.

"What mail sack?" Bud asked.

"The one you took off the platform last night after the passenger left."

The man didn't have any business talking to him like that. Bud fingered the knife in his pocket; its blade was long and sharp. It didn't take him any time at all to pull it out and jerk the blade open when he wanted to do it. The man was accusing him of stealing. He'd never stole anything in his life; he'd been brought up honest.

"Come on, come on," the man shouted impatiently at him. "What did you do with it?"

"I never took it," said Bud.

His voice was soft and slow. He wasn't scared. It was just the way he talked His fingers closed tight around the knife in his pocket. He knowed Jim Smith was watching him. Jim turned around to the man.

"Listen here, Morarity, " the agent interceded, "I thought you wanted to sound Bud out. But instead you're accusing him. Bud's honest. He never took that sack. I could go away from the office and leave Bud alone in it, and there wouldn't be a nickel or anything else missing when I got back"

"There always has to be a first time, Smith," growled the man, and he turned back to Bud. "If you didn't take it, who did?"

"I don't know," was the answer. "I didn't know it 'd been stole."

"You could find out if you wanted to, couldn't you, who took it?"

"I don't know," said Bud.

"You'd shield the thief, eh?"

Bud's hand closed tighter on the knife in his pocket. But Jim Smith got up from his chair and told the man, "That's enough."

"Keep out of it," said the man to Smith, but Smith persisted:

"I'm just telling you, Morarity, you don't know anything about the folks down here in these hollows; you don't understand how to handle them. They're not crooks. Talk like that and you'll wake up in heaven with a knife in your back, or your head drilled through with a rifle. Lay off of Bud here. He's my friend. Bud didn't take that sack of mail, and he don't know who did. And he wouldn't tell anybody but me, even if he did know. Would you, Bud?"

"No, sir," said Bud.

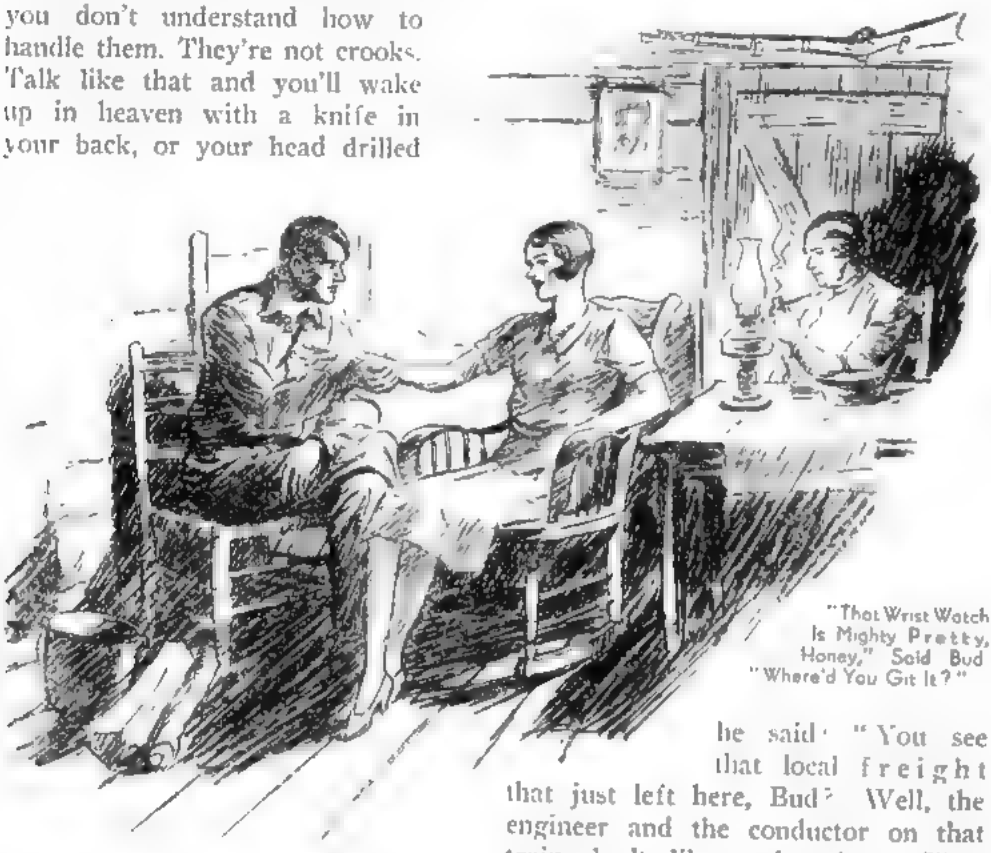
He relaxed his grip on the knife handle and took his hand out of his pocket. Morarity went uptown to find Lafe Cates, the town marshal.

"Forget it, Bud," Smith advised after the man had gone. "Morarity is paid to do that kind of talking. He don't bear you any ill will."

"I'd cut his heart out if he'd said much more to me like he was sayin'," Bud threatened.

Jim Smith kept quiet a while, then he said: "You see that local freight that just left here, Bud? Well, the engineer and the conductor on that train don't like each other. They ain't spoken to each other for nearly a year now, except on business. They'd like to punch each other's heads off, but they don't because they've got to hold their jobs, which is to get that train over the road. That's what they're paid to do. And Morarity's paid to find out who steals mail sacks. But you talk about cutting Morarity's heart out, and I'll bet a good coon dog that if you was the conductor on that local freight you'd be trying to ambush the engineer."

"Maybe," said Bud, thinking of the time he laid for Bill Spint.



"That Wrist Watch Is Mighty Pretty, Honey," Said Bud "Where'd You Git It?"

"You got to stand for a lot on a railroad, Bud, that you folks over there in that hollow where you live would consider fighting words."

IV

Bud walked home for supper. He hadn't seen or heard anything of Bill Spint while in Bissel. He wasn't taking chances of seeing him on the road, so he took the trail back over the hills

This fellow Smith was a queer one, Bud Cross thought. But the youth liked him. Smith seemed to know what a fellow was thinking about, although his words had much that sounded crazy in them. If a man had enemies, like Bill Spint was getting to be, he ambushed them. You were a coward if you didn't.

Bud was honest, and he wasn't a coward. He reckoned he would go spark Honey Clegg after supper. It was Honey and his ma who had kept after him to get a job on the railroad. He'd have to tell them that he hadn't got it yet. Jim Smith and he had got to talking about fox hunting and he'd forgot to ask about a job.

Honey Clegg was middling tall, and there was a laugh in her voice nearly all the time. Her hair was a soft brown. Her eyes danced because her spirit was merry. She could split a hickory stick on the chopping block as clean as any man, and she was fancy at cooking.

Bud and Honey had sat together at the little white schoolhouse where they had got their learning, at the upper end of the hollow. She'd always been his girl. Lately, though, she'd got ways he didn't understand. She fixed herself up differently and had cut her hair off short. She wore a gold ring with a red stone set in it that her mother had worn years ago.

When Bud called on Honey after supper that night he noticed she had a wrist watch he'd never seen before. He was familiar with all her possessions, but this was something new. It dazzled his eyes. The girl did not mention where the watch had come from, but wore it as though she kept thinking about it all the while

"It's mighty pretty, Honey," said Bud, taking hold of her arm "Where'd you git it?"

"I never would tell," Honey replied coquettishly

A fox barked in the dense shadows of the woods back of the house; in the grass beyond the edge of the porch a glowworm gave off a feeble light.

"Did Bill Spint give it to you?" asked Bud

"Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies."

The girl was teasing, and Bud didn't like it. "I'm gittin' mad, Honey."

"Then git mad," Honey suddenly flared at him. "I'd take things from you, too, if you'd give them to me. Why don't you git yore job that you keep talkin' about? You'd have money, then, like Bill's got."

Bud thought awhile in silence. "All right, Honey," he said. "I guess I'll have to git it. But don't git mad, please."

"I ain't mad, Bud. I'm just tryin' to make you see you cain't be a hillbilly all yore life. Things are changin' here in the hollow."

Women were funny, thought Bud, as he walked home. Honey had never been like this before. It wasn't her fault, though. Bill Spint was responsible; he'd put frivolous ideas into her head. Bill must have sparked Honey again. And he'd given her the wrist watch. That was sure.

About a mile from Honey's house

Bud left the road and took the trail that led around back of the Spint house, where Bill lived with his folks. There was old "Cal" Spint, Bill's pa, and two brothers, Percy and Henry, and some women folks.

Bud didn't want to pass the house by the main road. He picked up a couple of rocks from the trail and carried them in his hands. When he was behind and above the house on the hillside he paused to listen. The roof was below him. Everything was still.

He drew back to throw a rock at the house. Then he thought of Jim Smith, the railroad agent at Bissel. Smith had made fun of the folks in the hollow for throwing rocks at the houses of folks you didn't like. Maybe Smith was right.

Bud thought a minute longer, then dropped the rocks on the ground and walked onward along the trail. He'd ambush Bill as he had planned; that would be the best thing to do. He'd stop Bill from sparking Honey Clegg and giving her presents.

V

Bud Cross took the rifle down off its pegs next morning after breakfast. He hadn't got Bill Spint off his mind all night. He'd dreamed he ambushed the snake, and then when it was done he saw it was Jim Smith he'd killed instead. The dream made him uneasy. Better get it over with if he was going to do it. Day time things didn't turn out the way dreams did.

Ma saw him from the kitchen. "What do you aim to do with that rifle, son?"

She was always asking questions. No use now.

"Clean it," he said, soft and slow. "I forgot it yesterday."

But sat beside the kitchen door while he cleaned the barrel and polished the lock.

"Now that you air through with that, don't you think you ought to go see that railroad agent again, son?" his ma suggested, standing over him.

Mrs. Cross was a gaunt woman with a bright fire in her eyes that never died down. She seemed to push Bud with her spirit. The boy hung the rifle back on its pegs, said he guessed he would go see Jim Smith again, and set out for town.

He took the trail over the hills again rather than go by the road. He didn't want to meet Bill Spint on the way. If he were going to ambush Bill, he didn't want Bill to see him any more than there was need. He might show it in his face; Bill might guess it.

Moreover, Bill might taunt him about Honey, and that would make him mad; Bud might lose his head and say something to warn the hated rival.

"What's on your mind, Bud?" asked Jim Smith when Bud walked into the depot. Bud was still thinking about Bill Spint. "You ain't ambushed anybody, or bit anybody's ear off?" asked Jim.

Jim laughed. And Bud laughed.

"No," was the reply. "I want to git a job on the railroad. I'm eighteen years old."

"What kind of job?"

"Like you've got," said Bud.

"Well," soliloquized Jim Smith, "I don't know, Bud. To tell you the truth, you don't know enough."

"I've gone to school," Bud explained. "I can read and write and figger."

"'Tain't that. You have to know that, of course. But there's other things like book work and telegraphing. I could show you, but you'd have to come every day and work for noth-

ing until you learned. Maybe then we could get you a place somewhere."

"All right," said Bud. "I'll begin now. Don't you want the office scrubbed out and the windows washed?"

"Sure, I do. That's a good start."

It wasn't hard work for Bud; he "knowed" when things were hard to do. It was easier, of course, because of the way Smith helped him learn it. He'd promised to come every day and work until the agent said he was able to hold down a job. Bud wished, though, that he was earning money now instead of working for nothing, so he could buy a present for Honey.

"How much does a wrist watch cost?" he asked Jim Smith one day, three months later.

"It costs a lot of money, Bud, when you ain't got it. Why?"

"I'm aimin' to git one for Honey Clegg."

"Honey's a mighty fine girl," said Smith. "She's a powerful dancer. But, come to think of it, Bud, Honey's wearing a wrist watch for some time now. She don't want two, does she?"

"She'll want mine. I'll make her return that one to Bill Spint."

"Did Bill give it to her?"

"I reckon he did," said Bud.

Jim sat looking out of the window. He wasn't looking at the box car out there or at the hill t'other side of it; he pulled out his lower lip with his fingers a long time and a far-away look was in his eyes.

Bud went on with the book work Jim set him to do. After a while the agent tried to write a letter. He flourished quite a bit with his pen without setting it onto the paper. He tore up two or three sheets he'd started to write on, then went off uptown and was gone an hour.

Bud finished his book work before Jim got back, and cleaned up the office. He burned the papers from the waste-basket on a charred spot on the ground across the tracks. He saw these words on a piece of paper: "Dear Mr. Morarity:" The rest of the paper was empty. Morarity, Bud remembered, was the man he didn't like; the man with the razor scar on his chin.

Jim came back from uptown and went to work again on his reports. By and by he asked a question. "You and Bill Spint ain't feudin', are you, Bud?"

"No"

"Did Honey tell you Bill gave her that watch?"

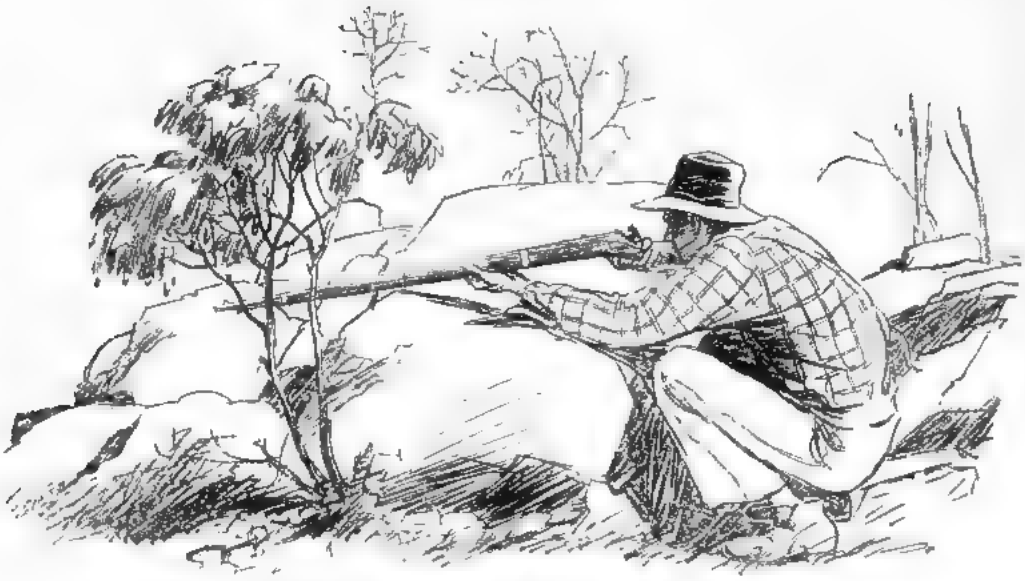
"I knowed without her tellin' me."

Bud thought about it all when he walked home. He wasn't seeing Honey as often as he used to, now that he was working. He'd go once in a while when he could. Usually he stayed for the evening train, which these fall days didn't get in till after sundown.

Jim Smith was showing Bud things about the telegraph, now, and he needed to practice, and the best time seemed to be when Jim wasn't so busy with other work. Sometimes Bud's ma put enough in his dinner bucket to last for supper, too, and he stayed on after dark for quite a spell.

There wasn't time for sparking when he did that. Honey had wanted the boy to go to work, and if he didn't get to see her as often as he used to, it was as much her fault as his.

He hadn't stayed as late to-night as usual. Jim Smith had told him he'd better go home. They'd gone down the track a piece to put padlocks on a box-car standing on the siding. It was a carload of merchandise which the local freight had set out because the drawhead had pulled out of it when



He Settled Down in the Rocky Ambush to Wait for Bill Spint

the train was switching. Jim explained it was a company rule to padlock cars like that. Bud was learning a lot about rules.

"Somebody broke into some merchandise cars down the line at Otey last week and stole a lot of stuff," said Jim, and added: "Better keep your eye on that Honey girl of yours, Bud. Saw her riding around town with Bill Spint last night just after you'd put out for home. 'Tain't the first time, either."

Bud was riled. He wasn't mad at Honey; not as mad as he might have been. It was Bill Spint he aimed to settle with. He guessed he'd go over and see Honey, though. But the girl was not at home. He asked Mrs. Clegg where her daughter was, and she said Honey'd gone over into the next hollow to stay all night with her cousin.

"Won't you set awhile?" Mrs. Clegg asked.

Bud sat down. He wanted to know if Bill Spint was sparking Honey again, and so he asked. Mrs. Clegg allowed he was sparking her a mite. Honey's ma was a strong, heavy woman, with fine, even teeth. She worked like a dog all day. She was rocking hard in her chair. After a bit she said

"What 'd you say, Bud, if you heerd Honey an' Bill was aimin' to git married?"

Bud stared at Mrs. Clegg. He thought she must be joking. "Bill's been sparkin' Honey more'n a mite, then, Mrs. Clegg," he blurted out.

"Well, maybe. Bill ain't so slow, Bud, as you air."

"But Honey's my girl," he protested. "She's always been."

"Girls change their minds, Bud. Honey's been a-honin' to git married for quite a spell. I reckon you've got till her weddin' day, which ain't fur off, to win her back to you. But that's between you an' Bill."

Bud stayed a while longer, then said he guessed he'd go. He was sure now he hated Bill Spint worse than poison.

The Spint house was dark when he went by it on the main road; his own house was dark, too, when he reached it, the family had all gone to bed. Bud stood a moment on the doorsill, thinking hard. Then he reached up and took the rifle off its pegs. He went up the road a bit and hid it under some brush, came back home and went to bed.

VI

NEXT morning Bud took his dinner pail and started off, but instead of taking the trail to town, he got his rifle from the brush pile and angled up over the hill to the rocky ambush and settled down to wait for Bill Spint.

Twice cars approached as he crouched and waited, but neither one was Bill Spint's. Bill usually went to town to loaf around, but this morning he didn't come past.

It was close to noon when Bud crept out of his hiding place, climbed over the hill, hid his rifle where nobody'd find it, and went on over the trail to the depot. He would save time eating as he walked, so he did.

He aimed to kill Bill Spint; there was something hard inside of him that said he'd have to; it wouldn't let him stand for Bill Spint getting Honey away from him. He'd try to call on Honey to-night after work. If Bill was there—well, he'd see.

"Where you been all morning, Bud?" asked Jim Smith when he got to the depot.

"Didn't get started," said Bud.

It was then that Bud saw Morarity, the man with the scar. He looked sour. Bud didn't like him much. He'd been talking with Jim Smith, but he shut up when Bud came in.

Bud spoke to him, put his dinner bucket on a shelf and took off his coat to go to work. After a while Morarity left. Then Jim told him that the car they had padlocked the night before had been broken into and part of its contents stolen. That's why Morarity was there again.

"There's thieves around here in these hollows, Bud, and we're aimin' to get 'em," said Jim Smith.

Bill Spint was gone from the hollow. Bud's ma told him so that evening, for her eyes were sharp.

"Last I seed him, Bud, was when he went drivin' by. Looked like he might be goin' for the license, son. Honey's weddin' day will be this comin' Sunday. Heerd it to-day from Honey's ma."

Bud felt sick inside when he learned that, but said nothing. He "knowed," though, he'd have to go see Honey to-night as he'd planned. His ma cracked a hazel nut in her teeth and shelled the meat out in the palm of her hand.

"Honey's drivin' her ducks to a poor market," she said. "That's what I told Mary Clegg to-day, and she didn't thank me fur it."

Bud walked over to Honey's house that night. Honey was just starting over to the next hollow to get her cousin to help fix up the wedding dress. Bud walked along with her. There wasn't much he could think of to say.

"I guess it's too late, Bud," Honey said as they went along in the dark shadows of the hollow.

"Maybe not, Honey," he ventured. "I know you like me better'n Bill."

It was hard for him to swallow. They walked a while before Honey spoke again. Then she said:

"I ain't sayin' one way or t'other, Bud. I know I always did like you."

"Why, then, air you and Bill gittin' married?" He had to know that.

"Because he asked me to marry him, Bud, which is something you never done," Honey responded.

Bud realized from the sound of her voice that the girl was holding her head high, although it was so dark he couldn't see.

"I was goin' to do that, Honey, when I got a job," he pleaded. "That wouldn't be fur off now."

Their feet scuffed along on the rough road.

Honey said: "I allowed, Bud, if I left Bill come sparkin' it might help to stir you up a mite, so as you'd say something. That's how it's all come about. But there's something else now, Bud," she added

The light in the window of her cousin's house was shining down the road.

"What's that, Honey?" asked Bud.

The maiden didn't say anything for a bit, then she said:

"I wasn't aimin' to tell you at first, but you ought to know, Bud, why I'm doin' what I am. The man I marry's got to be honest."

"What do you mean, Honey?" asked Bud, feeling queer.

"Just what I'm sayin' to you. There's stealin' goin' on on the railroad, and I've been hearin' things suspicious—"

"About me?" asked Bud.

"Yes, about you."

"That's a lie, Honey!"

"It cain't be, Bud."

"It is," he insisted.

Honey left him. "I'm only tellin' you, Bud, the things I hear. I ain't wanted to believe them, but I guess I'll have to. So—good-by."

She went up the path toward her cousin's house. Bud stood outside in the dark till the door closed behind her, then he turned around and walked slowly back home.

VII

SATURDAY morning when Bud got to the office, Jim Smith sat there looking away through the office window. He spoke to Bud after a few minutes.

"I wrote Morarity a couple of days ago to come down and clean up the gang that's doing this stealing. Think maybe I know who they are now. I haven't heard anything from him yet, though. Kept thinking he might come, but 'tain't likely he'll get here to-day. You look after things, Bud, while I'm gone. Think I'll go back over in the hollow and fool around a bit. I'll keep my eye out, and maybe get track of the stuff that's been stolen from us."

"Best not," said Bud, looking up from his book work. "Might not be safe for you to go sperin' around."

Jim laughed. "I'm cute enough for that, Bud. I know how a hill-billy thinks. I'll be back by noon. If I ain't, you look after things."

Noon passed and Jim Smith didn't come back. Afternoon went by and dark came. Bud was busy all day by himself at the depot. He was getting worried. He had received a telegram for Jim in the afternoon. It was in code.

He sold a ticket for the evening train, got the mail sack from the post office, put the milk cans and a crate of chickens on the truck, and when the train came in loaded them into the baggage car. He saw the red lights of the train vanish down the track around the curve. He carried the mail sack to the post office, came back and telephoned the dispatcher that the train had gone.

Still there was no Jim Smith. He

got some scratch paper and settled down to practice telegraphy. He was getting good at it; Jim had said he was. By and by he would be good enough to put in his application for a job.

He hadn't decided not to ambush Bill. It was still in the back of his head to do it. If he were bigger than he was, and as strong as Bill, he'd fight. He'd let the ambush go and show that bully he could lick him; that would be Jim Smith's way. That would put an end to Bill's marrying Honey.

Working at the depot had filled Bud out somewhat, and he was getting heavier; but Bill still had the best of him. The wedding was set for to-morrow night. What was he going to do about it? He couldn't let it happen, of course. He'd ought to have killed Bill Spint long ago now.

Bill had lied about him to Honey. Nobody else but Bill could have told the girl he was a thief.

Eight o'clock came. Bud worked on, thinking in between times when he rested. He wondered where Jim was. The agent had said he'd get back by noon. Now it was long after dark.

Bud sat for a while with the head phones of the dispatcher's wire to his ears, listening to the train orders and the news of the trains.

He heard the Blue Streak being reported; that's what the railroad men called the limited. It was getting closer all the while to Bissel, where Bud was. It never stopped at Bissel, though, so he and Jim Smith never waited for it. At a few minutes of nine it went hooting past as though the devil himself were chasing it.

Bud was getting uneasy about Jim. Eight thirty came, and still no Jim Smith. Bud was thinking he'd better start for home, then he got to wondering about the telegram. Maybe he ought to know what it said. He hunted around and found a little red book that helped him translate the code. Bud wrote out the message. It said:

> JIM SMITH, Agent Bissel:
>
> On the Blue Streak to-night. Will want your help to round up gang. Keep watch of Bud Cross. Want to arrest him as one of gang. Have tip he's mixed up in thefts.
>
> MORARITY.

Bud was scared. Why was he going to be arrested? Who'd written in to accuse him of being a thief?

The Blue Streak whistled close at hand, the echoes in the hollows yelling like a pack of scared dogs as the sound woke them up. Bud jumped out of his chair and ran out of the office, slamming the door shut behind him. He had time to get away and hide.

As he started to run down the platform, the train slid alongside the depot in a cloud of steam, with sparks flying from the brake shoes that bit savagely at the wheels.

All of a sudden Bud stopped. It came to him what to do. He walked back toward the office easy like. A vestibule door opened and a man swung down. It was Morarity. The vestibule slammed shut, the engine coughed a time or two and the train slipped away.

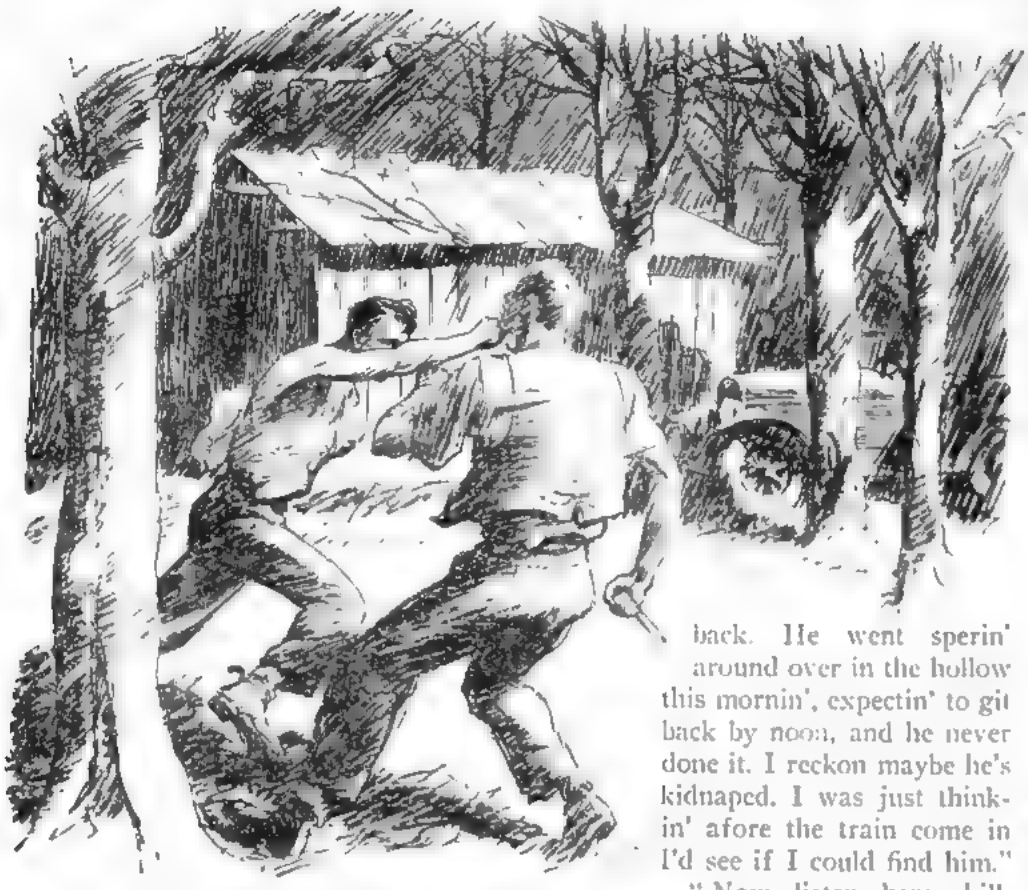
Morarity stood a moment in the dark, holding his grip in his hand. "Where's Jim Smith?"

"That's what I'm wonderin', mister," Bud replied.

"Oh, hello, hill-billy," said Morarity, coming closer. "I didn't know you in the dark. Let me put my grip inside."

Bud unlocked the office.

"What's become of Smith?" demanded Morarity.



"You Cain't Do What You've Done to Honey, Bud Said, 'Without Account n' to Me

"Mister, I don't know." Bud replied. He wasn't scared now; he was thinking hard. "Mr. Smith been gone 'most all day."

"Didn't he get my message?" Morarity asked quickly. "I wired him to meet me to-night."

"Guess he didn't git yore telegram then," said Bud, not letting on he knew what the message said; Morarity didn't know he could telegraph.

"Listen here, hill-billy," Morarity snarled. "I want to know where Jim Smith is."

"Well, mister," said Bud, "if I knowed I'd tell you. I'm a worryin' myself all day about him not comin' back. He went sperin' around over in the hollow this mornin', expectin' to git back by noon, and he never done it. I reckon maybe he's kidnaped. I was just thinkin' afore the train come in I'd see if I could find him."

"Now listen here, hill-billy, you can't put that over." Morarity moved closer to Bud. There was a nasty sound in his voice. "You lead the way and take me to Jim Smith. You know where he is."

VIII

THEY took off over the trail, Bud leading. It was frosty cold, and the moon was getting higher in the sky. The man behind panted as they walked. Bud didn't want to talk to him. Wasn't any use in that, unless you really liked a man, and he didn't like Morarity.

He'd been clever enough to make the man follow the way he wanted He was going to take Morarity into the hills and lose him, after which he

could cut back alone and begin to hunt for Jim Smith. He had to find Jim Smith. Jim could keep him from getting arrested, because Jim "knowed" he was honest.

Buckberry and hazel brush scratched at their clothes. Bud let a heavy branch or two snap back against Morarity's stomach and grinned to himself when he heard him grunt. Those city fellows wasn't much good in the hills.

"Is there any great rush, hill-billy?" asked the man behind, after they'd gone a couple of miles. Bud stopped to let him get his wind. They heard a fox bark off to the right; heard nuts falling on the dead leaves around them.

"They got Jim Smith," said Bud. "It's likely they'll kill him."

"Yeah, they kill him and I'll kill you."

After a bit Bud suggested, "Let's git goin'." He started off, Morarity following.

They reached a ledge of rock higher than their heads. Bud crept along the face of it, Morarity close at his heels. The youth came to a hickory sapling, shinned it and lay flat on the rock. He reached down a hand and helped Morarity up.

Again they climbed, and again they were confronted by a ledge of rock, gray in the dim, shadowed side of the hill. Bud found the steps in its face which he knew were there and they both climbed.

The top of the hill was close now. They came soon out upon a broad flat surface that seemed to stretch for miles toward the distant moon which shone through the leafless trees.

Bud knew where he was going. "There's a way around, but this was shorter to take," he told Morarity as they came up to the hilltop and found themselves in a faint woods road.

"How much farther is it?" Morarity inquired. There was a white place on his knee which showed he had torn his pants in climbing, and he was tired.

"About half a mile," Bud answered. "You have to rest?"

"Let's set down awhile," said Morarity.

Bud was thinking, as they sat on a rock, where he could most easily give his man the slip.

"Now, just what is the lay of the land?" asked Morarity, fingering the revolver in his pocket. Bud knew Morarity had held the gun on him part of the way, just to make sure Bud wasn't playing a trick.

"Just like we're on here now. Level with trees. There's a shack back a piece. That's where we're goin'. If Jim's tied up, that's where he'd be."

Bud remembered where there was such a shack. He allowed they would come up to it and look around a bit; while Morarity wasn't noticing he'd drop over the ledge of rock in back and scoot away.

"Come on," he said, getting up.

Far down the roadway Bud glimpsed the flicker of a fire. He wasn't expecting that, but he never let on. They had to keep going toward it. Pretty soon his nose picked up the smell of burning hickory. Somebody had made the fire to keep warm. That meant there was a reason for staying there.

It came over him suddenly that Jim Smith might be there in the shack after all. Funny how Bud had stumbled on to this when all he was aiming to do was to give Morarity the slip so he could hunt Jim by himself.

All at once he felt Morarity's gun poked into his back.

"Listen, hill-billy," said Morarity. "This ain't a trap, see. You tell those

hill-billies that if they make a false move I'm shooting you through the back, and that I'll get two of them before they get me. Now walk on up there."

Bud's backbone was cold, and his knees quivered. He'd got himself between the devil and the deep sea. He hadn't been as cute as he thought he was. He went ahead as Morarity ordered, never letting on he was scared.

They turned from the road toward the shack, which was back a hundred yards among the trees. A dog was barking. Bud spoke to it, and it whimpered, coming close. But he didn't see anybody about the fire. He was scared, now. Morarity shoved the gun harder into his back.

"No tricks, now," the man snarled. "Go on and call out."

IX

Bud didn't see how it happened. He felt the gun leave his backbone, and it seemed that Morarity was wrenched away from him. He didn't have time to find out, for somebody had jumped him from behind a tree at their elbow. First thing he knew they were all fighting.

Bud didn't see how many were against them, or who they were; for he got a crack across the nose that dazed him for a minute, and next thing he knew he was being snaked toward the shack. He dug his heels in and tried to stop, but there was too many of them. The door was opened, he was thrown in in the dark and the heavy bar on the outside of the door dropped.

He wasn't so scared now. Instead, he wanted to fight. He glued his eye to a crack through which he could see the flicker of the fire. As he looked he saw a flash and heard the roar of a revolver shot. Morarity was shooting. He couldn't see much.

Then he heard Morarity yell. Bud knew why; somebody had sunk his teeth in him. He heard a voice that sounded like somebody he knew, saying, "I'm shot in the leg."

Bud stepped back in the dark and his foot touched something lying on the floor. It felt like a man. He poked easy again with his foot.

"Who's that?" he asked.

"That you, Bud?" said Jim Smith's voice.

Jim sounded like he was hurt. Bud kneeled down and felt of him. His hands were tied behind his back. Bud started to untie him.

"I've got a bad sprained ankle, Bud," he explained, "and it hurts; but untie my hands."

"I'm glad I found you, Jim," said Bud, working away at the knot.

"I don't know as I am, Bud," Jim responded, "'cause we're in a bad fix. They're aiming to kill me soon's Bill comes. I heard 'em talking out there while ago."

"You mean Bill Spint?" asked Bud, his scalp feeling queer.

"Yes. Don't you know who jumped you out there just now? The Spints! I suspicioned all along it was Bill and the other Spints doing the stealing, but I never told you." Jim Smith quit talking for a minute, then said: "And now you're in the same fix with me, Bud. Who's out there with you?"

"Morarity."

"Maybe he can do something, but they're three to one, counting Bill when he comes, if he ain't there already. Sounds like old Cal's out of it."

Bud got the knot untied and Jim Smith sat up in the dark. Bud heard him rubbing his hands together. They

said nothing for quite a spell, Bud listening for the sound of fighting outside, but he couldn't hear any. Everything was still, except for old Cal Spint groaning from his broken leg.

Pretty soon Jim Smith quit rubbing his hands and said: "Did I ever tell you, Bud, there was a wrist watch in that mail sack which was stolen off the platform that time?"

"No! Was they?"

"Yes, sir. To-day I got Honey Clegg to show me the one she was wearing, and it's the same make as the one stolen from the mail sack. I told her it didn't prove nothing, and it don't. But you ought to of seen her face, Bud. That girl sure had a waking up, judging from her looks. Maybe, though, she already was getting suspicious about Bill. I can't say for sure. It was later, over at the Spints, though, that they all ganged me. That's how I happen to be here."

Bud wanted to think; it was too much for him all at once. While they sat there he heard a step on the leaves at the side of the shack. He wondered what it meant. Maybe Bill Spint had come back. A whisper came through a crack near his head

"Jim Smith, are you in there?"

Bud moved nearer to the whisper. "Honey!" he said softly. "Honey! Is that you?"

"Bud!" It was a low voice this time instead of a whisper. "Oh, Bud, have they got you, too? Bud, we got to hurry!"

Honey was half talking, half whispering, sort of crazy like.

"Bill's comin' up by the road. I beat him, cuttin' up over the hill. I got it out of him where Jim Smith was afore he left the house. Ma saw Jim Smith git took by them, and I made him tell me. Now I'll open the door."

Bud heard her footsteps go easy around the end of the shack. And he heard, too, the familiar sound of an automobile outside, Bill Spint's car. In a moment he heard Bill yell to Honey:

"Git away from that door, Honey!"

But there was a hand on the door latch, and the door swung open. Bill was yelling at Honey. Against the light of the fire, he saw Honey running from Bill, and saw him lift his hand and strike her down. She rolled over in the leaves and was still.

For a second Bud's head swam. Things were red before his eyes: it was the fire, he guessed. Then he went out after Bill Spint. Something told him he wasn't afraid of that bully now. He walked up to Bill, knuckling up his fists.

"You cain't do what you've done to Honey," he said, soft and slow, "without accountin' to me."

He pitched into Bill, fighting like a wild cat. Bill was older by three or four years, and twenty pounds heavier. Bud hit him in a dozen places before Bill got set. Bud was determined to pound him down to the ground.

They tripped on the uneven ground and went rolling on the leaves. Bud found Bill's ear near his mouth; his teeth closed on it. He'd bite it off. Then he thought of Jim Smith in the shack, and let go of Bill's ear.

Bill was reaching for his knife. Bud hung on to the bully's arm, but Bill broke through his strength, and the younger man saw the glint of moonlight on the sharp blade as Bill held it gripped in his hand!

They rolled over and over in the leaves. First Bud was on top, then Bill. Bud hit him repeatedly with all his strength, on the face, the chest, in the nose.

Something was pricking his skin.

just under the edge of his ribs. A great fear swept into Bud's heart; if that knife went in farther he was a goner.

With a mighty lunge he broke loose and they rolled entirely out of each other's clutch. Through the corner of his eye Bud saw Honey getting to her feet, staggering about, shaking her head. Just to have her up like that gave Bud new strength. He " knowed " she was all right, now, and he " knowed " she was looking at him. He *had* to lick Bill, now that Honey was watching.

Bill got to his feet, pulling Bud up with him. They clinched. Bud turned on his heel and swung with his right arm. His fist felt as though he had hit an oak tree. Bud was weak all of a sudden. Bill had fallen down like a steer hit with an ax.

Some one took hold of Bud. It was Honey. She was holding tight, half crying and laughing.

Jim Smith came hopping up. " How you coming, Bud?"

" All right, I guess." He thought of something. " Better tie up that varmint, hadn't you?" he asked. " Or we'll have to do it all over again."

Bud sat and rested a while. Jim Smith and Honey came back after tying up Bill. There was a scuffling of feet in the leaves back of the shack as Morarity came in with two of Bill's brothers handcuffed together. They all sat down on the running board of Bill's car, the Spints tied up around on the leaves before them. Morarity mopped his face and said, " Whew!"

" The shack's full of our stuff that was stolen, Morarity," Jim announced, " including the mail sack." Then he told about Bud's fight.

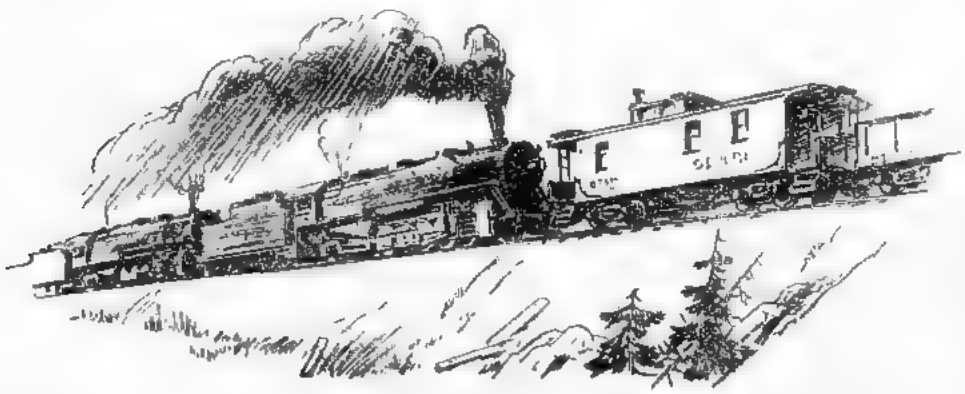
" Well," said Morarity. " I'm making a report to the superintendent, and believe me, hill-billy, you get all the credit — you and Miss Honey — for this."

" There'll be more than credit, Morarity," Jim added, putting an arm around Bud's shoulders. " I'm going to recommend that the company put Bud on the pay roll as a student, and give him back pay for all the time he's worked for nothing. And you're good enough to hold down a full-sized job, Bud. I know the company'll give it to you, too."

Bud thought a bit. Pretty soon he asked:

" Would that be enough back pay, Jim, to git a wrist watch for Honey?"

Honey was holding Bud's hand; she squeezed it, and Bud squeezed back.



Train Movement

"Tell the Truth," Said the Super, But When He Came to Face It—There Was Something Else Again

By GRIFF CRAWFORD

Illustrated by Harry C. Temple

SUPERINTENDENT BURDICK strode into the chief dispatcher's office, a telegram in his hand, blood in his eye, and many blasphemous words issuing from his lips. He stomped up and down, around and about, his large feet shaking the floor. Chief Harris, the steno and the car distributor ceased their respective duties and listened attentively. They did not know what it was all about, but it did not take a *Sherlock Holmes* to deduce that the boss was mad.

"Lissen at this! Lissen! Another wire from File-T burnin' us up on account of that train movement report bein' bulled again. Lissen! Here's what he says:

> 28 report your districts again found in error. No. 9 shown received from connecting division 35 mins. late when they were delivered you on time; No. 10 shown on time when they were delivered to connecting division 7 mins. late; No. 92 not shown at all and second 78 reported annulled when in fact it was run, and you fail to show disposition of red ball loads cut out of wp 9. If you have no one in your office who can make this report will send man who can. I will not tolerate further mistakes in the 28 report from your office. File-T.

"There ya are." The super glared. "It's an infernal disgrace that we gotta be called down like this because nobody's got sense enough to get this report out. Ain't ya got somebody that can do it?"

"I don't think of any one right now," answered the chief. "We've had three men on it in the last two months and it's gettin' worse all the time."

Through the open door between the chief's office and that of the dispatcher's, the words of the exasperated superintendent had floated to open ears. Red Ainsden, recently hired and therefore the youngest man in the office so far as seniority was concerned, tuned in. The report in question was made by the third trick branch man, who had but little dispatching to do until around four o'clock, when he fixed the locals and work trains. Red had been compelled to take second trick, and he hated these hours above all others.

He could never see a show, attend a dance, nor have any social activity and he coveted third trick hours of midnight to 8 A.M. secretly. He was a past master in train movement reports, having compiled them not only for a single division, but he had also rendered them as consolidated reports from the various districts under sharp-eyed general managers.

Red was so thorough, such an accomplished liar, that officials who knew him would rather have him make this report than be given a free hand in making it out to suit themselves.

Red watched the approach of the chief and his superior as they entered

It Did Not Take a Sherlock Holmes to Deduce That the Boss Was Mad

the dispatcher's office still discussing the problem as to finding a suitable man before the big boss took drastic action. In a pause of the conversation Red edged in.

"I heard," Red explained, "what was being said about the trouble you're havin' with your 28 report. I can make it."

Mr. Burdick picked up his ears like a pointer pup.

"Didja ever make one of 'em?" he asked suspiciously.

"Thousands."

"Ya know all the ins and outs of it? How to—"

"Better'n the guy that got it up."

"What road ya make it on?"

Red named four. "They're all alike, practically. Make it on one pike and ya know how to make it on 'em all."

"Put him on it," the superintendent instructed the chief. "Begin to-night."

Red was relieved by the extra man and sent home to come on third the next morning.

II

It was a beautiful arrangement. Days became weeks and no sarcastic, lambasting wires came from File-T regarding the 28 report. In fact not a single discrepancy had been picked up on the versatile Red. He knew his 28 reports, even as he had said, better'n the guy that got 'em up. It was a work of art, this report, under his skillful handling. If an important train lost time, due to a bad meeting point, instead of showing it as it really occurred, Red would cut the time down and distribute it otherwise. If the delay was forty minutes, he would make it ten and cover the other thirty minutes in various ways—ten minutes brakes sticking at MP 236; eleven minutes blocked at L. R. & D cross-

ing; nine minutes by extra gangs. In this manner each delay was so small that it did not occasion excitement in the restless mind of File-T, and the explanations were so logical that they were never questioned.

If no other suitable explanation was at hand Red always dragged in the weather. That was a reliable stock in trade that no one could be blamed for, and he could manufacture a "strong south wind" quicker than the weather man himself.

The superintendent was pleased. He knew that the report was being made satisfactorily because he was not getting any come-backs on it. There had been no mistakes made as to the time trains were received and delivered from and to connecting divisions, and that had been the main trouble with the others—their inability to figure hours and minutes late or ahead of time, as the case might be.

That was the only item that Red paid any attention to. It had to be correct, but as to explanations—he romped around with them to suit himself. He paid no attention to conductors' delay reports unless decidedly out of the ordinary. He manufactured his own delays scientifically and well.

It was a sweet bit of work, but the finished accomplishment, the rare skill and delicate touch of the master hand was lost on the practical Mr. Burdick.

Trouble came by Burdick arising early one morning to go out on No. 10. He dropped into the dispatcher's office to kill a few moments while his car was being brought from the coach track by a yard engine. In front of him lay the 28 report, typed neatly, and ready to go down the chute to the telegraph office. On top of it lay a blank Mr. Burdick had never seen, a small, innocent appearing blank numbered 56. He picked it up and glanced curiously at it. It was no larger than an ordinary piece of clip, but the information it called for was immense and, Mr. Burdick thought, vague as to understanding. He noted it was a monthly report.

"What's this blank?" he asked. Red looked up from his work, lit a cigarette and said casually:

"That's the 56 report."

"I can see what number it is," the boss said sarcastically, "but what's it about?"

"Darned if I know. I've wondered myself, lots of times."

"Who makes it out?"

"I do." The boss looked at the speaker in surprise

"Ya mean to say you make it out and don't know what it means?"

"Yeah; never could figure out what they're drivin' at."

"Well, how do ya make it out? Where ja get your information from?"

"Guess at it."

"*Guess at it!*" The super got to his feet and looked over the partition of the table, indignation written plainly over his entire frontage. "Guess at it! You mean to tell me you're playin' horse with important data like that?"

"They like it, I reckon. I've never had a come-back on it."

"How long ya been makin' it?"

"Six months."

"How didja base your first report? This dope's gotta be taken from train sheets for the entire month."

Red knocked the ashes from his fag into the waste basket and explained.

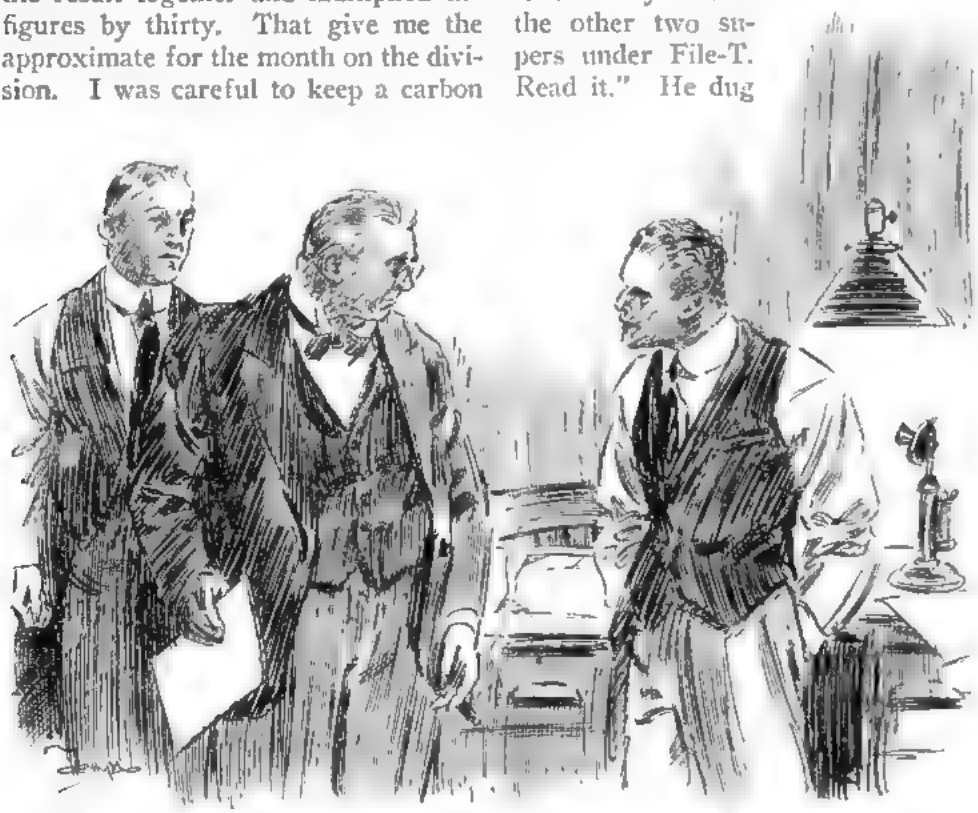
"When they started that fool thing I started to check the sheets and make it right, but I saw that to check the whole bunch of three districts for

thirty days was goin' to take time, and lots of it, and I didn't have any to spare; so I just took one sheet from each district, pullin' 'em out of the file at random. I totalled each one, added the result together and multiplied the figures by thirty. That give me the approximate for the month on the division. I was careful to keep a carbon copy so when it's due the next month I changed the totals, bein' sure they added correct and balanced, and shot 'er in. Each month I know whether business is heavier or lighter than the precedin' month and I vary the totals accordin'. It works fine."

But Mr. Burdick was of different opinion and said so in no uncertain language. He stormed and fumed.

"You'll have this division standin' on end pullin' stuff like that. We'll get picked up on it, and they'll raise merry Cain with me. I'll bet we get a letter one of these days about that report that'll—"

"We already got one," admitted Red. "It come in from the chief's office a few days ago. It's a joint letter to you and the other two supers under File-T. Read it." He dug it out of a drawer and handed it to the boss, who put on his glasses and mumbled it aloud.



"Didja Ever Make a 28 Report?" the Boss Asked Suspiciously

"Evidently there is a lot of guess work connected with the rendering of our 56 report which was inaugurated some six months ago. I am surprised that the proper officials have not taken some means to see that these items are prepared and made out with some semblance of being correct. The miserable handling of this particular report, the flagrant carelessness and the obvious attempts to compile it from pure and unadulterated guessing, is astonishing,

not to say unbelievable in a business organization—"

"Lord!" groaned Mr. Burdick. "What'd I—"

"Read on," chanted Red.

"The River Division—"

The super began again.

"That's us," admonished Red.

"The River Division appears to be the only part of the organization that has taken this report seriously and is making it in a businesslike and conscientious manner and is to be congratulated. It is sincely hoped that the other units of the Western District will follow the example of Superintendent Burdick's organization and render this report in a manner that will eliminate any further correspondence relating to it."

"There!" said Red.

"H-m-m," said the boss. "Luck, pure luck. Ya just happened to get by, that's all, and it don't change my attitude one bit. I want the exact information shown on every report you make. No guess work, no monkey business."

"That's the best way to get in hot water and keep in it I know of," said Red. "They don't want facts half as much as they do sweet readin'. Take the 28 report, the train movement, for instance. We ain't got a single kick on it or any 'why's' about the way trains are movin', have we? Well, it's because we don't tell 'em what actually occurred. If we did they'd be—"

"Good Lord! You're not fakin' that report, too, are ya?" the super blurted.

"Every night! Makin' it sweet where otherwise it'd be sour."

Mr. Burdick put on a show. He denounced the method and the man who used it. He raged, ranted and declared himself. He positively would have no such work going on under his nose; he was sorry he had not checked up on this report and noted the discrepancy between actual and phony stuff that Red was putting out, and he wound up the harangue by hitting his clenched fist on the desk.

"I don't want another single variance from actual facts," he yelled. "When a train's delayed by a bum meet, show it. When it's delayed by a wait order, show it. When an engine's late, say so. When a poor run's made say why and don't lay it on a strong south wind. In other words, show just what caused the loss of time and what the reason for it was. Take the conductor's delay and quit manufacturin' some of your own."

"It'll take another operator to handle the extra wires File-T'll send in if I do," Red protested.

"I don't care a tinker's damn if it does! Show things as they are," said Mr. Burdick as he picked up his grip and started for the depot.

"And won't I do it?" said Red to Wilbur, the man opposite him.

III

It was what Red termed a "sour" report that left his hands the following night to be shot down the telegraph chute. He expected it to get results, and it did. By ten o'clock the barrage of wires from File-T began to arrive, and they were promptly relayed to Mr. Burdick on the line. There was nothing about the report being rendered wrong, but there was a great deal about the way trains were being handled on the River Division. There were sharp demands for an explanation as to why a w.p.8 train was delayed thirty minutes for crew's rest; another, even more insistent and sar-

castic, as to the reason a w.p.9 picked up at Foster, causing it to lose time over the district. A third, so hot it sizzled, wanted to know why it was necessary to delay No. 10 setting out business car 126 at Tremont when it could as well have moved on No. 8, a local passenger, thus saving No. 10 from going to the connecting division twelve minutes late.

Mr. Burdick read the letter and squirmed. Heretofore, on such occasions, Red had always got around showing the delay as being caused by setting out the super's car and showing it as heavy transfer of express and mail. During the day the endless stream of wires continued, each more biting than the one preceding it, and Superintendent Burdick was glad when five o'clock came and the office of File-T was closed for the night.

He had filed answers, made excuses and swore between times until he was tired out and disgusted. He made up his mind to see "Train Movement," as he dubbed Red, and have him understand that there were, now and then, things that might just as well not be known outside of the home office. He wished now he had not been so emphatic in his demand that the dispatcher show delays exactly as they were without any side-stepping.

The morning brought with it greater and more terrible examples of the gore-tinged pen of File-T, and Mr. Burdick was near to a state of collapse from answering criticisms and venting his spleen in cuss words in between.

At eleven o'clock he was called to the company phone at Tremont to converse with no less a personage than File-T himself, who was on the other end of the wire talking from Wayne.

As is the custom when officials have matters to discuss which are liable to consume considerable time, they used the dispatcher's wire. No doubt, due to the heated discussion, they were longer than they intended. Time and again Phelps, working first on that district, tried to get in a word to tell them they were delaying traffic. Orders were to be put out, clearance cards issued. But he was met each time with a snappy injunction that they would be through in a minute, and Phelps, being an old-timer and used to such matters, made a notation on the sheet and smoked away, worry rolling from his shoulders like water from a duck's back. At last they wound up and Phelps went about his business again, some ten orders behind and traffic considerably tardy as a result.

That night Red surprised Wilbur by bursting forth in song while he was getting the dope for his 28 report.

"Bill Bigger was a section snipe,
Some twenty years ago,
A common ballast tamper,
As so many of us know;
He lied his way to section boss
And every place he's sent,
He alibied his way until
They made him President;
He alibied his way un-t-i-l
They made him Pres-i-dent."

"There's a lotta truth in that, Edgar," he ventured. "Opportunity scratches at the door just wunst, then if you ain't ready it goes on over to somebody that's all set for it?"

"Uh-huh."

"It's here now. I can hear its feeble knocks and I'm throwin' wide the door. What could be sweeter'n this?" He indicated the notation made by Phelps on the train sheet. "Ain't I lucky?"

Wilbur looked and laughed. "But ya won't dare, will ya?"

"Won't I? Sweet papa, and how!"

"They'll tie a can on ya, I bet."

"Of course they will, but, baby, what a chanst; one that I've always hoped and sometimes prayed for. It seems too good to be true."

He worked, whistled and hummed as he compiled the memorable 28 train movement report for the River Division. It was to be his last, he felt sure, and he wanted it to be remembered. Afterward, when he read it to Wilbur, they agreed that it was likely to be.

"But are ya goin' to give it to 'em thataway?" asked Wilbur

"Am I!" said Red. "Watch me!" He walked to the telegraph tube. "Watch me, Horatio. Alas, 'tis done." He opened the tube and a minute later it had been whisked to the operators below. "Now," he said, "I guess I'll write the U.P., Katy., Santa Fe and the Mop. I think I'd like to work on any, either or all of them."

IV

File-T gulped, choked, gurgled and nearly passed out. He read, reread and regulped. Then he pushed the buzzer so hard he broke a finger nail in the operation. When his steno appeared he dictated so swiftly, so rabidly and so profanely that the young man had nervous prostration trying to get it down. As soon as one epistle was finished the boss would yell to bust it and take another. He couldn't get all he wanted to say in one preferred wire, and he couldn't make it strong like he wanted to, but the final result was passable. It carried sting, sarcasm, biting criticism, hidden and open threats, and it all had to do with the 28 train movement report.

In car 126 Mr. Burdick was going through almost the same antics. He, too, had just read the morning report, and was a seething furnace, a raging volcano that might reduce everybody on the division to ashes. He, too, dictated, busted, tore up, destroyed and redictated. As was the case with his superior, he could not make the wire strong enough. He dared not use the words that he wished to use, but he did very well, and the finished product answered the purpose. It was addressed to his own office and created a stir when it was received. When it had been dispatched the red-faced superintendent again took up the offending report. He hoped he had been mistaken, but another reading assured him he had not been. With lips white and tight he mumbled through the damning thing, reading the explanation of delays.

> No. 10—Sikeston—18'' for clearance account general manager and superintendent using dispatcher's phone.

Mr. Burdick groaned even as had File-T when he read it.

> No. 9—Daley, 27'' meet No. 10 account No. 10 delayed Sikeston for clearance

Mr. Burdick swore even as File-T had sworn.

> W.P. 9—2, Randolph 30'' orders account general manager and superintendent using dispatcher's phone.
> W.P. 8—4—Ramey, 45'' meet WP9—2 account WP9—2 delayed Randolph.

There seemed no end to the thing, and while Mr. Burdick was at the very peak of his madness the wire from File-T was handed him by his car stenographer. He read it, tore it into bits and jumped on the pieces.

He dictated an answer that would

have cost him his job had he not recovered his bearing and busted it before the steno got outside with it.

He was mad at Red, terribly mad. But he was also of the opinion that the delays would not dare be shown as they were without the proof to back up the report. They had utilized the train wire when they could just as well have carried on their conversation on the message phone. Red had taken advantage of the opportunity presented in retaliation to the bawling out he had received for doctoring the reports, and no one knew it better than Mr. Burdick. He would attend to that part of it when he got in this afternoon.

Red would be a job hunter as soon as the boss lit, but Mr. Burdick was not going to take all the blame. It was File-T that called him to the phone, and it was File-T that was already on the dispatcher's circuit when he answered the call. So he wired:

> Think we are jointly to blame for these delays account interfering with circuit as per report.

That was a diplomatic way, the superintendent thought, of smoothing the thing over and that was just reasoning, but File-T refused to accept any part of it:

> It is up to you to run your division in a satisfactory manner and the responsibility cannot be shifted to other shoulders. I want action taken immediately as to the handling of your 28 report. Advise.

As No. 7 pounded along, dragging car 126, Mr. Burdick was doing some heavy thinking. He recalled how things had been for the past six months compared to the past two days. He had to admit that Red's system of handling train movement reports had brought results—the most peaceful six months of his existence as superintendent. He decided to let bygones be bygones and do nothing more drastic than give the train movement artist a complete bawling out, but when he arrived at his office he was informed that the victim had quit, drawn his time and was leaving on No. 8.

"Quit?" said Mr. Burdick. "Send after him. I wanta talk to that bird."

V

"So ya up and quit, after makin' that report, eh?" Mr. Burdick said when the object of his summons sat opposite him in the office.

"Yeah. I couldn't get ya to see my way and I'm used to makin' them reports to keep down scandal. I done that ta show ya what the truth means, sometimes. I've lied so long on them things I just can't get in the habit of tellin' the truth, and I guess ya found out to-day they don't want the truth, anyway. What they want is sweet reports that read nice. They're a lotta boloney, anyways, like that 56 dope."

The boss handed Red a wire:

> Am making drastic change in policy of 28 report. Feel sure there will be no further cause for complaint.

"Ya know what that means?"

"Some sort of change. I don't know what, of course, and I ain't—"

"Yes, you're interested all right," Burdick broke in. "It means the change is lettin' ya make that cussed train movement to suit yourself. Lie all you want to. Ya know more about train movement than the rest of us bunched."

"But I already quit—"

"Well, we'll unquit ya; show up as usual to-night."

The Lady in Lower Ten

Pearls and Potent Potions Mix to Make Ip'cac Ingalls, Porter, Hero Even in Ignominy

By ARTHUR K. AKERS

Illustrated by Everett Lowry

IPECAC INGALLS, Pullman porter, was simply sway-backed with luck. Both kinds. But just now he was concentrating on the good, and trying to forget the bad. For honesty had recently proven not only the best policy, but full of surprising profits. A young lady in lower ten, running into Birmingham last trip, had left a string of pearls under her pillow; and there sure had been a rookus when she discovered her loss. Ipecac wriggled yet, thinking about the way she had tearfully and joyfully given him five dollars for finding the necklace. And promised to write her father about him.

The bandy-legged, knobby-headed, little Ipecac had grinned gratefully and given her his full name, address, and lodge offices. A boy in his fix needed all the complimentary letters he could get! For a heap of his current bad luck had started the same way—folks writing letters to the superintendent about him. In fact, about two more of the latter kind of letters, and Ipecac was liable to be back portering on a one mule dray, with his robust wife, Susie, as his conductor and superintendent combined.

Now everything had become different. Ipecac looked out of a window in eastbound train 130, and estimated how that five dollars was going to help a lot around Alley G, Birmingham. For Ipecac got along so well with the other women that he couldn't get along with Susie. Susie ran to tongue and tonnage, and slung a mean skillet. Ipecac ran under houses, and weighed more with the ladies than he did with the scales. Susie had been hearing too much lately, too, of the wide feminine swath Ipecac was cutting around five-minute stops up in the Carolinas. Badly complicated by much of it being true. Which meant that Ipecac had to do something drastic in his own interests before he set any more of his personal flat feet in Alley G.

And now he saw a way out! This five dollars would fix it. He knew the precise place and price in Harlem to get love powders that would make a woman like Susie overlook a hump on a camel or another woman hanging around her husband.

All of which thoughts made Ipecac suddenly feel so optimistic that his uniform buttons strained at their moorings as he strutted forward to give Maggie Munroe, the train maid, an eyeful of himself. Maggie was one of the main reasons Susie needed a love powder. Ipecac had thought much of Maggie—until he learned she was married. Which was not so bad in itself, until he learned that her husband was an oversized pugilist, known descriptively as well as professionally as " the

Memphis Buzz-saw." Ipecac didn't monkey with buzz-saws.

The trouble with women, further sighed Ipecac as he contemplated Maggie's status with him, was not so much getting them as getting rid of them. A boy couldn't help their following him around.

"How 'bout us gwine uptown fur as 125th Street together, Ip'cac?" Maggie was proving his contention even as he pondered.

Memory Was Fast Taking the Count and Judgment Was Already Gone

"Boy travels safest whut travels alone," Ipecac turned poetry into truth by a simple misquotation.

Maggie's face fell. Ipecac sure was a swell boy! But different here lately.

Up on 135th Street, Madam Octavia, Fortunes Told While You Wait, recognized an old customer, and reached for an old favorite of his.

"Nemmind dat big ball," Ipecac stopped her. "Gits de wrawng number on hit last time. Craves elephant's dose of dem Tiein' Down Goods powders now: wants make somebody crazy 'bout me."

"Is you git no mo' women crazy 'bout you, you got to put on a bookkeeper—" commented the seeress, "or a bullet-proof vest."

"I cain't he'p 'em follerin' me round!" reiterated Ipecac wearily.

"Naw? Well, you better—or four, five of 'em gwine foller you to de cem'-

tery one dese days! Who you want dem powders fo'?"

"Fo' my wife, Susie. Make her see me in de right light, an' stop slingin' dem skillets past my ears when I comes home lonesome an' lovin'."

"Humph! Sho is puttin' a strain on de powders, to make *you* look good to no wife!" commented the occult one acidly. "But heah dey is—an' five dollars, please, cash."

Ipecac shed the five. Just like the white lady had given it to him. She sure' must have been crazy about that necklace, to put out all that reward to him for it!

"Dem powders sho makes de taker love *present comp'ny*," warned Madam Octavia. "So you be right dar when yo' wife swaller 'em. *Next!*"

II

Every time Ipecac came out of a Harlem speak-easy that day he felt better about his business. Practically everything but his Pullman record was fixing to get fixed up now. He had put Maggie back in her place, and five dollars' worth of future love light for him in Susie's eyes was right in his pocket now — Birmingham bound! Even his record would be better after that lady in lower ten finished writing her papa about him.

It was true that Maggie's husband, the Memphis Buzz-saw, was in New York, too; but that was the beauty about New York—it was big enough to hold Ipecac and the Buzz-saw without crowding them like Birmingham did.

In the light of all which, Ipecac drank deep of gin and freedom. Shortly after which he began making confidants of total strangers. The way the women followed him around, and what the Tieing Down Goods in his pocket were going to do to Susie, were his twin themes—along much of 125th Street, with an overflow into two adjacent avenues.

It was in a Lenox Avenue pool parlor, late in the evening, when memory was fast taking the count and judgment was already gone, that Ipecac reached his climax and took Harlem in general into his confidence in respect to the pursuit of him by Maggie Munroe.

Which was very shortly, indeed, before one of his largest and most interested listeners had signalled that Ipecac be taken into a back room and there briefly left alone with the interested one.

Ipecac showed up at the Pennsylvania Terminal the following morning with a headache and a vague feeling that he had been places and said things. Too many places and a lot too many things! Beyond that he was dangerously short on details. Nothing was reassuring but the package he patted, still in his coat pocket. The wrapper looked different, but so did everything else since that night in Harlem. Old Tieing Down Goods were still right there!

So was Maggie Munroe. With a new look in her eyes.

Ipecac didn't know it, but Maggie had been making slight whoopee herself along Harlem's upper avenues. And had gathered the import and importance of the powders with which Ipecac had supplied himself. Further, Maggie was increasingly fed up with big brothers like the Buzz-saw. Ipecac, now, was different, she realized afresh. And her hold on Ipecac, the newly-unattainable, was slipping.

Whereupon Maggie sighed — and discovered that there might be ways to turn defeat into victory yet. Especial-

Maggie Insisted on Bringing Him a Drink—Which Tasted Like Swamp Water

ly with all those miles cooped up on the same train with Ipecac yet ahead—and a little headwork!

None of which had anything to do with the dour news conveyed to both of them by the conductor, Cap'n Kennedy, that a big stockholder in the company was to get on at Lynchburg that evening. Stateroom A and lots of service, *or else*—indicated Cap'n Kennedy, meaningly.

III

IPECAC was forward in the diner, trying food for what ailed him, when Maggie drifted back through his car during the porter's dinner period. Passengers were all up front in the club car, or back in the observation; so the coast was practically clear for what Maggie had in mind. Unlocking the linen closet was easy. And Ipecac's uniform coat was hanging right there. Which made something else easy, too. In the pocket was a note addressed: "To Bearer. To be Read after Taking." Which overcame any particular scruples on Maggie's part at pocketing it—especially as the handwriting of it was excessively familiar to her

Scarcely had she done so when Ipecac came back from the diner, still groggy. That 125th Street gin hung on to a boy like a busted brother-in-law, he mourned. And whatever he did made him feel worse—especially working.

At which Maggie was all solicitude. Ipecac all but repented of his hardness of heart toward her. Until he thought of the Buzz-saw's biceps again. Meantime, it looked like she couldn't do enough for him. Ipecac compromised on a lot of fresh ice water from the cooler. Maggie insisted on bringing him that, too. Which Ipecac gallantly permitted. Didn't he have to save his strength for wrestling with stateroom A for the big stockholder on at Lynchburg? Service was what the white folks were going to get then. Ipecac's record needed any little extenuating circumstances that a big stockholder could write in on it now.

Mr. Ingalls therefore drank the ice water Maggie brought. It tasted strongly like swamp water—but so did everything else since last night.

"Sho is in a sweat," he explained his ensuing haste. "Fixin' git all my work done. Big white folks gittin' on at Lynchbu'g — owns de whole Pullman Comp'ny. Picks out *my* car special, 'count de suhvice I gives! Special 'tention to ev'ybody—dat's me, Ip'cac Pullman Ingalls. Names cars after me."

Maggie looked funny, and said nothing. She hadn't had time to read the note, but the powders she had slipped into Ipecac's ice water were going to make him worth watching. Present company got their full benefit; Ipecac had quoted the seeress in Maggie's hearing.

Ipecac lifted himself groaningly to his feet in lassitude, and began letting down a couple of uppers for pillows and curtains.

As Amherst flashed past he was feeling distinctly worse. But a boy had to look after the big stockholders, no matter how he felt.

Maggie kept on watching him, funny like. As though she were expecting something.

Monroe next. And Ipecac hit the platform groggily with his ice bucket. Division points sure' broke into a boy's work. And a maid's prospects.

Seven miles to go. Nobody off at Lynchburg, but *somebody* sure was getting on.

With the vestibule doors slammed again, leaving Monroe, Ipecac went dully back to Stateroom A, to survey his handiwork. Everything had to be right. After he got these big white folks on, he was going to bust a rule wide open, though. A little of the hair of the dog that had bit him was what he needed now to wake him up. A night out sure made a boy sleepy. But the white folks had to have service—that was why they rode on Ipecac's car. And a boy had to feel right before he could give it to them. Four swallows might not make a summer, but they sure would make a porter again out of Ipecac!

He thrust his head through the berth curtains in the stateroom. Sure did look foggy in there. He leaned farther in . . . the car lurched . . . his hard head hit a soft pillow that seemed to reach up for it, and he was sinking, sinking— He drew his feet drowsily after him . . .

IV

A HOT time on the Lynchburg platform! A movable hell, that came right on inside Ipecac's car, its fires being lustily stoked by a big red-faced white gentleman desiring a car porter when there was none in sight. Maggie Munroe hung around fascinated, with eyes, ears, and mouth open. Like she was expecting something—and not getting what she figured on.

Cap'n Kennedy, Pullman conductor, was there, too, trying to cover up the fact that there was no porter on duty in this car. Cap'n Kennedy, carrying the big white folks' young trunk, and cussing through clenched teeth, back of a smile that was no sort of success as a smile.

"Porter? Yes, sir—just off attending to something, sir! I'll carry your bag in, sir." Cap'n Kennedy was taking Ipecac's place in fact, and wringing his neck in fond fancy. "Stateroom A, sir. Right in. All made up!"

Maggie was bringing up the rear with a golf bag of the heavy stockholder's. That was how she got worse puzzled than ever. At what she saw.

Rubbing her eyes didn't help. Cap'n Kennedy tried it, too. So did the big new passenger. But no matter how you looked at it—and how hard put you were for an explanation—you couldn't get around one thing: Ipecac Ingalls had gone to bed in the big man's berth!

Nobody else in the world had feet like those. They were undeniably Ipecac's feet — sticking straight out through the curtains.

Cap'n Kennedy got to him first, to seize both of those feet and give a yank that brought the remainder of Ipecac out very fast. An Ipecac who slumbered sweetly even as he banged against the opposite wall of the stateroom and thence crashed to the floor. Where he slept until the irate conductor returned from the washroom with half a bucket of cold water for revival purposes.

Cap'n Kennedy Seized Both of Those Feet and Gave a Yank That Brought Out the Remainder of Ipecac Very Fast

Not that consciousness was any boon. It just gave a boy the bad news. Ipecac's alarmed orbs first took in the big white folks, as swelling up and fast fixing to pop. Already one eye and three vest buttons were bulging dan-

gerously as that important personage regarded the cowering Ipecac.

For her part, Maggie hung back horrified. She hadn't looked for *this* when she had placed the Tieing Down Goods powders intended for Susie in Ipecac's ice water to make him again look with favor upon her instead of Susie!

"Suhvice, suh!" gasped Porter Ingalls from behind a pair of protruding eyes that were batting like camera shutters. "'Specialm'tention to ev'y-body, suh! Dat's me—Ip'cac Pullman Ingalls! Names cars after me, suh! Crave yo'se'f—"

"*What?*" rumbled the big white folks incredulously. "What did you say your name was?"

Ipecac shivered; not altogether from cold water. He was waking up too fast. Something new was now in the air. But there was to make reply:

"Ip'cac, suh; Ip'cac Ingalls—"

A revolution seemed sweeping the big stockholder—two of them, indeed, of the most conflicting character. "*Ingalls?*" he was repeating. "Ingalls?—Er—did *you* find a pearl necklace a lady in lower ten lost on this car last trip south?"

Ipecac saw new stars. "Y-y-yas-suh," he stammered. "I—I give—"

But: "Oh, hell!" groaned the white folks in seeming disappointment. "Just as I was getting ready to kill you, too! Go on! Get out of here, everybody!

"Fix up my berth again, Ipecac, and be snappy!—I can't write another one *now*, complaining that I caught you asleep in my berth—when I just mailed a letter to your superintendent commending you about that necklace you found for *my daughter!*"

V

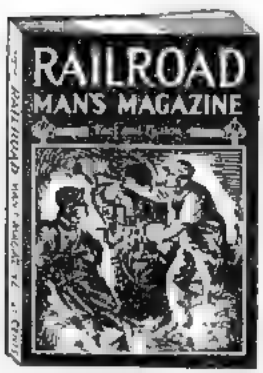
But it was to the yet-bewildered Maggie, reading late that night in the ladies' lounge the mysterious note she had found in Ipecac's pocket along with the powders intended for Susie, that the real explanation of Ipecac's lapse came—and she perceived what she had done:

TO BE READ AFTER TAKING—

Ipcac: Them wasn't nothing but nock-out powders I swapped in yore pocket in the place of them Tying Down Goods you had. So yore wife ain't dead—but *you* will be if I ever hears you braggin' round no pool-rooms no more that my wife Maggie keeps follerin you about.

Yores resp'y

WILLIE MUNROE
(The Memphis Buzz-saw)



YOUR RAIL FRIENDS WOULD APPRECIATE THIS

Christmas Gift

ONE WHOLE YEAR—$2.50—TWELVE COPIES OF

RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

"For the Railroad Man and the Railroad Fan"

3 R

Hospitals on Wheels

By EARLE W. GAGE

The Living Quarters on a Canadian National Hospital Car, Pictured Above, Are Cozy and Homelike

Canadian National Leads the World in Sending First-Aid Cars to the Frontiers of Civilization

WHILE homesteaders, fur traders, miners, lumbermen and railway builders are carving out new empires in the Far North, their health is guarded by Red Cross nurses traveling in C. N. R. hospital cars—the first cars of the kind ever put into service on any system.

As soon as a new settlement grows large enough, the Canadian National erects a permanent outpost there, and the Red Cross places a staff of nurses in charge to carry on a mission of mercy for miles about. Some fifty little hospitals are now dotting the 23,000-mile system of the C. N. R. in big woods, mining and logging camps and undeveloped farming lands

The idea sprang from a mad stampede into the Red Lake district of Ontario. In the heart of winter, with blizzards howling across the wilderness, thousands of prospectors trekked the long trail from the railway to the mineral belt Many tenderfeet fell by the wayside, utterly exhausted. Had not assistance come quickly they would have perished of exposure and hunger. Overnight the demand arose for some sort of temporary hospital service, and the Canadian National answered the call.

Arrangements were made whereby the C N R. would furnish a car and the Red Cross the personnel. An ordinary day coach was converted into a hospital and rushed to the scene of emergency. So helpful was this glorified railway car in serving adventurers

Canadian National Hospital Car on a Siding Near a Frontier Settlement

and pioneer settlers that the C. N. R. dedicated it for permanent use as an itinerant hospital outpost, to go wherever needed in the frontier sections.

Those familiar with the wild landscape on either side of the C. N. R. right of way, especially the forests of Ontario and Quebec, can appreciate what a real blessing this car is to people isolated from civilization.

No Doctor Within 100 Miles

"CANADA is still a pioneering country," said one of the nurses, "with tragic contrasts in living conditions. Primeval forests and virgin prairies exist within a few hundred miles of great cities and settled agricultural communities. In these wildernesses are few of the amenities of civilization. It is not unusual to come across whole families born and reared fifty to one hundred miles from a physician or hospital or any kind of nursing service. Immense tracts of land are inhabited by widely separated settlers whose loneliness spells danger."

To such as these the hospital cars and permanent outposts minister. Each hospital car is in charge of a trained nurse and a housekeeper. It is moved from settlement to settlement to relieve humanity's suffering and to act as an educational center in spreading sanitation. Patients come from miles around for advice, medicine, or surgical dressings.

At one end of the car is a hospital ward equipped with two beds for adults and a child's cot. On the walls are cupboards containing equipment necessary to care for first-aid cases until they can be removed to a hospital. The center of the car is arranged into a homelike living room and kitchen, while the far end serves as a sleeping chamber.

"The car has demonstrated the meaning of happiness for families through security from the terrors of illness and accident," explained the nurse. "Once our car is set on a siding, we set about offering help and instruction. Neighboring schools are visited and clinics conducted. Home visits are made to people of all ages requiring nursing advice. Mothers and babies, otherwise without either nurse or physician, receive professional assistance. Home nursing classes are organized to permit all the women and girls to learn how best to guard

Each of the C. N. R. Red Cross Cars Contains Beds for Two Adult Patients and a Child. Below We See a Railway Nurse Rendering First Aid to a Canadian Farmer in One of the Cars, Which Are Well Equipped For Just Such Emergencies

against illness and how to handle it. Often the nurse must travel far into the back country, journeying by sleigh, airplane or ox cart, or covering the weary miles afoot on snowshoes. Special attention is given to crippled children.

At Nakina and Hornepayne, divisional points on the Canadian National, where hundreds of families followed the steel into the wilderness, the company has erected two seven-bed outpost hospitals. At both institutions many lives have been saved.

At a cost of $1,500 the C. N. R. established a hospital at Redditt, a schoolhouse being converted into a "house of mercy," with three-bed accommodation and necessary equipment to care for the needs of this fast-growing settlement. In all the northern outposts, where tempera-

tures in winter fall far below zero, and heavy snow complicates transportation problems, emergencies arise which severely test the faithful nurses stationed there.

Heroic Race With Death

TAKE, for instance, the case of a young man suffering from acute appendicitis, brought to the Fisher Hospital in a temperature 20 below zero. The nurse faced the proposition of permitting the patient to die on her hands or taking him at once to the city hospital a hundred miles away.

This was on a line where there would be no regular train for three days. The nurse wrapped her patient in blankets and surrounded him with hot-water bottles and stones, then placed him on a handcar which she and a C. N. R. section-hand operated. Finally after a day and night journey, they reached the city in time to save the man's fast ebbing life.

Here's a page from the diary of one of the outpost nurses:

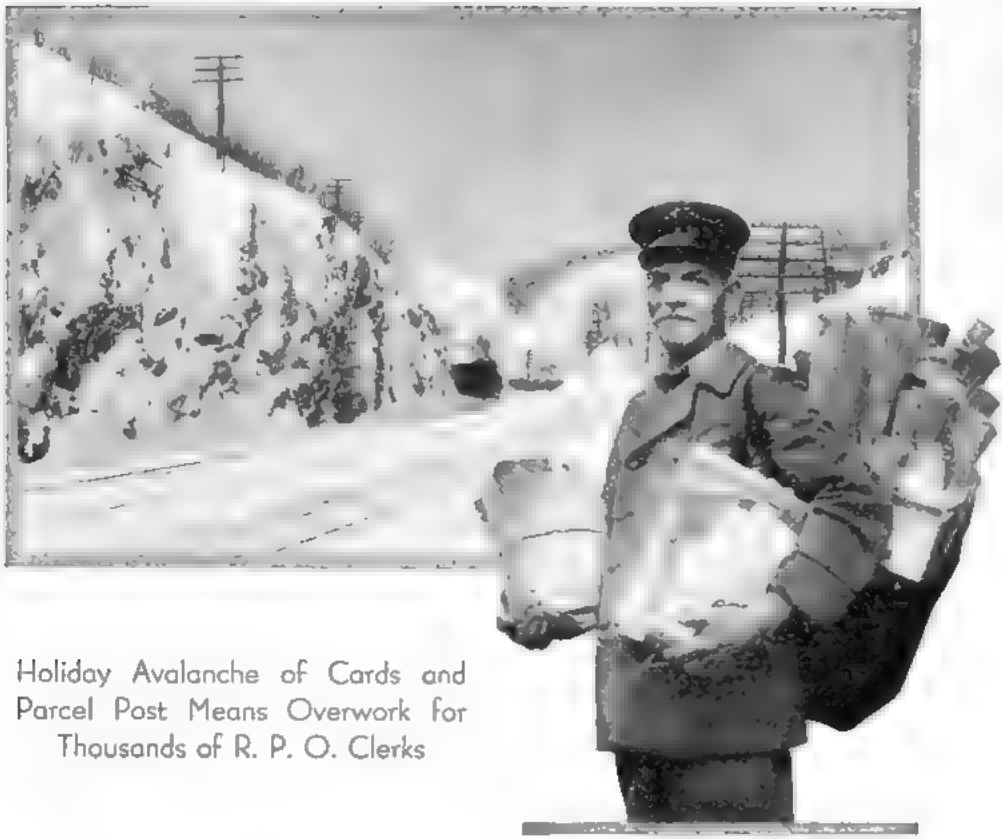
> January 10. Thirteen miles by jigger, two miles by team to see a baby, badly scalded by boiling water. Did all I could to help and instructed mother. Returned three days later in bad weather and was glad to find improvement.
>
> January 17. One mile by team to see an old lady with infected thumb. Infection already extending up the arm and condition poor, but in a few days was able to get it under control and patient is progressing.
>
> January 23. Hurry-up call—ten miles by jigger, three by team—to see man accidentally shot, bullet entering right leg above knee and coming out on inner side of thigh. Dust, dirt and tobacco had been carried into the wound. Got it cleaned up and had the man sent to hospital, where I can take care of him
>
> January 30. Ten miles to-day by jigger; ten-pound baby arrived to settler's wife who hadn't a rag ready for the child. Got outfit from Red Cross and things were all right.

First-Aid Instruction Car

DR. JOHN MCCOMBE, chief medical officer of the Canadian National Railways, has perfected novel means of carrying first-aid information to the remotest districts. Three new first-aid cars, which Dr. McCombe designed as instruction cars, each equipped with emergency hospitals, carry the gospel of life-saving to isolated sections. The miniature hospital unit of each car is complete in every detail, and one is assigned to each principal division—Atlantic, Central and Western.

"Each car, in charge of a competent instructor," he announced, "will be sent to divisional points, to remain until all available employees have received a full course, after which the car will proceed to points between divisions. In this way our department hopes to reach, for the first time, enginemen and trainmen, station agents and section workers, who lack medical care and the ordinary channels of first-aid instruction."

One-half of each car, a space thirty feet long, floored with linoleum, serves as a lecture room. At one end is a blackboard, first-aid charts, and a moving-picture screen. There is space for 50 "pupils," and the collapsible chairs may be quickly put away to provide space for stretcher drill. The miniature hospital is complete, even to an operating table, a bed which folds down from the wall, an instrument table and a sterilizer. The instruction car may roll to the scene of a disaster and quickly become an actual hospital unit, with surgeon and nurse to care for suffering.



Holiday Avalanche of Cards and Parcel Post Means Overwork for Thousands of R. P. O. Clerks

Moving the Christmas Mail

By JOHN A. THOMPSON

"MERRY Christmas to Bob from Mother." "Happy Xmas from Bill to Dad." "For Mary Ann from her Uncle Benton with the Season's Best Wishes." Countless Christmas cards! Countless Yuletide presents! An avalanche of letters and parcel-post packages that makes the postman glad Christmas comes but once a year, and gives the railroads plenty to worry about

That mail has to be moved. And moved quickly. Whether or not John Doe heeds the post office plea to "mail early," he wants his holiday remembrances to arrive on time. A box of handkerchiefs for Aunt Emma loses much of its effectiveness and sentiment if it reaches its destination December 26th a trifle battered.

Along about the middle of November dispatchers, division heads and other railroad officials all over the country start coming home with a far-away look in their eyes. They are irritable, cross. They want to kick the cat out of the house, and even their

favorite radio station sounds terrible. Wives wonder whether it is the stock market again or just another attack of indigestion

Kind friends, it is neither. The harassed gentlemen are merely figuring out their first line defense against the onslaught of holiday mail traffic that they know will deluge them with all the force of Niagara Falls on or about December 10th

Christmas packages in carload lots. Sacks by the thousands, yes by the tens of thousands, full of first-class mail Everybody hoping everybody else will have a happy Yuletide. High iron has to carry most of those messages

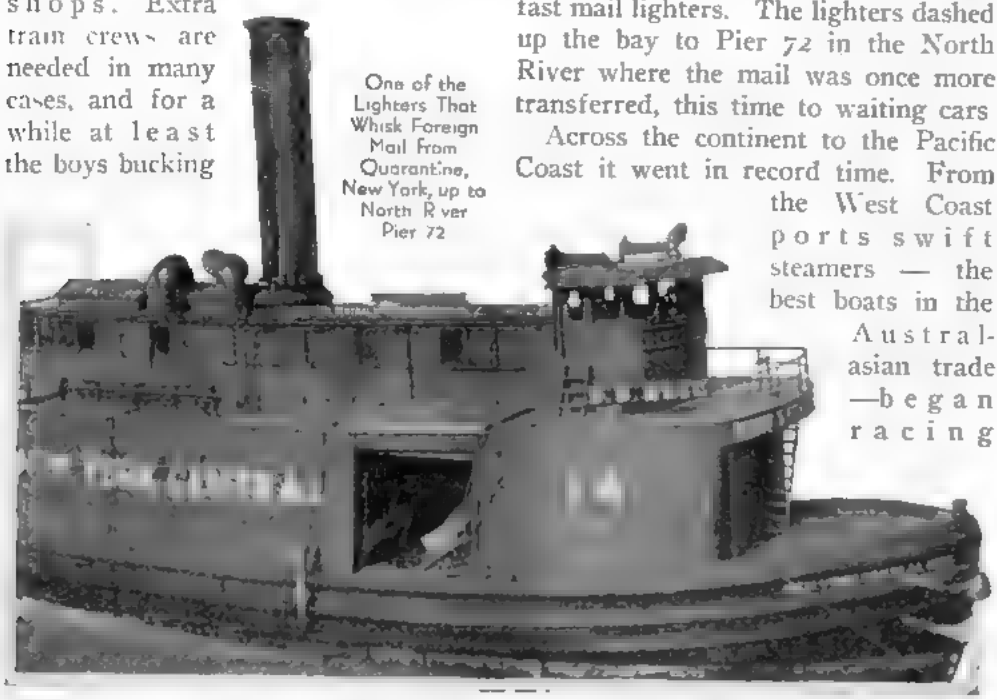
Moving the Christmas mail is a tremendously big job. It takes a lot of careful preparation on the part of the railroads. Extra express mail trains have to be squeezed onto time cards with as little disturbance to the regular schedule as possible. Spare equipment has to be hauled out of the yards and shops. Extra train crews are needed in many cases, and for a while at least the boys bucking the extra board are given a break. Didn't think those Christmas cards and the half dozen or so presents you sent to the folks back home would have such an effect, did you? Just multiply your cards and packages by about eight out of every ten people in the country and perhaps you can get a little idea of what the Christmas spirit means to the railroads and the mail clerks.

Strangely enough, the first big load of holiday mail to hit the rails here is not destined for this country

When early November's chill winds began to flick frosty whitecaps off the gray waters of New York harbor, the great ocean liners arriving from England had their mail holds crowded with sacks full of holiday greetings for the distant New Zealanders from their British cousins back in Blighty.

The mail bags were taken off the ships at Quarantine. Expert hands, getting into practice for the real rush that comes later, tossed the sacks into fast mail lighters. The lighters dashed up the bay to Pier 72 in the North River where the mail was once more transferred, this time to waiting cars

Across the continent to the Pacific Coast it went in record time. From the West Coast ports swift steamers — the best boats in the Australasian trade —began racing



One of the Lighters That Whisk Foreign Mail From Quarantine, New York, up to North River Pier 72

their precious cargo through the wide western seas so that residents of New Zealand would get their holiday greetings on time.

Sometimes Special Mail Trains

A NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES official made this comment on the Christmas mail rush:

"Carload lots? I should say so. For the bulk business, the parcel-post end, we often run our most important mail-carrying express trains in two sections. And the second section is made up of cars carrying fourth-class mail — Christmas presents mostly, I guess. At times we find it expedient to run a special mail train. That applies to first-class mail as well as the package stuff"

The earliest rush of outgoing holiday mail from New York is largely directed to the West Coast and the western states

As Christmas draws closer and the Salvation Army Santa Clauses ring their little bells louder and louder on every busy street corner, the peak of New York's far western mail passes and there is an increase in Xmas cards and packages addressed to the mid-west and central states. A day or two before Christmas there is a drop in this mail and the local business takes on tremendous proportions—mail for upstate or for neighboring states.

Any one who doubts the truth of the oft quoted assertion that Manhattan's population is made up chiefly of country boys from elsewhere, should get a glimpse of the volume of stuff New Yorkers send home at Christmas time. The number of rural free delivery routes marked on the letters and packages would surprise you. Back to farms and ranches, homesteads and hill-billy cabins go the Christmas wishes of the boys and girls who left their native firesides to come to the big city and make good

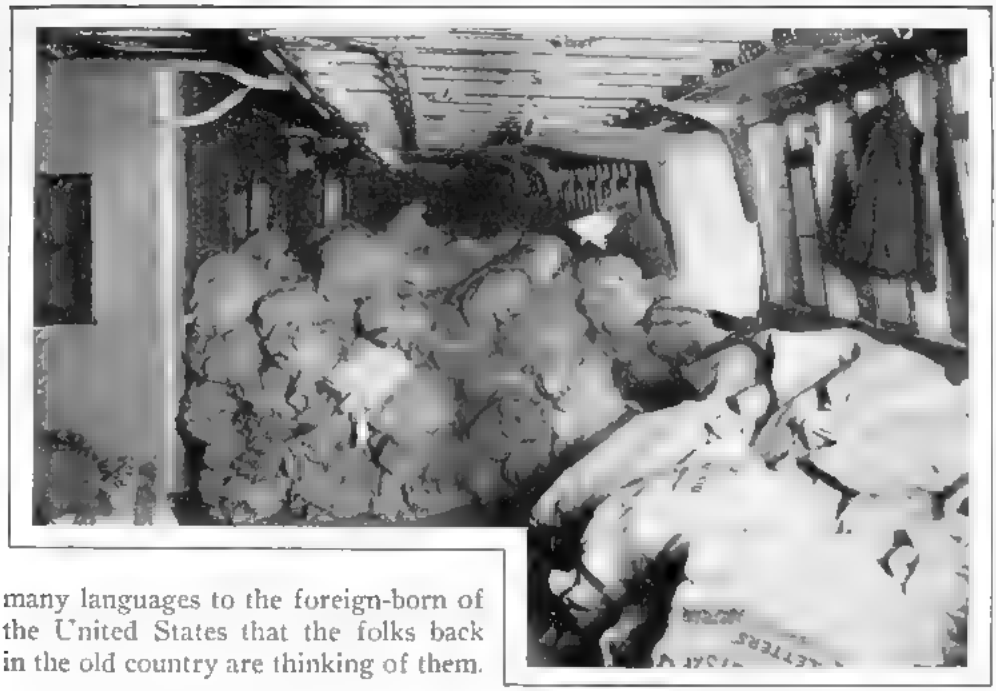
The peak of New York's incoming railroad mail reaches the city about December 23rd.

New York is used simply as an illustration to show how Christmas mail rushes go into and out of a large center of population. Similar rushes take place in and out of large cities all over the country.

Seaports like New York and San Francisco have an additional load of Christmas mail to handle that is of foreign origin and arrives by steamer from all parts of the world. San Francisco gets a mass of it from the Orient. New York handles huge amounts arriving from Europe.

During the Christmas rush a single mail vessel docking at New York may bring in as high as 1200 sacks of European mail—Yuletide reminders in

Sorting Out the Christmas Avalanche Inside a Mail Car



Foreign Mail Aboard a Lighter on Its Way to Pier 72, New York City

many languages to the foreign-born of the United States that the folks back in the old country are thinking of them.

Rolling Post Offices

FIRST-CLASS MAIL leaving an important center with a long rail journey to take—there is more than plenty of it around Christmas time — travels in railway post office cars. The cars are literally rolling post offices manned by clerks industriously sorting out letters into their proper sacks and racks as the steel miles click past under the wheels of the speeding train. The clerks are armed. Safeguarding Uncle Sam's mail is a sacred trust.

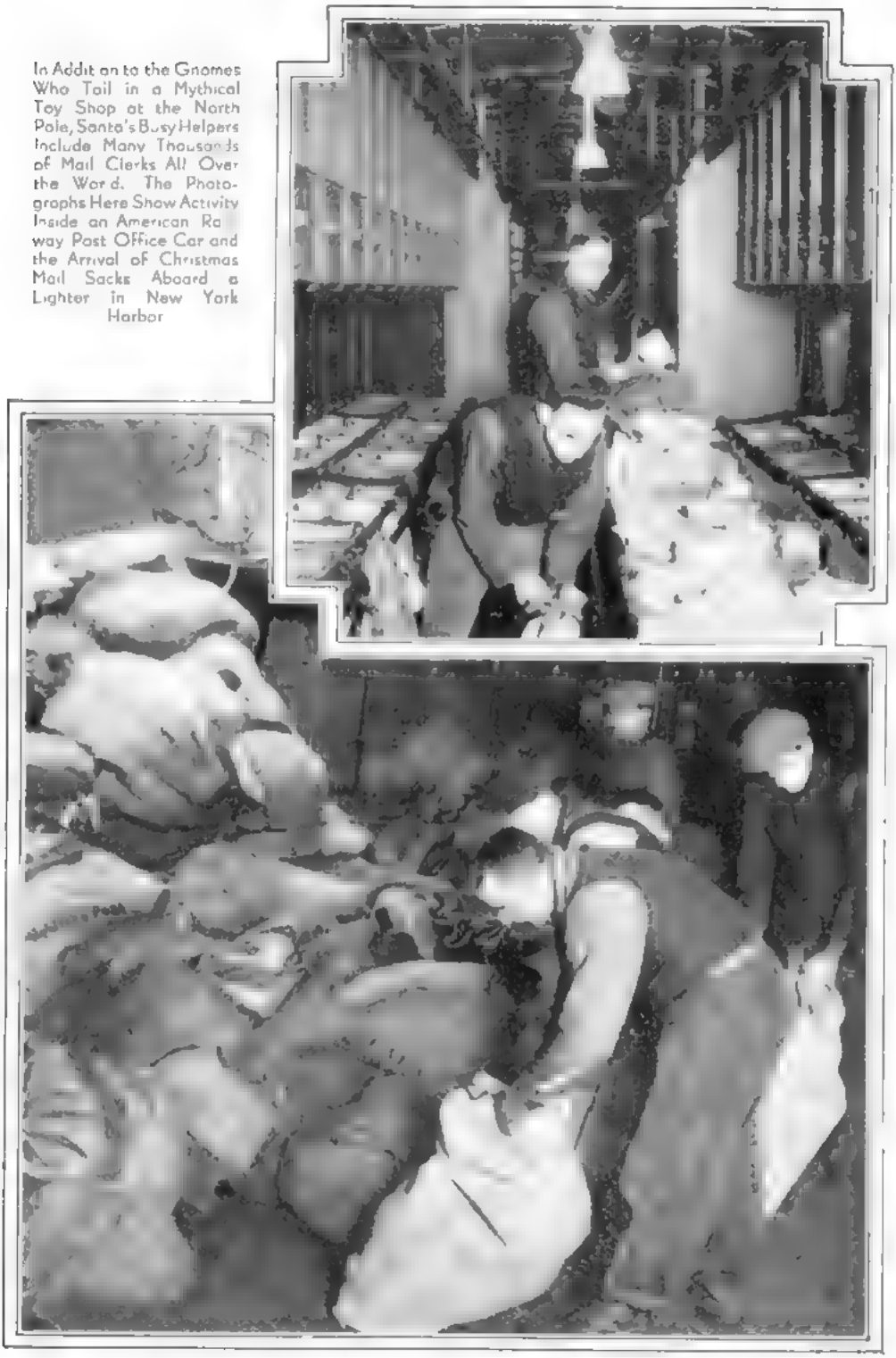
These railway post offices—R. P. O. cars they call them — are now built under more or less standard regulations and specifications as laid down by the government, but they are paid for and owned by the railroads using them.

They are essentially steel baggage cars with a variation. A pipe framework runs along both sides of the interior of the car from which two double rows of sacks can be hung to receive letters for various destinations on the run. There is a long sorting table, and there are more mail distributing racks overhead. Registered mail is taken care of in a special armored compartment at one end of the car.

First-class mail gets the best break in expeditious handling. Neither the post office nor the railroad delays a minute in speeding it to its ultimate destination.

In case you may be laboring under the delusion that an R. P. O. clerk's life is one of joyous ease and constant travel at the government's expense, forget it.

In the first place, when he's riding the rails in a post office car he is busy —extremely busy—most of the time Secondly, he is apt to have to spend most of his time off studying—doing "homework." And, boy, remember how you hated homework when you were a kid in school?



In Addition to the Gnomes Who Toil in a Mythical Toy Shop at the North Pole, Santa's Busy Helpers Include Many Thousands of Mail Clerks All Over the World. The Photographs Here Show Activity Inside an American Railway Post Office Car and the Arrival of Christmas Mail Sacks Aboard a Lighter in New York Harbor

Homework is never really finished for the R. P. O. clerk. He has to keep his "schemes" up to date. He has to know the names of a thousand or so towns and cities, hamlets, villages and where and when connecting roads make a junction with the line on which he's working a run. He has to know which mail leaves the train, where, and the rail connections. He has to know when railroads make a change in their time-tables that affects a junction or a train connection.

He has to keep his "scheme" up to date, make changes in it whenever mail for certain places is going to be routed a different way from the one in which it used to go.

Ever see an R. P. O. "scheme"? It is just a book, a fairly thick paper-backed book jammed with the names of places from Huckleberry Corners up to the big cities that everybody knows. And under each place is a paragraph or two, or sometimes four, explaining all about how to get a letter there, or what letters to put off there and why. All of which a good R. P. O. clerk is supposed to keep in his head.

What a mass of stuff those boys have to memorize! Honest, learning the whole one hundred and twenty verses of the 119th Psalm is a mere kindergarten exercise compared to what the government expects an R. P. O. clerk to keep parked on his mind instantly available for use

Record-Breaking Holiday Rush

PARCEL-POST packages, unless stamped "special delivery" and marked for special handling, never see the inside of an R. P. O. car. They are handled differently, being sacked and routed at the post office and then placed in what are known as storage cars. The minute a storage car is loaded with parcels for any distant destination it is tacked on to the first available mail-carrying train going that way and is started on its journey.

During the holiday season it doesn't take long for the storage cars to fill up, either.

"I'll say it doesn't," said Mr. E. F. Gee (that's a real name, too, and not just a hunk out of the alphabet), assistant superintendent of the Second Division of the U. S. Railway Mail Service. "Last year we loaded some 10,598 cars during the holiday rush period and that's about 125 or 130 per cent over the normal number of cars used in a similar period of time."

Mr. Gee's office is in the General Post Office Building in New York City, right behind the Pennsylvania Railroad Terminal. The Second Division of the R. M. S. is probably the busiest in the country at all times, taking in as it does New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania and the eastern shore of Maryland with just a few exceptions.

The R. M. S., like the railroads, has to start planning for the holiday rush long before the actual barrage of packages and letters begins to pour through post office windows all over the country.

"Letters," declared Mr. Gee, "are handled much quicker than packages. Besides they don't take up so much room, even when their quantity is double the usual number. It is the parcel post—the Christmas present end of the holiday business—that presents a real problem.

"Parcels take up a lot of space. In fact, the great influx of packages around Christmas time takes up so much space for handling and sorting that we haven't room to take care of them all in the post office. They would

Photo by C. Parker

Bringing the Folks Home for Christmas A Study in Smoke The Stack of the 1931 Here Tells the Story as the Big Pacific Locomotive Starts the Knickerbocker Limited Out of Boston on a Snowy Rail of the New Haven Road

fill the halls, flow out onto the streets perhaps

"What we do in such a situation is to rent space temporarily. During the peak of the rush we lease two armories of the New York National Guard There is lots of floor space in both places and we need every bit of it."

It takes a great many extra cars to handle the Christmas cards and packages. It takes a lot of extra floor space. And of course it takes a lot of extra men. About double the usual force of clerks. At least, that is the figure for the Second Division of the R. M. S

"Exclusive of the office force, we took on about 2800 additional men last year in order to take care of the holiday traffic," declared Mr. Gee. "That is about twice as many men as we normally use. Yes, I guess you can safely tell the readers of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE that it requires more than 5500 post office employees to take care of their Christmas sentiments as carried via Railway Mail Service in this division alone."

Not so long ago the few days before Christmas, Christmas itself and often a day or two after, were about the busiest to be encountered in the whole business of moving the gigantic annual volume of Yuletide mail. Now the peak is over well before December 25th and a much smaller proportionate quantity of left-over mail has to be cleaned up after the holiday has past.

The improvement is due to several things. Better preparation and organization on the part of both the post office and the railroads in getting ready for the rush Improved equipment. Better handling methods. And last, but not least, the vigorous campaign that has been carried on by the post offices throughout the country to have the public "Mail Early."

Merry Christmas!

Along the Streak o' Rust

Railroad Personalities—Men and Women
With Unusual Records of Achievement

WELL, boys, here's a railroad family hard to beat. James Bradley Mainor, of Eufaula, Alabama, who retired from the Georgia Central after more than forty years maintenance-of-way service, has five splendid sons, all of them with creditable records on the same road, and two daughters, both married to railroad men.

Jim was born September 6, 1863, married twice, and had eleven children, seven now living. He became a track walker for the Georgia Central in 1888, when it was called the Central Railroad and Banking Company of Georgia. (This may have been responsible for the fact that the only one of Jim's sons who deserted the streak o' rust became connected with a bank at Alexander City, Georgia.) After three promotions, the last one being to track supervisor, Jim Mainor was honorably retired on pension, August 1, 1929.

His sons are: James T., chief clerk to Superintendent Henry Baldwin at Macon, Georgia; Garrett, chief clerk, freight and passenger agency, Americus, Georgia; Haywood, flagman and brakeman, Eufaula; Forrest B., former clerk-stenographer, superintendent's office, Southwestern and Columbus divisions; and Walter F., clerk-stenographer, roadmaster's office, Columbus, Georgia. An all-rail family!

The oldest son, James T, has

Men of Iron—the Mainor Family, Pride of the Georgia Central—Left to Right, Front Row: James T., James B. and Garrett, (Back Row) Haywood, Forrest B. and Walter F. Mainor

Three Shining Stars in the Union Pacific System's Athletic Meet at Ogden, Utah. Center, Louise Von Vleet, Champion Woman Swimmer of Portland, Oregon, Is Employed in the Office of Auditor of Freight Accounts. (Left) Lois Knox, Miss Nampa, Idaho, Won First Place in the Beauty Contest, in Which Louise Hall, "Miss Pocatello, Idaho, (at the Right Ran a Close Second

been with the Georgia Central since July, 1903, and has eleven children living; one of them is a flagman and brakeman, another is a vacation railroad worker during peach and melon seasons. Garret has more than fourteen years of railroad service and three children. Haywood's record shows six and a half years, and one child. Forrest had a seven-year record before going into banking. Walter has been with the Georgia Central about six years. Another of Jim's sons, the late Ross B., was a flagman for two years before meeting accidental death from a gunshot wound in 1909.

The daughters are Mrs. Joseph B Godwin and Mrs. James M. Jimmerson. Joe Godwin is a coal chute foreman and pumper at Smithville, Georgia; three children living. James Jimmerson has been railroading since 1915, first with the Georgia Central as track laborer and then section foreman, and now as a material foreman for the Florida East Coast Railway at St. Augustine, Florida. He has three living children.

Thus grand old Jim Mainor had, at the time this was written, twenty-eight living descendants, a large proportion of whom are either rails, ex-rails or else married to rails. Any of our readers who belong to families which can equal or surpass this record should write and tell us about it.

* * *

IF the Southern Pacific needed more scenery along its California coast line, Thomas M Davis doubtless would paint it. Tom has been a master painter for the S. P. for fifteen years. In spare moments, when he isn't supervising the painting of all equipment at the Bayshore shops, he turns out real works of art in oils or water colors. One of his best recent pictures shows "The Lark" streaking over the rails along the coast line, within a few feet of the breakers.

Mr Davis paints railroad equipment as a trade and does canvases as a hobby, having studied at art schools in Denver, Kansas City and San Francisco. He is a member of Division Five,

TOM DAVIS PAINTING "THE LARK," ONE OF THE S. P.'S FAMOUS FLYERS

American Railway Association, and has served on its committees on tests, equipment painting practices, and ornamentation of cars and locomotives He resides at 237 East Avenue, San Francisco. —*Howard C Kegley*

* * *

CAN any section foreman in the world beat Patrick Kearns's record? We think not. Pat was an L & N section foreman uninterruptedly for forty seven years, from July 1, 1883, until his retirement, June 1, 1930

PATRICK KEARNS

Pat was born in Ireland December 23, 1850, came to this country at thirteen, and began his railroad career at sixteen as water boy for a construction company on the Cincinnati Southern. During his long service as section foreman there was never a wreck on the main line of any section in Pat's charge and he never missed a call for extra work

Mr and Mrs. Kearns live at Winchester, Kentucky. One of their four children, Tom, is a dispatcher at Ravenna, Kentucky

* * *

HORACE CURRIE

WE'D like to hear from any of our readers who can beat Horace Currie's boomer record Born in New Brunswick in 1858, Horace was braking at fifteen. In 1870 he watched the first C. P R engine, "Countess of Dufferin," tear along the line Since then he has boomed in every State of the Union, every province of Canada, also Alaska and Yukon Latest reports had this veteran of seventy two heading for British Honduras because he was "getting too damn' well known here

Horace holds locomotive, stationary, marine and gas engine tickets from all over the West He worked on western end of C P. R. construction. In 1887 he ran a locomotive which was buried under a snow slide, six men being killed, Currie himself was rescued, black in the face, after being under the snow half an hour.

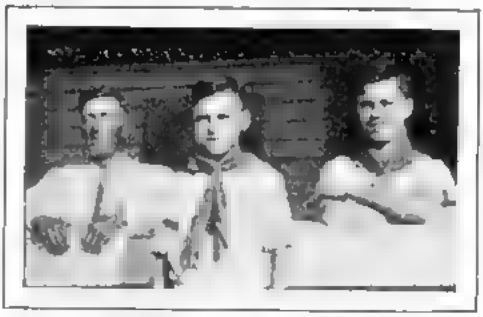
Since then he has experienced many other wrecks. He has steamboated on the Missouri and Columbia Rivers, operated pile drivers for two railways, and driven gas engines on the G T. P from 1919 to 1928, when he was "let out" for age limit. Horace figures on about five more years of booming; after that he expects to settle down and take things easy —*Edmund E. Pugsley.*

* * *

IN his sixty-four years of railroading Captain J W. Throckmorton, L. & N. station master at Lexington, Kentucky, has had plenty of thrills, two of which stand out most vividly in his memory· (1) Twenty three years ago he opened the new Lexington Union Station, owned jointly by the L. & N. and the C & O. (2) In October, 1916, as conductor he handled a special train for President Roosevelt "Since that date," he says, "I have never slept out of bed in my own home."

J. W. THROCKMORTON

* * *

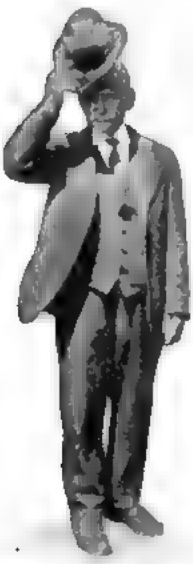


W. A. BECKETT AND HIS TRAVELING SONS

JACK and Tom, sons of W. A. Beckett, a Southern Pacific section foreman at Strauss, New Mexico, have had to travel farther per day to get their education than any one else we know of. Until recently the only school they could attend was located at Deming, New Mexico, 73 miles away, so those boys had to journey 146 miles every day of the school year—equivalent annually to a trip around the globe!

Their father, son of an L. & N. hogger, began his railroad career in 1908, handling such jobs as machinist helper, laborer, time-keeper, clerk, extra conductor, switchman and section foreman. In 1914 he married a brass pounder's daughter. Jack is fifteen, Tom thirteen. A third son, Robert, is five.

* * *



W. H. SARJEANT

THE Canadian National's grand old veteran, William H. Sarjeant, now retired, has had sixty-four years of continuous service in railroading. He says: "I've given a lifetime to locomotives, and if I had the chance I'd give another. If there is anything I do love, it's a locomotive. It has been the joy of my life to watch their development from the time they were ungainly little fellows that burned wood and peat until the time they grew up to be triumphant giants like our sixty-ones."

Billy was born March 7, 1852, and got his first railroad job as machinist's apprentice in 1866, the year before Confederation was proclaimed in Canada. Later he became a full fledged machinist, and then an inspector of locomotives. Sarjeant has supervised the construction of some 260 locomotives. For over half a century he has lived in the same house on Rushbrook Street, Point St. Charles, Quebec.

* * *

MISS IMOGENE RENICK, MISSOURI PACIFIC BEAUTY QUEEN

AT the fourth annual outing of the Missouri Pacific Club on a Mississippi River steamer at St. Louis, Imogene Renick was selected as the 1930 beauty queen, with Leora Hill and Bernice Relfman a close second and third, respectively.

Imogene, a freight accountant department typist, has been with the M. P. for six years. She posed as a bathing girl for the front-cover photograph on the June, 1929, issue of *The Missouri Pacific Lines Magazine* in a scene overlooking the picturesque White River Valley.

* * *

IF medals were given for kindness to animals, William McKnight would certainly be entitled to such a decoration. Bill is a hogger on C. P. R. way freight. Not long ago he stopped his train in Quebec between Gracefield and Eagle to rescue a large cow moose whose hind legs were entangled in a wire fence bordering the right-of-way. After the creature had been released by McKnight and other members of the crew, it was discovered that one of her hind legs had been broken in the attempt to free herself, so a bullet was used to end the creature's suffering.

BILL McKNIGHT

HUNDREDS of letters of congratulation in one day—that's what popularity means to George E. Nearpass, a P. R. R. shack on way freight between Indianapolis and South Bend.

George has an entertaining personality. He's a singer and whistler, and has developed a monologue entitled "A Trip on the Punkin Vine Limited," which brings demands for his services from New Orleans to northern Minnesota, also points east and west.

GEORGE E. NEARPASS

Luncheon clubs, universities, manufacturers' associations, organizations of almost every imaginable kind have heard George during the past few years, as well as millions of radio fans.

Nearpass evolved the monologue idea from his work as brakeman on a branch line in Indiana where stops were many, progress slow and time for meditation generous. He learned to imitate sounds of awakening barnyards near the right-of way, as well as the bedlam from crates of fowl and pigs being transported on the train.—*R. E. Wolseley*

* * *

THOMAS A KERRIGAN

THOMAS A KERRIGAN, of Elk Point, S. D., holding the record of long-time railroad service in that section of the country, has recently retired after fifty years of continuous employment with the Chicago, Milwaukee & St Paul

"Tom" was born in New York City on June 21, 1854, the son of Irish emigrants. At the age of ten he was left an orphan, dependent on his own devices for a living When he was twenty one, stirred by tales of the West, of buffalo hunts and Indian fights, he journeyed to Union County, Dakota Territory, where he homesteaded for a year and what a year! Grasshoppers were star boarders, Tom decided he could not make a living for himself and feed them, too, so he abandoned his farm and went to Elk Point

He got a job helping to build the railroad between Sioux City and Elk Point, and later the branch line to Portlandville (now Akron), Iowa. At that time it was called the Dakota Southern Railway Mr Kerrigan worked on this line steadily for half a century. He was one of the men who kept the tracks clear during the famous blizzard and flood of 1880-1881.—*Beatrice S. Painter*

* * *

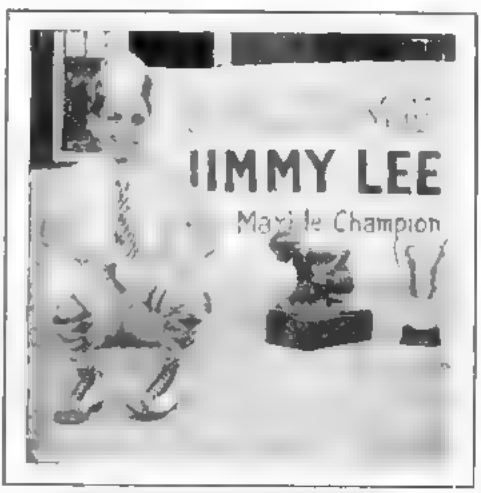
JULES MINNE, instructing chef at the P. R R's Chicago commissary, has cooked *wiener schnitzel* in Berlin, elephant steak in Belgian Congo, rusk in Holland and sweet potato biscuits in Alabam', to say nothing of being wounded several times in the World War and spending four years in the trenches.

And that isn't all, nor even half of it. Jules, born in Brussels in 1890, has been cooking ever since he was sixteen From Brussels he wandered to a hotel job at Elizabethville, South Africa, and after that he visited so many places that he has lost count of them. In New York and Chicago, for instance, he "cheffed" at such famous hostelries as the Waldorf Astoria, the Gotham, the Blackstone and the New Tutwiler. Before signing up to teach Pennsy chefs, Jules was *chef de cuisine* on several Santa Fe flyers.—*R. E. Wolseley*

JULES MINNE, CULINARY BOOMER

* * *

SOME of the brightest boys in the country are sons of railroad men. For instance, Jimmy Lee, champion marble shooter of the United States, is the fourteen-year-old son of Clarence H Lee, P. R. R. yard conductor at Columbus, Ohio. He was born and raised in Columbus, and lives at 602 South Eureka Avenue. First he won the Columbus marble tournament over several thousand contestants, then he practiced daily until the final contest at Ocean City, New Jersey, where he beat fifty-three opponents from fifty-three other cities. His rewards were a handsome watch, the trophies pictured below, and a trip to South America and Central America via the Panama Canal, and to Hollywood, California. He shoots left handed



THIS PICTURE SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

Carrying the Banner

By PETE PETERS

BUD, you must be a taller,
If my eyes deceive me not;
Do you ever show a favor
To a has-been tallerpot?

I just blowed in from Bingham,
And I must look pretty stale;
Now don't get scared and run away,
Until you've heard my tale.

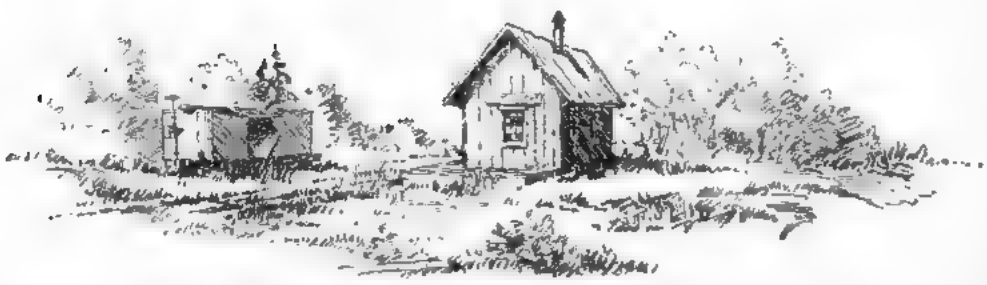
I stopped last night in Dalhart.
'Twas there I got a hunch;
If I ever make that burg again,
I think I'll take a lunch.

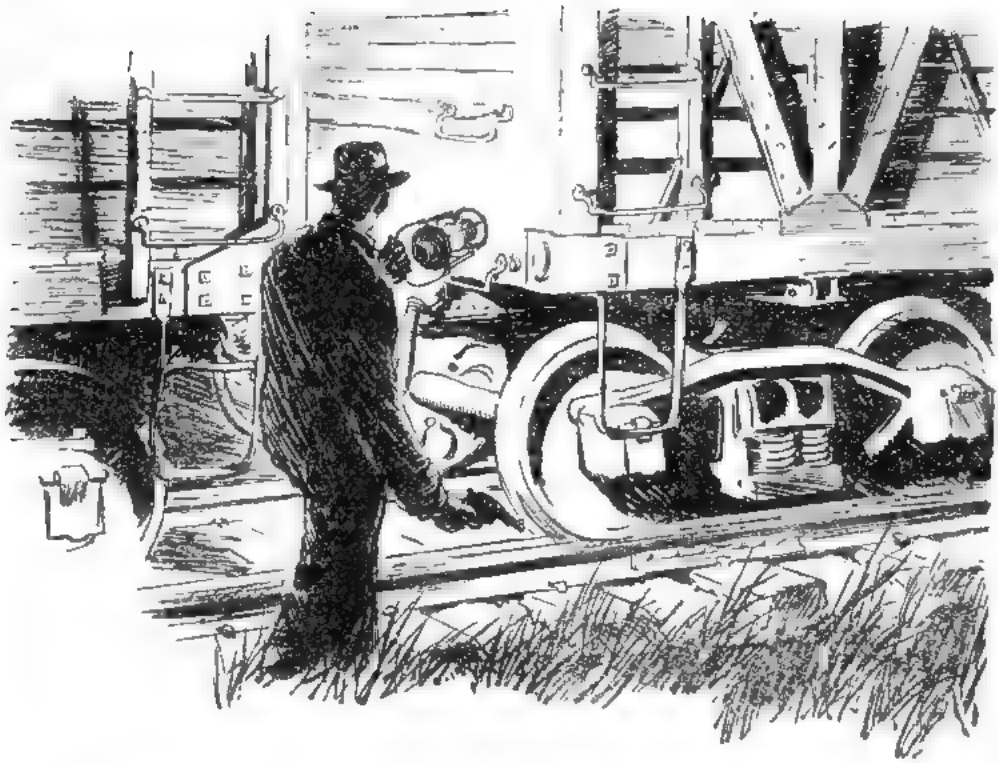
Well, I see you're in a hurry,
And I guess I'm out of luck;
I thought you might get wise and slip
A brother rail a buck.

I just thought I'd drop off here,
And help you haul the hay;
And perhaps a little oil
If the M. M. feels that way.

But when the snow begins to fly,
Or it starts in to rain;
I'll set sail for New Orleans
And help them haul the cane.

Well, thanks, bud, for the halfer;
That ought to help out some.
I hope we meet another day
When I'm not on the bum.





Gangsters of the Rails

By E. S. DELLINGER

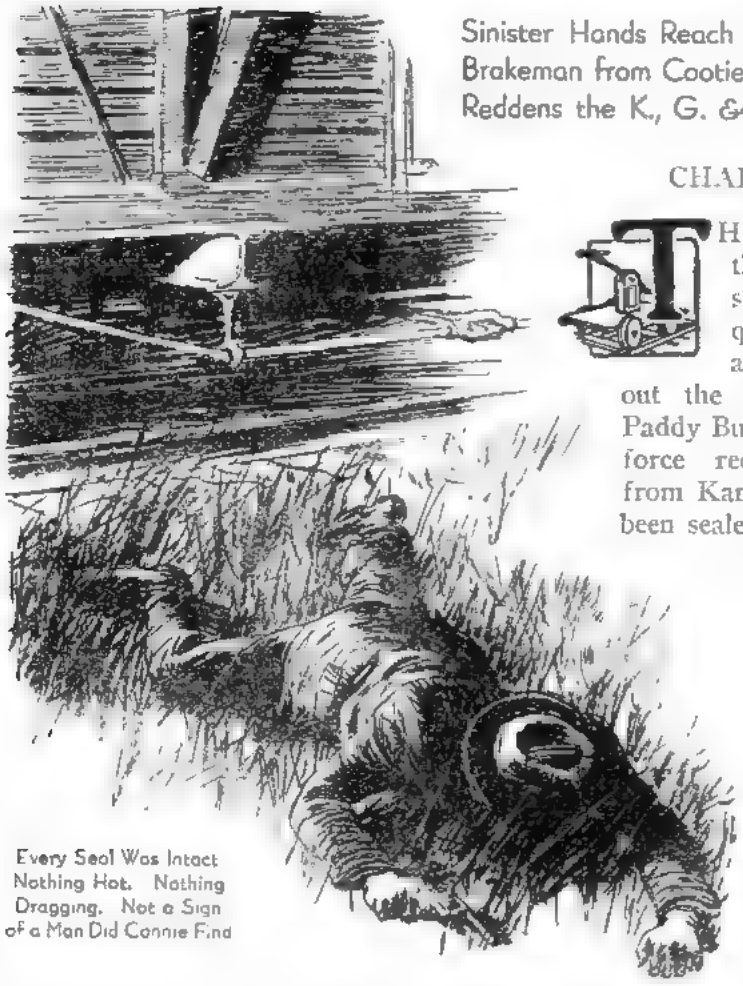
Author of "When the Devil Calls," "Derails," "Redemption for Slim," etc

Illustrated by Joseph Easley

CONNIE TURNER and Spike Moody wanted to be freight brakemen on the K., G. & O., which ran through the Ozarks country in which they lived, but Trainmaster J. Clarence Blaney scoffed whenever they applied for jobs.

One night, however, Connie found Big Jim Stillwater, division superintendent, mysteriously gagged and bound to the rails, and rescued him just as an express was rounding the curve. After that Blaney reluctantly hired the two youths. In addition, Connie won the gratitude of Stillwater and Stillwater's cousin, Leona, who was employed in the trainmaster's office.

The Wolf Creek Gang of Cootie's Bluff had long been a thorn in the K., G. & O.'s side. Connie's grandfather, the earliest settler, had organized a Law and Order Association, which vigorously resisted the gang's depredations. Big Jim's father, builder of the K., G. & O., was murdered by the gang, and Connie's father, accused of



Every Seal Was Intact Nothing Hot. Nothing Dragging. Not a Sign of a Man Did Connie Find

Sinister Hands Reach for Connie Turner, Brakeman from Cootie's Bluff, and Murder Reddens the K., G. & O.'s Shining Steel

CHAPTER IX

THE investigation into the death of the special officer was quite an elaborate affair. It brought out the fact that he was Paddy Burns, one of the new force recently sent down from Kansas City. He had been sealed in a car of valuable merchandise not on Carson's drag, but on No. 31 when it left Locust Grove.

The car was open when it arrived in Gates. Its contents, though worth up into the thousands, had not been molested. There was no blood in it, and the interior showed no signs of struggle. Apparently its seal had been broken for the sole purpose of getting Burns and preventing any further steps he might take to apprehend the box car robbers.

When Pig-iron Carson told of Red Star's having come to their caboose while both trains were in the siding, Superintendent Stillwater thought he might have a clew. But Conductor Bud Carner swore that Star had left his caboose after they stopped in the clear at Logan. Star declared he went directly to the head end looking over the train.

the crime, was killed by Green Star. Star disappeared, but sometime afterward, his son, Red Star, was hired as a brakeman on the K., G. & O.

Thus train robberies, murders and other crimes characterized the activities of the Wolf Creek gangsters Then came the murder of a railroad detective.

Pig-iron Carson, who was skipper on the train which Connie and Spike were braking, announced:

"This bird's been shot, fellows. Shot right square between the eyes!"

This summarizes preceding chapters. The story continues from this point:

Pig-iron, Connie Turner and Spike Moody felt certain that Star knew more than he cared to disclose, but they were forced to admit that Star had barely had time to walk the length of the train before he had joined them.

Carner's head brakeman, having had to cut it off for water and then remain to open the switch heading, had been with the engine during its entire time in the siding.

Big Jim Stillwater, who conducted the investigation, worked skillfully trying to tangle up the witnesses. But he could get absolutely nothing on Carner or either of his brakemen.

J. Clarence Blaney had little to say. He asked a few questions whose main purpose seemed to be either to clear Carner's outfit or to try to implicate Carson's. Nevertheless, Carson had an even tighter alibi than Carner's.

In the end the investigation proved nothing. The trainmen were all in the clear. There was no one else on whom suspicion might be diverted. A special officer had been murdered in cold blood, and not a clew as to who had done the deed

After that matters went along for Spike and Connie pretty much the same as they had been going for three years. They watched their trains carefully; and whenever they were in siding down around the middle of the division, especially on merchandise run, they patrolled the train, each armed with a thirty-eight revolver and ready to shoot.

As a result, they had few broken seals during the next few months, but they noticed also that they were seldom called for merchandise runs.

Red Star, whenever they met him, went out of his way in an effort to be nice to the young brakemen. Possibly because he feared they might have come to suspect him in connection with the tragedy at Logan. Or maybe he did not wish to arouse the further enmity of Connie. Perchance he had the grace to be ashamed of his action that night in the caboose. At any rate, both brakemen treated Red Star as if the argument had never come up.

On the road, business was still going strong the middle of December. Trains, hauling full tonnage both ways, were heading in and out of long passing tracks, sixteen or eighteen of them each way every day. At Connie's suggestion, in order that they might use spare time in practice, the two boys had moved their telegraph sets into the caboose.

About 8.15 on the night of the sixteenth, while they were sitting at their instruments, practicing as usual, the call boy came for them.

"Usin' you guys on a stock train south at 9.30," he announced.

"Stock train?" echoed Spike. "Hear that, Connie? We're gettin' a hot shot to-night. First thing we've had except drags for over a month."

"Yeah. The old man usually has a drag lined up for Pig-iron Carson," drawled the caller.

"You tell him for us that we don't give a damn," growled Spike. "The more drags we get, the longer it takes to get 'em over the road and the longer the trip the bigger check we draw. See!"

The boy winked at Connie and went out the back door whistling. The two brakemen continued their practice, sending and receiving messages, train orders, wheel reports, switch lists, whatever stuff they chose, with an accuracy and speed that would have aroused the admiration of any lightning slinger on the K., G. & O.

At 8.50 the switch engine coupled

into their caboose and, backing out with it, gave it a kick down a half-filled track in the center of the yard. The brakemen put away their instruments and changed into work clothes. Then, while Spike went to the roundhouse for the engine, Connie lighted his markers, set them in their sockets, lighted his own and Carson's lanterns and went over to the head end. As he passed along the train, two facts in connection with this run struck him as unusual.

In the first place, their train was very short. They had no more than twenty-five cars, whereas, for the past months, few trains for the South, even hot shot stuff, had got out with less than forty.

In the second place, their stock—eleven cars of fancy mules for a connection down in Louisiana—was, contrary to the usual custom on the K., G. & O., in the very center of the train instead of on front or rear.

This latter arrangement puzzled Connie for a moment, but when he stopped to consider, he could see no particular reason for hauling stock next the engine or caboose instead of in the middle. In fact, it was not until weeks later that he saw the significance of this arrangement to-night.

When he reached the head end, Spike had already coupled on the engine and was standing, hands in pockets, whistling. Soon Pig-iron came out of the office with two handfuls of orders. He gave one bunch to the engineer, and handed the other to Connie, saying:

"Better git back to the crummy an' be lettin' some uh that book soak into your noodle, son. You got enough readin' matter there to keep you busy till we git to Gates."

Connie took the orders and, handing Carson his lantern, strode on back down the cinder walk toward the caboose.

As he passed alongside the mule cars, he saw a black hat bob out from between two of them, saw a man he assumed to be one of the railroad sleuths look up and down the train in both directions and pass back to the other side.

Soon the train began moving, slowly at first, then more rapidly. Connie caught the caboose, stood on the rear platform as was his custom, until Pig-iron had swung on, then he strode into the caboose and climbed to the cupola to read his orders while the conductor made out his report.

When he thumbed through the orders, he saw that Carson had told the truth about there being enough reading material for a week. He had a meet with a northbound extra at Grove Springs, schedules on two banana trains which they should meet somewhere near the middle of the division, fifteen minutes on No. 7, forty minutes on No. 9, thirty minutes on No. 4, an hour and thirty minutes on No. 6, while 36 was annulled from Gates to Locust Grove.

Their own running order instructed them to display signals and run as first No. 31, Locust Grove to Gates. Then there was a batch of slow orders—ten miles an hour over Cowskin Bridge, fifteen miles an hour over the Little Illinois, five miles an hour at a point between Cootie's Bluff and Logan. Finally, there was an order reading:

> Southbound passing track switch at Logan cannot be used. All southbound traffic use northbound passing track.

After Connie had finally checked the orders with the clearance and had digested their contents, he dropped down as usual to check with Carson. The old man stopped writing and filled his pipe, while Connie repeated the orders one

by one, nodding his head in approval when his brakeman had finished.

"That's railroadin', boy. I'll make a conductor out of you yet. Now what's the first thing we got to look out for, son?" he asked.

"If all goes well, we should make Larson for No. 6, then go to Grove Springs for Four and Nine and then meet with that northbound extra, and go over about Logan or Maysfield for the procession."

"Correct, Connie. You keep an eye out for the board. I'll be busy at the desk for an hour; may write a letter to the kids in Frisco before I come up with you."

CHAPTER X

CLIMBING back to his lookout, Connie kept watch over the string of rocking cars. The night was still and cold. There was no moon; but the sky was aglow with a million stars, twinkling, quivering, bobbing, in whose dim light the contour of the land lay unrolling in everchanging panorama before him.

Never, it seemed to him had he been able to see so plainly in the glow from the firebox as the tallowpot swung the door open time and again, feeding coal into the big ten-wheeler. The line of brake wheels stood up on the string of rocking cars like posts in a fence.

The engineer, a young runner hired off the Katy, got up a speed of some forty-five or fifty miles an hour and held it. Within twelve minutes, he whistled for Sanford, seven miles out. Mechanically Connie looked at his watch, then opened his window, lifted his lantern off the nail outside, and swung a highball.

As they sped along between Sanford and Oak Bridge, Connie, watching ever forward, thought he saw the figure of a man outlined between him and the glow of the firebox. He could not be certain whether it was a man or only the line of brake wheels weaving in and out.

He leaned forward, studying the tops, saw a second figure nearer than the other had been. Soon he saw both. Yes, there must certainly be some one riding the tops to-night.

Finally, he dropped down to the floor and strode back to the table where Carson was writing.

"Have we got any merchandise on this run, Mr. Carson?" he asked.

"No. Why?" Carson looked up puzzled.

"Oh, nothing. I thought I saw a couple of fellows a minute ago. Looks like it's pretty cold for a fellow to be on top of a freight unless he's got business."

"Some of the bulls, probably. There's a pair of them ridin' practically every train. The only thing we've got except export wheat an' flour is mules. I reckon nobody'd try to steal them." Carson laughed.

"Thought I'd ask you," Connie said, as he started back to his post.

"You're right, too, son. We don't want to let anybody put anything over this crew."

After his one sight of the men moving, Connie, seeing nothing more, thought little about them. The hogger whistled for Oak Ridge and thundered down through the little strawberry town. As they approached Larson Connie dropped down to the floor once more and went back to the desk, watch in hand

"This hogger may want to go on over to Grove Springs for Six," he said. "Do you want to go?"

Carson looked at his watch and

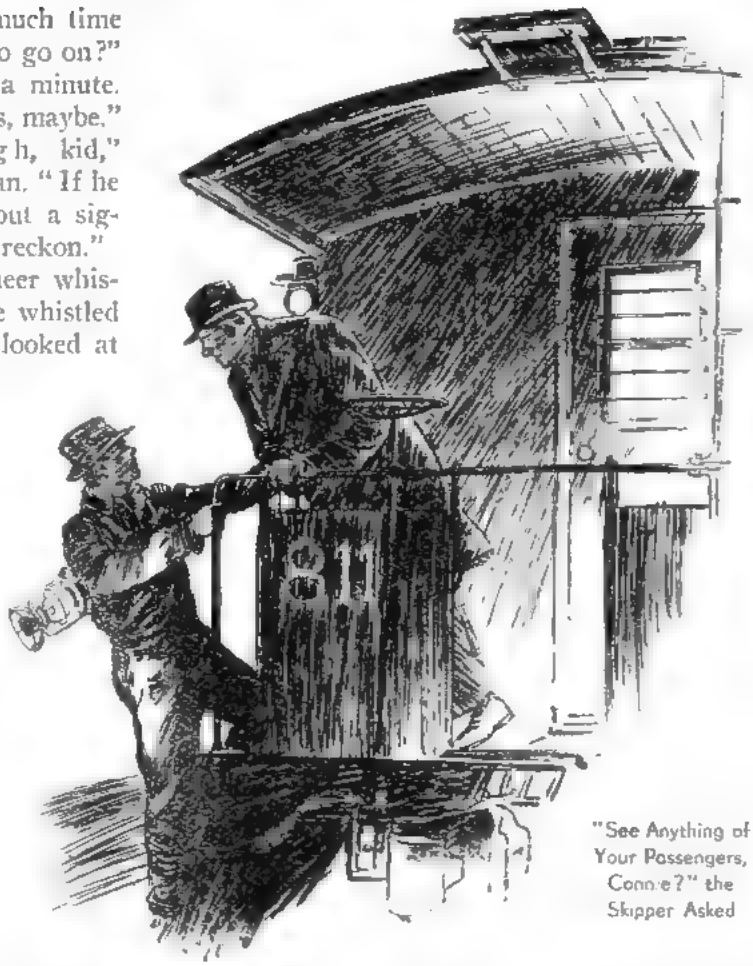
figured. "How much time we goin' to have to go on?"

Connie studied a minute. "Thirteen minutes, maybe."

"Not enough, kid," snapped the old man. "If he wants to go without a signal, let him go, I reckon."

When the engineer whistled for Larson he whistled through. Connie looked at his watch—exactly thirteen minutes to go seven miles and clear a superior train. Plenty of time if all went well, yet it was taking a chance

Therefore, in accordance with Pig-iron's regular policy, he did not give a proceed signal. His lantern hung on its hook. Soon he felt the slack bunching in the train, and took a look at the air gauge. The hand had dropped back to sixty-five. Evidently the hogger, not caring to assume responsibility for going without a signal, was heading in at Larson.



"See Anything of Your Passengers, Connie?" the Skipper Asked

Connie, who had come out on the forward platform of the caboose, watched the curving line of the short train as it ran into the switch. Noticed by the reflection of lantern light that Spike was standing at the switch. While the caboose clacked over the frog, he swung a stop sign and as soon as Spike had closed the gate, he signalled the engineer to pull on down to the south end of the passing track.

"See anything of a couple of guys ridin' the train over there, Spike?" questioned Connie when his partner caught the caboose and stood, back against the end wall, foot on the guard rail.

"Nope. Everything runnin' O. K Why?"

"I thought I saw a couple of birds on top once when the fireboy had the door open."

"Be pretty cold ridin' out to-night."

"That's what Pig-iron and me decided. Let's take a look over 'em as we go back."

As soon as the train had stopped, the two brakemen started forward, one

on either side. But they walked the entire distance, checking seals for possible breaks and flashing their lights under the train and between bumpers without having found a soul.

"Must have been mistaken, Connie," argued Spike when they met at the pilot.

"I might have been," admitted Connie, "but I don't believe it. It's a cinch there's no bulls ridin' to-night unless they're in a car somewhere. They wouldn't try to dodge us."

"Oh, I guess we're all right. Nothin' anybody could get away with unless they carried off a Missouri mule."

Soon the headlight of No. 6 rounded the curve and the northbound express came roaring through Larson.

When Connie caught the caboose after locking the Larson switch, the conductor was standing on the rear platform.

"See anything of your passengers, Connie?" he asked.

"Not a thing," returned the brakeman.

"That's funny. Damn' funny."

The two men stood on the platform talking until the red switch light blinked out around the curve. Then, as they walked back into the caboose, Carson asked again.

"What we meetin' next, son?"

"Meet the extra at Grove Springs, let Nine by us and meet Four there."

"Correct." The conductor stuffed his fingers in the bowl of his cob pipe.

At Grove Springs, Spike remained with the engine to cut off for water. Connie walked forward, looking them over on the left side. No. 9 went by going to Flint for No. 4. And since it was clear they would be there for at least a half hour longer, the two brakemen decided to take a walk back to the caboose, which stood near the telegraph office, partly to take another look for the unwelcome passenger, partly to spend their long wait in the genial warmth of the red-hot stove.

Clouds had arisen from the south until the sky was completely overcast, not a star in sight; and a cutting wind blew out of the east. Once more they walked the length of the train, one on either side. Everything seemed in excellent shape. The only sound was the nervous stamping of the stock and the midnight braying of a mule in a crowded car.

Every seal was intact. Nothing hot. Nothing dragging. Not a sign of a man did they find.

Still, had they possessed the eyes of a forest prowler, they might have seen two stealthy forms steal away from the train, at their approach, hugging the ground like creeping serpents, lie low in the dead weeds on the right-of-way, and then creep back to a perch between mule cars when they had gone.

The two shacks swung up to the front platform of the caboose, one on either side, and, entering, pulled off their cold gloves to warm their hands at the stove. Old Pig-iron was lying flat on his back on the locker, smoking and staring up at the ceiling.

"Everything runnin' O. K., boys?" he questioned.

"Fine as silk," returned Connie.

"When do we eat?"

"Thought we'd have supper ready when we head in for Seven and the paw-paw wagons."

Outside the east wind moaned dismally and cried like a lost soul in torment. Old Pig-iron arose and sat on the locker, poking his fingers into the bowl of his pipe.

"What you say we have some music, boys, an' drown out that cussed wind. It gives me the creepies. Reminds me

of the night out on the Rocky Mountain Western when old Bill Blood let a train git away from him goin' down Domingo an' killed him an' his fireman. Never heard the wind howl thataway in my life that somethin' didn't happen. Come on, fellows, tune up."

The two musical brakemen removed their instruments from their lockers, Connie his violin, Spike the banjo. They played "Arkansas Traveler," "Turkey in the Straw," "The Cowboy's Lament." No. 4 came thundering down the iron. The caboose rocked and jarred. Old Pig-iron went to the back door to watch for signals. The boys stopped in the middle of a bar until the train had gone.

"Remember the last night we played for the dance up at Cootie's Bluff, Connie?" Spike asked as he laid down the banjo and leaned against the wall.

"Reckon I'll ever forget that night, bud?" countered the hind brakeman. He drew a piece of rosin across the bow and adjusted the chin pad.

"Great old times, them was, Connie," Spike said with a sigh. "I wonder sometimes if it all pays, this flutterin' an' steamin' an' stewin' around. Workin' all night. Sleepin' a few minutes in the daytime, studyin' your fool head off tryin' to get somewhere. Why—"

"I'll say it pays," broke in Connie. "Down there we'd get up at four o'clock. Nothing to look forward to, no hopes of ever—"

"Yeah, an' what we got to look forward to here? Never know what minute we're goin' to make a sashay at a grab-iron an' git ground into sausage. Never know when some dirty thief's goin' to stick a knife between your shoulders or plant a forty-five slug between your eyes. Down there, as long as you tended to your own business—"

"Yeah. Down there as long as you tended to your own business you could go ahead and wear yourself out by the time you was forty and git put away in a pine box in the old spook patch on the hill. I'm pretty well satisfied myself, Spike. Here we can look forward to something better. Something—"

Spike cut in with: "Say, I guess I'd better hightail it over to the head end to open the gate for that wild Irishman. He—"

"One more before you go, boy," broke in the conductor, returning from the platform. "You ain't played my favorite yit."

Connie fingered the strings of the violin; Spike picked up the banjo; and soon they were playing the mournful strains of "Listen to the Mocking Bird."

When the tune was finished, the boys put away their instruments. As Spike drew on his gloves, ready to go, the caboose door swung open and the night operator at Grove Springs came in.

"Got a message for you fellows," he informed them.

"What's he want now?" growled the conductor.

The operator handed over a yellow slip of paper. Pig-iron read it aloud to his brakemen:

> First No. 31 will not go past Cootie's Bluff for No. 7 and exas. 1693 and 1677 north.

Pig-iron handed Connie the message. The op, without a word, turned away and strode out of the caboose. Spike picked up his lantern.

"Eat at Cootie's Bluff then, is it, Connie?" he queried.

"Cootie's Bluff. Steak and gravy and fried spuds for supper. So long."

Spike closed the door, swinging off into the night.

When First 31 stopped at the north end of Cootie's Bluff, they found there an extra freight, which had pulled out of Locust Grove around six thirty that evening. It completely filled the passing track. Spike, going up to investigate, found Bud Carner and Red Star in the caboose.

"What the hell you fellers reckon you're doin' comin' here like this?" growled Bud. "Fixin' to saw somebody by?"

"We got a message not to go by Cootie's Bluff. Supposed this track here was clear."

"Well, it ain't. How many cars yuh got, fella?"

"Twenty-six."

"Twenty-six! Why don't you head in over on the house track? That 'll hold you."

"Sure," spoke Red from the rear platform. "We cleaned out all but four cars from there fillin' awhile ago. And that track holds—let me see—"

He reached for the time card in his hip pocket.

"Thirty-two cars." Spike furnished the information without consulting his time card. "Looks like our best stunt is to head in there. That pinhead train delayer's got us stuck here now for seven, and both of them paw-paw trains. I don't crave to get out and saw all of 'em by. Not me."

CHAPTER XI

SPIKE returned to the engine and, after explaining to the engineer what the trouble was, directed him to pull on down to the house track switch some twenty car-lengths away.

After opening the switch and derail, Spike hopped the pilot ready to couple into the cars in case they were on spot. He found one at the stock track, where there was a long loading platform extending four or five car lengths with two chutes opening into the pens. The other three cars were at the extreme lower end, making it unnecessary to couple into them.

As soon as the stop sign from the rear indicated that the train had cleared the main line, Spike made his way back to the caboose for supper. It was on the table, steaming hot. Connie and the conductor were both ready, hands scrubbed, heads combed, waiting for his arrival.

"What crew is that over on the passin' track?" inquired Pig-iron.

"Old Bud Carner and our friend Red Star."

Connie looked up quickly, wondering if Red would drop in for a visit again.

"Looks like somebody kinda pulled a boner on givin' us that message," he said.

"Oh, I dunno," said Pig-iron reflectively. "If we'd had a few more cars we'd have sawed three trains by here. If we'd gone on over to Logan an' there'd been a banana train in there, we'd have sawed Seven by. This is about the best thing we could of done. What I can't figure out is why Bud Carner ain't in Logan or Maysfield. He was out at least three hours ahead of us."

The three men sat down about the hinged table, eating fried chicken and potatoes, drinking hot coffee. Number Seven passed. The first banana train was showing.

"We'd better pitch into these dishes, Connie," urged Spike, as soon as they had finished eating. "I got to go back over there an' spot that car at the platform as we back out."

"Aw, I'll wash 'em," returned Connie. "Sit down and rest."

But Spike, not inclined to let Connie do all the work about the caboose, arose from the table and reached for a pail sitting on the stove.

Just as Connie noticed what he was doing and let out a yell, one end of the bucket's handle broke off and the pail fell to the floor, splashing scalding water all over Spike's left leg and foot.

Connie and the conductor grabbed him and tore off his clothing as quickly as possible. He was not seriously burned, scarcely enough to mention But while they were working with Spike, and before he could get his clothes changed, the first banana train crashed by.

Those Fingers Were Working Slowly, Painfully, Spelling Out Something in the Morse Dots Dashes and Spaces

Connie rushed out to the head end to take Spike's place, leaving his buddy to open the rear switch. The second extra was whistling for the station when he was halfway along the train He hurried by, anxious to get to the head end in time to prevent delay

By the time the second extra had passed, he saw Spike's lantern going back to the switch, saw it give a jerk, then disappear. What became of it he was unable to understand. The lantern did not again appear.

The engineer whistled three short blasts, and started moving slowly back. At a car-length he stopped. No signal came from the rear. The southbound extra on the other track was creaking by, pulling out ahead of them. As the caboose passed, Red Star yelled from the cupola:

"Well, git a move on there, Moody. Don't be all night."

Again the engineer called for a signal. Connie crawled off the pilot and walked back to the gangway.

"What the hell's the matter with that hind end? All asleep?" yelled the hogger.

"Nobody asleep on this crew, you claw-hammered mudheel," returned Connie.

The engineer whistled a third time, long, loudly, angrily. Soon a lantern came out on the platform and hung. Connie, who had become uneasy by this time, called up to the engineer:

"I'm goin' back there and see what's the matter with those fellows. I can't figure it out."

He hit the level between the tracks running, did not check until he reached the caboose. Long before the shack arrived there he became certain that something sinister, something unusual, had happened. Maybe Spike had been burned more than he pretended. Maybe he had gone back to the switch and had fainted. As Connie came even with the platform, he heard old Pig-iron yell out:

"What's the matter with you, fellow? Forgit you was brakin' behind an' start over after the engine?"

"It's me, Mr. Carson," called Connie. "What's holding up Spike?"

"I dunno. He went out a few minutes ago. I thought he was goin' out to open the switch. Ain't seen nothin'—"

Connie was already running anxiously back. He passed the open derail, approached the switch. The light reflected from an unlighted lantern, lying on its side by the switch. He reached for it. It was still warm.

He heard a thrashing about in the weeds down the dump, lifted his lantern and saw a huddled form down there below the switch tie.

Unmindful of the fact that danger might lie in wait for him, Connie plunged down the embankment, brought up on his knees beside Spike's limp body. The conductor was at his heels.

"What's the matter, Connie?" the skipper cried. "What's happened?"

Connie made no reply. He lifted Spike's head and flashed his lighted lantern in his partner's eyes. They were still open—wide open, in a terror-stricken, horrified stare such as he had never before seen.

He felt of Spike's pulse. It still beat. Gathering up the form in his arms, he hurried with it to the caboose.

They worked with the patient for a long time. He looked at them with that ghastly stare, but seemed to know nothing, seemed unable to speak.

For a few minutes they remained in the siding, working with Spike, trying to revive him.

It was a terrible ordeal.

The engineer came back to see what was wrong. Then he went over to the telephone and, calling the dispatcher, asked permission to come on in with the engine and caboose. Finally the dispatcher gave him right over every-

thing and let him bring his train on into Gates, so that within two hours Spike was in the hospital.

During the trip into Gates, while the wild Irishman whipped the train around the curves, fifty-five and sixty miles an hour, Connie sat on the locker beside Spike holding his hands and rubbing them. Occasionally he would ask:

"What happened to you, Spike? Tell bud what went wrong. Who hurt you?"

But each time he inquired, though he felt certain Spike understood perfectly, the only answer he received was a groan. Just before they ran into the yard at Gates, however, he felt a seemingly directed movement in Spike's right hand. The injured brakeman seemed to be working his right forefinger to a certain tempo.

Connie gripped the hand and began checking the movements. Those fingers were working, slowly, painfully, spelling something in the Morse dots, dashes, and spaces. Connie, keeping careful track of Spike's motions, was able to spell out the words:

"G-r-e-e-n S-t-a-r!"

"Green Star!" he muttered. "That couldn't be. Green Star's been dead for twenty years. Must mean his son, Red Star."

"Was it Red Star done this, Spike? Did Red Star get you to-night?"

Spike moved his eyes slowly, looked up pityingly as if to ask: "Can't you read?" Then once more he spelled out the words unmistakably: *"G-r-e-e-n S-t-a-r."*

That was the only message Connie ever got. By the time they arrived at the hospital, Spike had passed into a stupor from which he never recovered Neck broken, the doctor said, though there was not a sign of any weapon having been used or any blow having been struck which might have caused the injury.

CHAPTER XII

At the close of the third day of suffering, Spike passed out. Connie took the body home for burial. Leona, Mr. Stillwater, Carson and several brotherhood men accompanied him to participate in the last rites for one of their number who had died in the performance of duty.

There were flowers, and a ritual, and a funeral such as the Cootie's Bluff country seldom saw. On the return trip, while Carson, Big Jim and Connie rode together in the smoker, they fell to discussing the matter of the killing.

"What do you fellows figure happened?" asked the superintendent.

Carson shrugged and stuffed a finger in the bowl of the cob pipe. The super looked at Connie.

"I don't know, Mr. Stillwater," the brakeman replied at last. "But I expect to spend the rest of my life finding out."

"Have you no idea? Had the boy any enemies?"

"I don't believe they were after Spike at all, sir. *I think they figured they were getting me!*"

"Getting you? Is that so?"

"Yes. You know Spike was working my end of the train when it happened. I had gone forward to cut off and spot a car as we backed out."

Big Jim lighted a cigar and sat puffing thoughtfully while five miles of steel unwound beneath them.

"I see," he said finally. "And do you have any enemies here you figure might be out to get you?"

Connie looked out of the window. Carson spoke up quickly.

"That Star fellow's threatened him and Spike both twice that I know of."

"Is that so?" Stillwater arched his brows and looked at Connie. "Do you think Red did it, Connie?"

"I don't know, Mr. Stillwater. Red had blustered a lot. Then Spike tried to give me a Morse code message before he died. He tapped out just as plain as could be, 'Green Star.' I figured he must have meant Red Star. But he repeated the thing again. 'Green Star.' I don't know what he meant."

"Red was headed in there on that drag, I believe."

"Yes. Red was there all right, but I can't figure hardly how he could have done the job and get away with it. He yelled at me from the cupola as his caboose passed me, not over two minutes after I saw Spike's light go out. I can't quite see—"

"I see—I see—airtight alibi again."

The superintendent was clearly thinking of the murder of Paddy Burns on another night when Red Star and Bud Carner had been present. No. 9 stopped at Logan for water. All three men walked out to the platform and stood watching the melting snow. When the train started they returned to the smoker.

"Have you told Connie about what happened to the mules, Carson?" Stillwater asked when they were seated.

"Naw!" growled the conductor.

"About what happened to the mules?" echoed the brakeman.

Carson drew out his wallet and took from it a letter on office stationery. Connie read it through twice:

To J. W. Carson, Conductor,
Wolf Creek Subdivision
Dear Sir:

Please report to this office at once any irregularities which may have occurred in connection with stock cars which you handled in tr. 1st 31, night December 16th. Can't understand how four carloads of mules could disappear from train in transit without their loss being discovered by crew. Answer quick.

Connie whistled softly. Four carloads of mules stolen at one drag! He thought of the jest they had made that night about no one being able to get away with those Missouri mules, and yet the apparent impossibility of the thing, causing him and Spike to relax their vigilance, had, no doubt, been responsible for the theft.

"I suppose that means another big investigation," remarked the superintendent.

"Go ahead with it, sir. We're ready," growled the conductor. "That's all I've done since I come to this damned pike—is be investigated."

This investigation—the biggest thing of its kind since the building of the K., G. & O.—fell absolutely flat. General Manager Morton himself came down to conduct it. He brought his best legal talent and his most trusted special agents. They called everybody known to have touched the mules from the time they arrived in Locust Grove until their loss was discovered in Gates.

They had the yardmaster and the switch crew who made up the train, the clerk who grabbed the seals and numbers, the dispatcher who issued the orders, the operators who copied them, the brakeman who split the Logan switch, the section men who spiked it, Carson's crew who handled the train, Bud Carner and both his brakemen, and four special agents who took the trail at daylight the next morning trying to locate the lost mules.

The only fact definitely proved was that the mules had been unloaded while the train was in the house track

at Cootie's Bluff. That much was certain. The officers had come in there about nine o'clock and, though not a soul in the Bluff seemed to have seen them, stockyards were full of mule tracks. These led off up the valley until they came into the new graveled highway. There they were lost.

Whether the mules had been driven away or trucks had picked them up and hauled them out of the country was a deep mystery. Certain it was they had not gone far. Officers had followed both ends of the road trying to find where the animals had been driven off into the snow and mud

The only places they could have left the highway were in the main street of Logan and at J. Clarence Blaney's new barn. Officers had made careful inquiry at the first place and had carefully searched the second without finding a trace. Four carloads of mules had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed them!

Stillwater was anxious, asking his questions and giving his answers in sharp, snappy sentences. Blaney was smug, smiling, complacent, asking no questions save when they would tend to prove the innocence of his men, assuming an air of injured innocence when the bulls told about searching his barn for the missing stock, answering questions put to him in a plain, matter-of-fact tone.

Carson and Connie testified to the length of their train which made it possible for them to get into the track at the Bluff, the position of the stock in the middle which threw it alongside the stock pens and platform, and the series of orders and messages which had practically compelled them to either head in there or saw by three trains.

The trainmaster declared the train was short because there were no more cars for the South ready to go. The yardmen did not even remember why they had put the stock in the middle, but presumed it was because that was the most convenient place for it. The only reason why it was placed on head or rear was because it usually came in on the head end of a train.

The dispatcher explained about the split switch at Logan, the jam which would have come had all the trains balled up there at one time, and the consequent message which he had put out to Thirty-one not to go beyond the Bluff.

There was absolutely nothing irregular in the whole procedure. Apparently the conditions which made possible the theft of the mules were wholly accidental. The only persons either censured or disciplined were the brakemen who split the Logan switch and the section foreman, who had it spiked. The first got a ten-day vacation without pay for his carelessness: the latter was put back on a pick handle because he had not repaired the switch instead of spiking it. But the office kept several men working on the affair, trying to locate those mules.

CHAPTER XIII

SPIKE'S job was advertised as vacant. A notice was posted on the bulletin boards in Gates and Locust Grove, reading:

> Vacancy exists for one brakeman with Conductor Carson in freight pool Oldest man signing for the vacancy before January 15th will be assigned regularly to the run.

Connie and Pig-iron both listened with some concern to the gossip concerning those fellows who were bidders

for the job. If a younger man than Connie bid it in Connie would continue braking behind; if an older one, he would naturally expect to give the older man choice of working positions, which meant that he would lose his regular rear end job and go riding the smoky end.

According to rumor, there were several after it, all of them Blaney men. One was Lucas, a youngster from Locust Grove whom Blaney had employed because his father had a pull. Lucas was a good kid, but not much of a brakeman. A second was Ward, an ex-snake from Kansas City, who, having been fired there for fighting, had come to Gates to a job braking. A third one, so rumor had it, was Red Star!

"I don't believe Star wants the job, Mr. Carson," said Connie, a few days before the bids were up. "He's always clung to that Carner outfit."

Old Pig-iron loaded the corncob and lighted it before committing himself.

"Call boy told me Red was goin' to sign for the job so as to bump you off this hind end," he said at last.

"Well, I reckon according to seniority ruling, he can do it. He hired out fifteen minutes before I did."

"He'll play hell, too," growled Carson. "I ain't goin' to ketch myself runnin' no train with a damn fool for a hind brakeman, specially when said fool's a thievin', murderin' cuss like Star."

The matter was not mentioned again until the crew was called for a stock train south at 8.00 P.M. on the tenth. Connie came down to the office as usual, a bit uneasy lest Star might have signed for the run, yet hoping to work the rear end this trip at least. When he reached the office, however, Star was there ahead of him, leaning against the counter, puffing a cigarette.

"'Lo, Turner," growled Red, tossing the stub into the corner.

"'Lo, Red," returned Connie. "Goin' out with us, are yuh?"

"Yeah. I bid in this job reg'lar."

"That so?"

"You betcha. You can go down to the pen an' git out the hog. I'm ridin' the crummy from now on."

"What's that?" asked the yardmaster. "You takin' this rear end job with Carson, Red?"

"That's what I bid in the run fer," snarled the other.

The yardmaster laughed. "You won't last a week with old Pig-iron, fella. He'll kick you off the caboose an' make you walk in."

"I'll be workin' with Carson till that car's pulled off," boasted the brakeman. "As long as J. Clarence Blaney's trainmaster on this job thar ain't *nobody* goin' to run over *me*."

"Ah-h-h!" The yardmaster turned back to his desk. Red stalked out of the office and down through the yards toward the caboose. Connie, figuring that Red was acting perfectly within his rights, went down to the roundhouse for the engine.

Billy Leman was on a rod fussing about the driving gear with the torch and oil can when he arrived.

"About ready to go, are you, Billy?" Connie inquired.

The engineer flashed the torch around in Connie's face.

"That you, Turner?" he asked. "What you doin' ridin' the smoky end?"

"Aw, Star bid in this car and left me to work the head end for awhile."

Leman laughed. Soon he climbed to the cab, and whistled ready. Connie, who had the switch open, gave him a "back up" sign, and went guiding the engine out to the yards.

As he approached the train he saw several lights on the ground beside the head car and heard voices lifted in angry argument. Dropping off after he had made the coupling, he stepped in between the tender and the head car to snap the hose together. As he raised up from the task, Carson exploded:

"Turner, what do you figure you're doin' over here on this head end? Why didn't you come on back to the caboose where you belong?"

"Why, Red said he was going to work the hind—"

"I'll give you two fellows to understand that Red ain't runnin' this crew. I'm conductor."

"I tell you, I'm the oldest man," bellowed Red, "an' I'm entitled to the rear end if I want it."

"Well, I'm skipper on this train, an' I got a right to place my men where I damn please," growled Carson

"I'm goin' to work behind, or I'll see you both in—"

"You're goin' to work ahead, or I'll turn you in an' hold this train till they git me a brakeman."

"I'll take this up with Mr. Blaney to-morrow, you damned old brainless—"

"You shut your trap, Star, an' ride this head end out of here. I'll take the matter up with the general manager before I'll take out a— Connie, you go on back to the caboose. Come on, Billy. Let's git this train movin'. Star, if you don't want to ride this head end, you can go to hell."

The conductor turned his back squarely upon his new brakeman and gave the hogger a highball. Star stood clenching and opening his stubby fists. Once he drew back his lantern as if he would strike the old man over the head with it; but either from fear of immediate danger to himself or else in fear of remote consequences, he refrained and gave vent to his anger in threats.

Those who knew the situation reckoned Star would not make another trip with Carson if Connie held the rear end. They thought he would either go back on the extra board or else take his old run with Bud Carner. But they reckoned wrong.

Red not only remained with Carson, accepting the head end job with unusually good grace for him, but he proved to be a surprisingly good shack and a rather agreeable companion as long as he was not crossed. He watched his train well; he could read and pass signals; he took care of hot boxes and carried his end of the load when they had trouble.

As the weeks passed, Connie felt his suspicions of Red disappearing, even came to like the fellow, and eventually treated him as a partner should be treated.

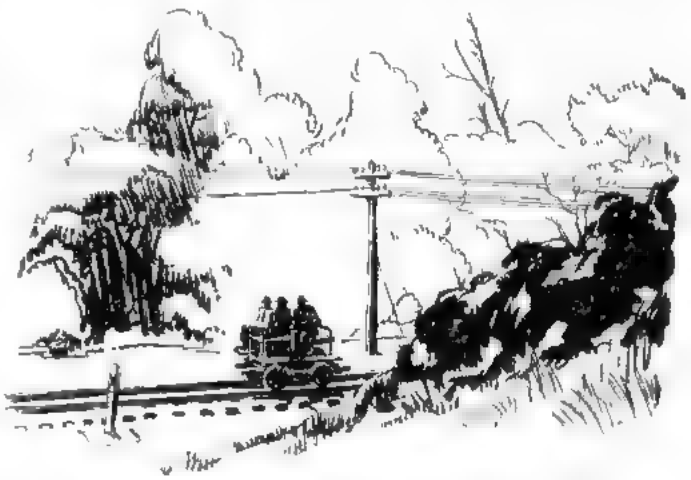
For sixty days after the death of Spike Moody, everything was quiet as could be around the Cootie's Bluff country. All the new crews except Carson's were pulled off by the middle of February, and their members bumped fellows off other crews.

There was nothing unusual in this. The same thing happened every spring. But the bumping took place in a different direction this year. In the past there had been a flocking together of like and like. Blaney men had bumped on cars with Blaney men, Stillwater men with Stillwater men. But this year, as if by direction from above, when the crews were all rearranged, every crew manned by a Stillwater conductor had at least one Blaney brakeman on it.

That seemed perfectly all right. Connie hoped that some of the old ani-

mosity was dying down, and that the bitterness which had existed might give place to a condition of peace among the men. One day he said as much to Carson.

"Humph!" Carson exploded. "Don't ever let no such fool notions as that git crawlin' in your cranium. This outfit's jist fixin' up fer some new devilment. That's all. You just keep your eye peeled, kid. It's agittin' about time fer Cootie's Bluff to break loose again."



And in less than a week the old man's prediction came true. All during the winter, while it was known that the best men on the detective force of the railway were in the Bluff country trying to trace down those four carloads of mules and find out what had become of them, the thieving on the K., G. & O. had almost stopped. The men had again scoured the hills and searched the caverns without finding a trace of them.

The 10th of February, Bill Warder, chief of the force, came down, a man known to be not only an efficient fighter, but a real detective with it. On the 23d, Bill disappeared. For thirty days he was hunted high and low. Then one night he showed up.

Again it was at Cootie's Bluff, and again Carson and Connie were in the deal. Carson was on No. 31, with Shorty Shores pulling him. When Shorty came batting it down out of the cut where he could see the order board, it was red. He sloughed plenty of air, but he was still doing thirty when he came by the station. Star, who was, of course, riding the engine, went down after the hoop carrying the "19" order the operator was handing up and missed it. Shorty stopped as soon as he could, and Red ran back for the order.

Old Pig-iron, thinking he had a "31," walked over to the station about ten car-lengths, coming up the blind side of the train as he always did, and leaving Connie to look out for the rear. He and Red met at the station. Red ran forward to the engine, and Carson walked back to the caboose. They had not been in town more than five minutes, yet when they pulled out the operator, chancing to look across the main line, directly opposite the station, saw a man lying between the tracks, about where Carson had crossed the train not five minutes before!

How he had got there, no one seemed to know. It was Bill Warder lying, toes to the sky, not dead, but eyes wide and staring — neck broken and no sign to indicate how it had been done! Once more Cootie's Bluff had given a dig into the ribs of the K., G. & O.

With this tragedy, the third at Cootie's Bluff within a year, the officials

While Sitting Side by Side on a Ruined Stile, They Heard the Put Put-Put of a Motor Car Coming Down the Track

threw up in despair. They discussed the possibility of changing time on their merchandise runs so everything would go through the Bluff country in daylight. They tried it for two months, but were compelled by their customers to change back to the old schedule.

They even discussed the plan of moving their railroad out of the valley and building a new line over the hills to the east. But when they learned that the G. & P. and the S. & S. on either side of them were both losing heavily, they turned back to their routine, hoping that some time the thieves would slip.

And if the officials were worrying, the men were certainly doing their share. From the time Bill Warder was killed, it was almost impossible to get special agents to ride their trains through the Bluff country. Even train crews began to get skittish. They tried to time their meets so as to miss Cootie's Bluff, especially during the night.

If Pig-iron Carson saw he was going to get stuck at either Blaney's Spur or Cootie's Bluff, he would scare up a hot box or bursted air hose or somehow manage to hang up before he got there. The only way the dispatcher could get him to stop at either of these two sidings was to give him a straight meet. Honest rails had no love in their hearts for Cootie's Bluff.

In this manner affairs continued into the summer. The men, especially Stillwater men, shunned Cootie's Bluff; system officials eyed division officials with blood in their eyes; J. Clarence Blaney remained smug, smiling, complacent; Stillwater was nervous, worrying, fearing he would lose his job in

disgrace because he was unable to control the situation.

CHAPTER XIV

EARLY in August each year the employees' annual picnic was held by the K., G. & O. at Big Spring, a mile below Cowskin Bridge. From Kansas City and Gulf ports and the intervening terminals, special trains carried employees of all grades, from track walker to division superintendent, into the Cootie's Bluff country for this day of merrymaking. In order that the largest possible number might attend, the offices in Gates and Locust Grove closed, the shops shut down, and the section men were given the day. It was a red-letter event in the calendar of the K., G. & O.

A few days before the picnic, the summer after Spike's death, Connie went into the trainmaster's office for a new time card. While Leona, who was there alone, was getting it for him, Connie stepped over to read the poster announcing the picnic.

"Are you going this year, Mr. Turner?" she inquired brightly.

"No-o-o," said Connie hesitatingly, without looking up. "I think not."

Leona flushed and bit her lip. "I thought since it was down in your country, you might wish to go."

"No, we fellows can't very well get off," he sparred. "You see, the old heads always want to take in the things like that, and it's up to us younger men to run the railroad."

They stood side by side looking at the cut of the Big Spring at the head of the poster.

"You're going, aren't you?" the brakeman questioned.

"Yes," she returned musingly. "I always go. I love that land with its green shades, its blue waters, its gray cliffs and those dark, mysterious caverns. I love it when—"

She stopped abruptly. Connie looked out of the window. He knew that she would have added, "when I ought to hate it." In fact, that was the main reason why he had never attended an annual picnic. That picnic was held in the land where her grandfather, old man Stillwater, had been martyred to the cause of the K., G. & O.

Connie folded the time card and thrust it into the hip pocket of his serge trousers. Leona stood watching a cantaloupe train pulling into the yards.

Trainmaster Blaney jerked open the door and came striding by the desk. With a look on his face black as a thunder cloud, he glowered first at the brakeman, then at his clerk and, entering his private office, slammed the door.

Leona stood with her hand under her chin and smiled. Connie stared at the closed door with its gilt lettering, then, with a shrug of his broad shoulders, walked out of the office.

As he passed the office window, Leona still stood looking out at the cantaloupe train. She smiled and lifted her hand. He returned her salute and hurried away toward the yard. But that smile haunted him by day and night.

It was still haunting him when, on the morning of the picnic, he was called out flagging on one of the excursion trains. He welcomed the call. It would mean an easy day at good pay, and it would put him near Leona.

After Connie had put away his train on discharging his passengers, he returned to the picnic ground, one of those scenic beauty spots of the Ozark region. Below the spring the widening valley formed a sort of park. Here the

weeds and undergrowth had been cleared away and a dance pavilion constructed. Farther down was an open meadow which once belonged to the Turners but had fallen into the hands of the Blaney family; it was now used for a baseball park on the occasion of the annual picnic.

Since Connie knew the lay of the land, he was kept busy showing visitors the wonder features of this natural park. Along in the afternoon, Big Jim, who was making preparations for the baseball game soon to start, introduced him to the general manager's party and asked him to act as guide through that wonder cavern, "The China Pig-hole."

Connie was delighted. Leona was with the party, and together they assisted Mrs. Morton, the general manager's mother, up the narrow trail to the top of the bluff. Then the whole group, laughing and talking, entered the passage leading down through the vast layers of limestone into the heart of the mountains

The passage was dimly lighted with smoking torches set along its dripping walls. But Connie took the sight-seers through many side rooms not lighted by the torches. He showed them the "Breakfast Room" where broken stalagmites formed a perfect table with six stools placed around it. He showed them the "Prison Room," where stalactites formed bars across what appeared to be an exit into the mountain. Then Connie led his party on down the passage to the "River Styx," where a boatman waited in a rowboat to ferry them across a pool of water, deep and still, explaining to them that this pool was probably one of the sources of Big Spring which welled up at a slightly lower level in the valley.

"Marvelous!" declared the old lady. "Marvelous, indeed, how Nature grinds and hews and chisels out these mansions underground!"

The party climbed in silence back to the surface. Nor did the spell leave Connie when he had accepted the thanks of the party and had seen them go to join the revelers once more at the ball game.

The young brakeman strolled off through the woods to his birthplace a half mile up the river. The woods were full of other strollers, lovers walking arm in arm, men lolling about the grass, women pacing two and two, elderly couples wandering about together, enjoying to their limit this treat of a day in the shadow of Cootie's Bluff.

Except for the trip he had made during the winter to bring poor Spike back for burial, it was Connie's first return here since he had gone braking on the K., G. & O. During his life with the Moodys, he had felt it a sort of filial duty to visit the place frequently, clear the weeds and sprouts from his parents' graves and keep the fence straight around the little plot between the two weeping willows. Since he had gone railroading, however, he had neglected this duty, had made up for his delinquency by hiring one of the Moody boys to look after the place for him, and had sent up a twin headstone to be installed between the graves.

Personally, he had seen the old house and the surrounding woods only as a weathered ruin showing black through the flying trees as he thundered up and down the track. He would go up tonight alone for a visit.

CHAPTER XV

When Connie Turner crossed the track and struck down toward the old

house, it was late afternoon. The slanting rays of the sun no longer filtered through the leafy branches. Even the railway was in shadow, cast by the towering bluff, and the narrow strip at its foot was in the fading twilight. A little to the northeast were two weeping willow trees, their branches hiding from prying eyes the two graves which nestled in the grass beneath them.

Madge Turner's grave had been there since Connie was a week old. It was the desecration of this spot which had caused Cap Turner to swear that Stillwater should never build his railroad along the first survey. For that survey would have put this grave directly under the track and would have caused the house to be torn down and moved. After Stillwater's death the survey had been moved, taking the curve a hundred feet farther up the river than it had at first been planned.

Connie was thinking about that survey and Stillwater and Leona and the unproved accusations against his father, when he climbed through the fence and parted the branches of the willow to enter the sacred precincts of that, to him, hallowed spot.

He stopped, mouth open, staring. A woman was there, a woman dressed in thin white, her hat lying on the uncut grass at the foot of the tree.

"Leona!" he murmured, advancing toward her. "Miss Stillwater!"

She turned slowly, met his eyes with a serious smile on her full red lips. "You have come?"

"Yes," he answered simply. "And you?"

"I've been here before," she murmured with drooping lashes, pinching off a blade of grass and crushing it between her fingers.

"I was born there," Connie said with a sweep of the hand toward the tumble-down house. He stooped and, picking up the walnut slab which the boys had removed from the head of his mother's grave when they installed the headstones, leaned it against the tree.

"You had this put in?" Leona laid a hand upon the marble.

"Yes. This spring. The only marker here was this."

He picked up the walnut slab once more and studied it. There was a name and a date carved upon it, and below the date a heart which had once been painted red with drops of blood trickling down beneath it. The paint was all gone now, leaving only the outline

That slab aroused in Connie a latent memory of a big man, of a dark night, of some dreaded place and of a bitter struggle. Aunt Nancy Moody had told him that his father had been setting that slab of wood at the grave head at the hour of midnight when the officers had captured him.

He set the slab back with a sigh. Stood looking down at the neatly kept graves. She stood beside him, neither speaking.

Perhaps it was the moon peeping over the eastern rim of the woodland, perhaps it was a woman's natural sympathy for her man when he is in trouble, perhaps—well, she was still young. He was strong and handsome. She laid a hand over on his sleeve, a hand light as air almost. Tears were shining in her eyes. The dew was on her hair.

"I—I don't believe the things—the things they tell, Connie," she whispered. "I don't believe—"

His two arms were about her, crushing her to him, holding her with all his strength. His lips sought hers and held them. And there, under the

willow tree, with only the gray bluff and the moon and the willows and their God for witnesses, they whispered words of love and faith and hope undying.

After the first burst they spoke of the strange interweaving of human lives, of their lives in particular. They whispered of the majesty of the bluffs, of the soft murmur of the river, of the crickets and of the million fireflies as dusk came, glowing in the grass like a new-found love. Love is like that, you know — in the moonlight— by the river.

While they were sitting side by side on a ruined stile, they heard the *put-put-put* of a motor car coming down the track. It stopped even with the old house, and a stentorian voice, a familiar voice, the voice of J. Clarence Blaney drifted across the little space, explaining to the general manager and his party that this was the home of Cap Turner—the man who had murdered the builder of the K., G. & O., old Jim Stillwater.

"You remember that young gent with the blue serge suit, the brakeman that took you through the cave?" A pause.

"Well, that's Turner's kid."

"Ah!" The surprised ejaculation was audible.

"Stillwater hired him," Blaney continued. "I didn't do it. I've tried to fire him every chance I got. Been mixed up in everything that's happened here since he come. I'll get him some day. Chip off the old block, that boy is. You watch my words."

The motor *put-putted* again. Connie ground his teeth in rage, then rising, the two of them made their way in silence to the top of the railway grade. Leona paused and looked along the track.

"I don't believe it, Connie," she whispered.

"Don't believe what?"

"What—what that—that old devil said." She stamped her foot in anger.

"I dunno," replied the brakeman. "I've never believed it. Everybody else does, though—everybody but Aunt Nancy Moody. She says—"

"Listen! Do you know why my uncle came to Cootie's Bluff that—that night?"

"What difference does it make?" returned Connie gloomily.

"Listen, Connie. My uncle came to Cootie's Bluff to meet Cap Turner about—about changing the survey from where it had first been located. They met. And—" She looked away in the moonlight. Connie was grinding gravel beneath the sole of his shoe. "They met and my uncle agreed to change the survey so as to—to miss the spot where we were this evening."

"Is — that — true?" he inquired huskily

"Yes — that's — true. I have the carbon of the order in my trunk. I kept it because—" She choked, then, with one hand to her throat, the other outstretched toward Connie, continued: "I kept it because it was my uncle's last official act to sign that order for the re-survey."

Connie was silent for a long time. When they returned to the picnic ground it was growing late. Already the crowd, having tired, was milling toward the tracks as if hoping the trains would come to take them home. When the two truants emerged at the steps leading down to the spring, Big Jim Stillwater was there to meet them.

"Been playing hookey, you two kids?" he teased, chucking his cousin under the chin.

Leona blushed. Connie looked away at the rising moon

"Miss Stillwater, we have been hunting for you for the last two hours. Where in the world have you been?"

Blaney was bustling about in his officious manner, like a jealous hound. Leona looked at the toe of her shoe, rested her chin reflectively in her hand

"We've been planning a trainmaster's paradise," she returned with a little laugh.

The trainmaster whirled angrily.

"Turner," he snarled, "don't you know enough about railroading to report for duty thirty minutes ahead of time? The rest of the fellows—"

"My call is for 10 P.M., Mr. Blaney," growled the brakeman, consulting his watch. "I have twenty-three minutes—"

"Get to hell out of here and go after that train!"

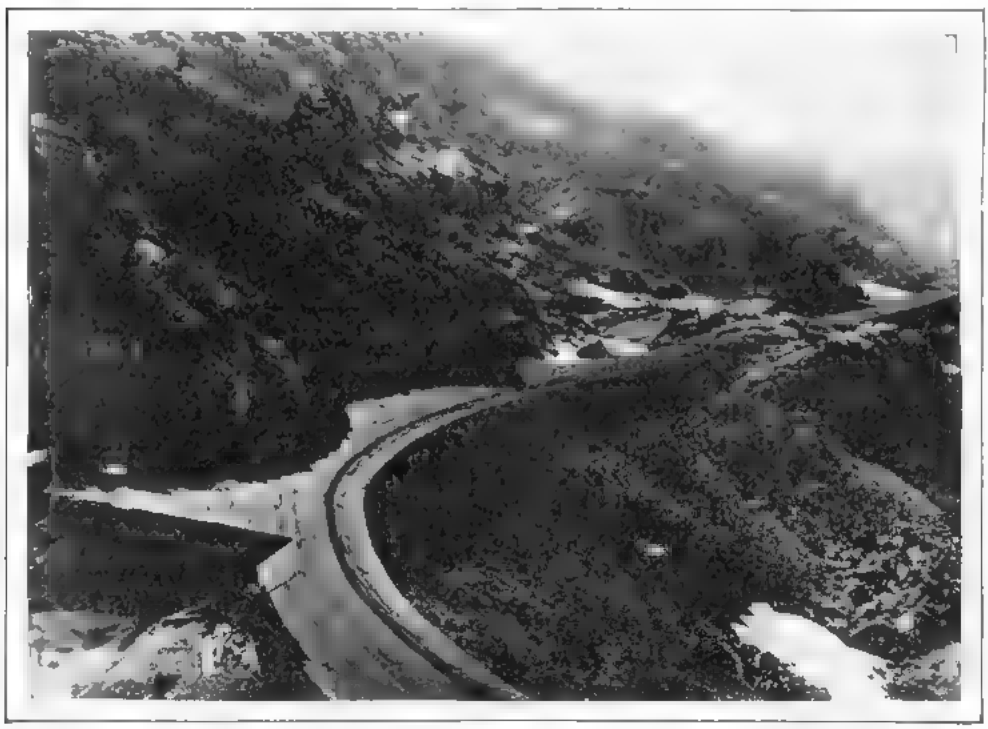
The trainmaster took two angry steps toward him Connie stood holding his watch. He was cool as the western stars.

"I have twenty-three minutes to walk a mile, Mr. Blaney," he said. "My soul belongs to me until that time is up."

Big Jim chuckled and commenced talking to the master mechanic and Mr. Morton about the new coal chutes to be put in at Gates. Connie turned toward Leona and, in the presence of the official group, doffed his cap and thanked her for the pleasure of her company, adding:

"And I can never thank you sufficiently for the revelation you have made to me this evening."

TO BE CONTINUED



Sierra Snow Sheds. The Southern Pacific Spends a Fortune Each Year in Maintaining These Guards against the Snow Enemy in the High Country

Sunny Side of the Track

THE section crew held up a drag at a piece of bad track. The big engine was equipped with the Elvin type stoker which the crew had dubbed "Pat and Mike" because the mechanical arrangement consisted of two miniature stoker shovels which worked in unison to spread coal over the firebox. While the train was standing the fireman spotted a green Irish lad standing near the pilot and yelled at him

"Hey, Dinny! Wanna come up here an' see a couple real Irishmen workin'?"

The kid climbed to the deck, a silly grin on his pan. He looked all about, then the fireman lifted the lid off the stoker shovels, and pointed them out to Dinny.

"Pat an' Mike," explained the tallowpot. "See 'em work?"

"Pat an' Moike," mused Dinny, seriously studying the perfect functioning of the stoker shovels. "Nawsir. Yez 'ave got 'em named wrong. They ain't no two Oirishmen that'd work that good together."

* * *

BACK in the wood burner days an engineer pulled down at a fueling station with a green fireman aboard. The engineer told the fireman to stack the wood in the tender while he, the hoghead, squirted some oil around. When the engineer crawled back up to the deck, he found that the fireman had stacked all the straight pieces to one side, and had piled all the crooked pieces to the other side. The engineer was puzzled as he looked it over.

"Ye've taken a lot uh pains wi' them crooked sticks," he said, at length. "Maybe ye'll be enlightenin' me on yer reasons."

"Well, ye see, sor," said the fireman, "Oi'll be better able to get at me crooked pieces when I'm firin' 'er round the curves."

* * *

A CONDUCTOR on freight was riding the engine for some unknown reason when the engineer attempted a stop for water. With a pusher on the rear, the engineer did not prepare for the slack being bunched, by the helper, and accordingly the lead engine was shoved by so far that the engineer had to back up. On this movement the pusher did not hold the train, and it ran back so far that it was necessary to pull ahead again.

The skipper, standing on the ground and watching the moves, spat disgustedly at the end of a tie and glared up at the engineer.

"Say, Jack," the skipper bawled. "I guess I better report this water crane."

"Why, how's that, Bill?" The engineer stuck a peeved face out the window.

"Why?" the skipper yelled. "The dang crane won't stand still, that's why."

* * *

TRAINMASTER (examining boomer fireman): What is a yard?

Boomer Fireman: A yard is a system of tracks within defined limits, used for the purpose of making up and breaking up trains, and in which movements can be made subject to prescribed rules. It is inhabited by a group of animals who fear neither God nor man, commonly called switchmen.

Trainmaster: What is an engineer?

Boomer Fireman: An engineer is two arms and two legs coupled together, with or without brains, displaying a hand oiler and a monkey wrench.

* * *

A UNION PACIFIC conductor, with a bent toward psychology, made a ten-year survey to determine what a locomotive engineer thinks about, and set down his findings as follows:

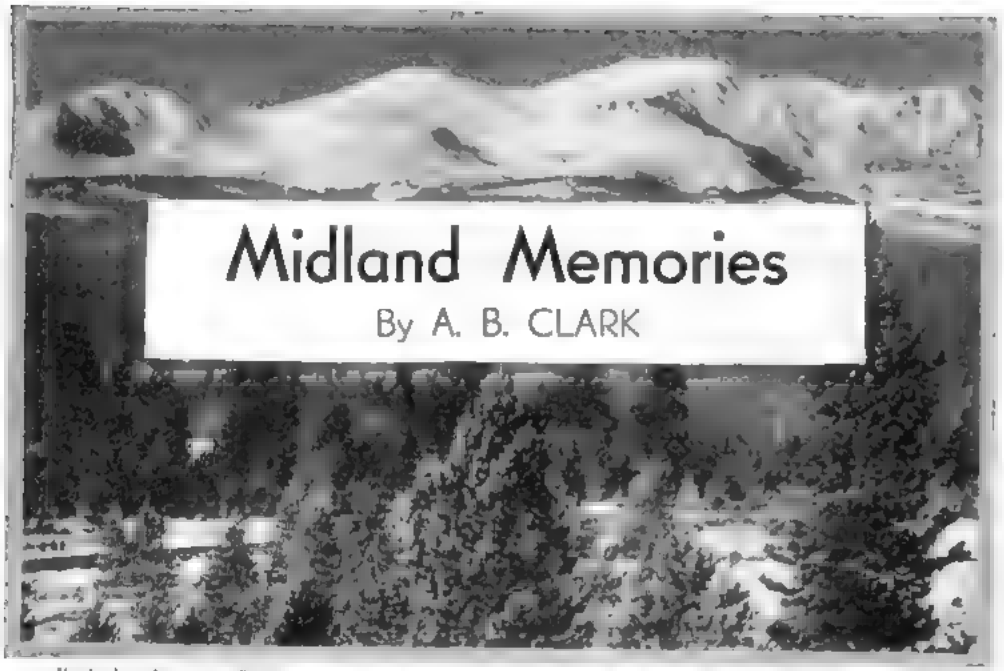
"Out of 3,441 trips made on freight I attempted and finally did succeed in making 38,710 moves. During these years, at the beginning of the moves, I found the engineer on the ground either oiling round, or taking down parts of the engine 38,646 times; engineer in restaurant, 57 times, engineer asleep on seat box, necessitating walk over hundred cars to wake him up, 7 times; engineer ready to go at first signal to move—never."

* * *

WHICH may or may not support the theory of the old days that the best head-end combination in the world for any kind of a drag was a compound locomotive and a simple engineer.

* * *

BELIEVE it or not, an engineer always gets a snicker out of the knowledge that a caboose, no matter how brilliant the brains or the crew, is always shown on the wheel report of a train as just a plain empty.



Midland Memories

By A. B. CLARK

Might You Recognize Pete Dunn's of the Mt. Sophia Camp, with Mt. Massive Towering in the Background

An Old-Timer Who Knew This Streak of Colorado Railroad Recalls the Care-Free Boomer Days

WHERE once the granite cliffs of the lordly Rocky Mountains re-echoed the sharp exhaust of the barking locomotive as it stormed its way against the heights, the crested buttes now brood in mournful silence. Deep in the somber cañons, regular depressions in the gravel and cinder incrusted earth, where cedar ties once held twin spans of steel, alone remain to mark the trail of a railroad right-of-way. Wraiths of a glorious past haunt the old roadbed.

For the Colorado Midland is now but a ghost line. It lives only in the memory of a widely scattered and thinning brotherhood knights of the rolling rust who once laughed at death among the towering walls and raging torrents that beset this engineering project of the West in an earlier day.

The boys who made the Midland—those engine and train crews—were of the fittest. They had to be. It was no job for a weakling. Each man was his brother's keeper. A moment's hesitation in a pinch, a missed coupling, an unheeded signal, all could prove disastrous in the tick of a standard watch

We worked in the shadow of a land of many moods. Smiling on us one moment like a gentle sweetheart, those vast upper reaches could become, without warning, a raging, clawing, rending monster. You might be dropping down the long grades with rosy prospects of arriving at the terminal all in one piece, and with a good appetite,

One of the Famous Moguls—a Picture Which Brings Back Fond Memories to Boomers Who Worked on the Colorado Midland

The Shallow Platte at South Park, Colorado, Along the Main Line of the Now Defunct C. M., Meanders Like an "Old Mill" Stream in a Modern Amusement Park Concession

only to find, around the next curve, a generous hunk of the Rockies spread across the track. Or you might have found a tunnel roof caved in with Old Man Death grinning a ghastly greeting while the head end shrieked for brakes and dived screaming down to glory.

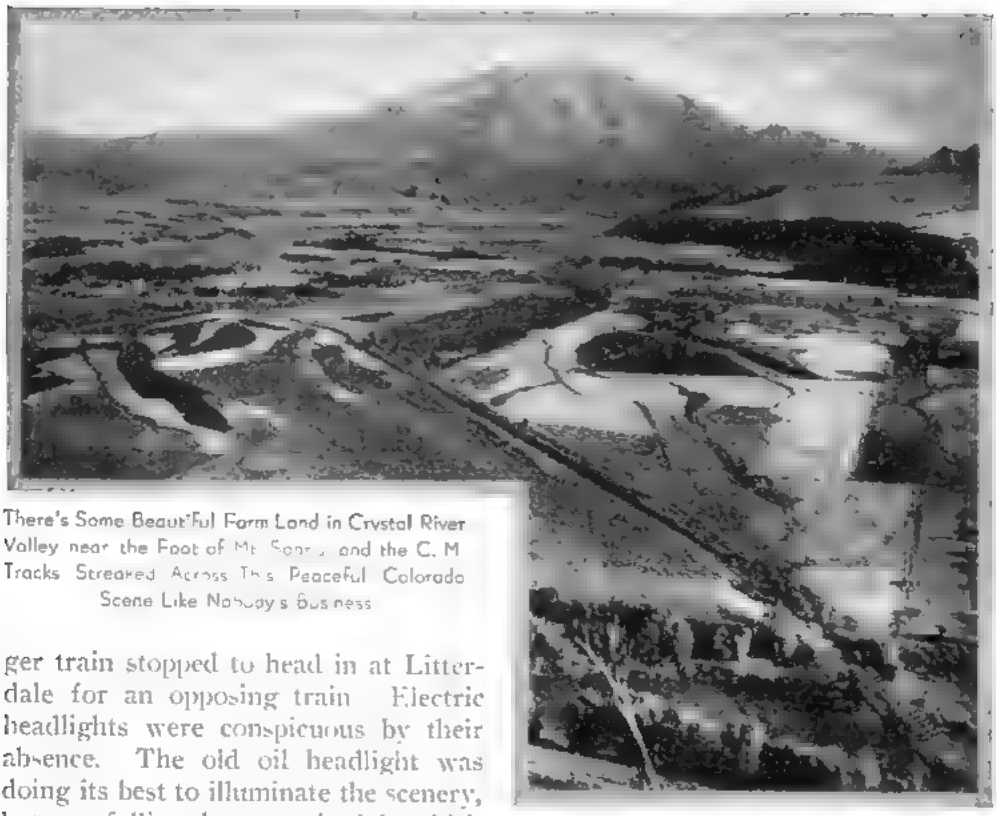
Tangled and twisted steel. Steam and the smoke from burning ruins. These things marked our path, and yet I can see the still form, canvas swathed, lowered with tender hands by the more fortunate brothers at a station platform while sobs of the widowed and fatherless came up muffled in the mountain stillness.

Those men of the Midland ranked among the best of the railroad fraternity. With hearts of gold and nerves tempered true as the steel they rolled on, they were ever ready to help a brother in distress, extend the hand of fellowship to the stranger, or succor the widow and orphan. A hard-working, hard-fighting, rough and ready bunch of nature's noblemen. Faults they had in plenty, but none of them hid a yellow streak. They went at the job with everything they had, and those boys made railroad history.

I can remember how they used to skylark around the railroad beanery or boarding house like happy-go-lucky kids. But let a call-boy circulate among them, calling crews, and they became grim-faced warriors, ready to begin the battle with their common enemy, the Rockies

Many modern railroad men would laugh in scorn at the air brake equipment of those days. With its eight-inch pump, B-eleven and D-eight brake valves and so-called water brakes on the engines. Trainmen to-day would not think much of a job where they had to club every hand brake in the train. But those men of the Midland did memorable jobs of dropping trains down mountain grades

Life on the Midland, however, was not all trials and tragedies. It held its share of comedies as well. For instance, one night an upbound passen-



There's Some Beautiful Farm Land in Crystal River Valley near the Foot of Mt. Sopris, and the C. M. Tracks Streaked Across This Peaceful Colorado Scene Like Nobody's Business

ger train stopped to head in at Litterdale for an opposing train. Electric headlights were conspicuous by their absence. The old oil headlight was doing its best to illuminate the scenery, but was falling down on the job, which no doubt was just as well, perhaps. For had it succeeded, Mr. Negro Porter, who also acted as head brakeman, would never have attempted to throw the switch. As it was, he swaggered by the engine with a cheery hail and almost opened the gate—almost, not quite.

The engine crew heard a horrified yell and that Negro simply sailed up into the cab as if the devil were after him.

Recovering his breath somewhat, the porter gasped:

"Cap', if yo' wants dat switch yo' will have to send a sodger. Dev's a gyard up dar." Lighting a torch, the engineer walked ahead and found a bear leaning against the switch stand. A perfect imitation of a brakeman. At sight of the torch the bear lumbered away and the meet was made without further delay.

The Tale of a Bull

THE division superintendent was the proud owner of a blooded bull, which he kept penned in a pasture at Spinner Station. That is, the super kept him penned, just so long as his majesty, the bull, felt inclined to remain penned. Occasionally the notion would strike the bull to wander beyond the confines of his pasture. Placing his shoulder against the fence he would shove it over and stroll onto the right-of-way. For some reason Mr. Bull had a grudge against all locomotives.

Upon hearing a locomotive approaching he would take his stand in the middle of the track, lower his head, paw the earth, and loudly challenge

Remember the Thrill You Got the First Time You Passed Through This Tunnel and Saw the Peak of Cameron's Cone on the Far Horizon? If You Ever Fired an Engine or Wrestled with a Johnson Bar on the Colorado Midland, You'll Never Forget This View

the "jine" to mortal combat. The engine crews, knowing the bull to be the property of their superintendent, would stop to avoid striking him. A few well-directed chunks of coal bounced off his tough old ribs would soon persuade him to return to his pasture. The fence would be repaired, and peace would reign at Spinner until the notion would again strike that bovine boomer that he could whip his weight in "bulljines."

One morning Engineer Fish, with Engine Fifty-five, after helping a drag over the hump, was returning light. I reckon Fish's breakfast wasn't doing well on his stomach that morning, and he wasn't feeling like being flagged by any bull. At any rate, when he arrived at Spinner and found that horned devil going through his maneuvers of pawing and bellowing, Fish widened on the old Fifty-Five's throttle and accepted the challenge.

Well, when the dust had cleared away the old Fifty-Five was crossways with the track, and the bovine boomer was sleeping with his fathers. The big hook picked up both wrecks, engine and bull. I don't know what kind of a report Fish made about the accident, but he never served a day for it. The other crews gave him a vote of thanks for eliminating a nuisance. Old-timers still talk about that memorable battle.

The Brown system, with its merit and demerit marks, better known as "brownies," had not yet been adopted by the Midland. Like a certain labor organization of to-day, that road believed in direct action. Serious offenses were liable to result in summary dismissal. Minor offenses were

The C. M. Pioneers Must Have Got Lost in the Mountains When They Built This Stretch of Pike Through Grant Cañon, for It Just Seems to Wander Off into Nowhere to Curl Up and Die

Like Wraiths of a Dead Past, We See Here Some of the Rolling Stock of the Old C. M. as It Looked in the Yards of the Grand Junction Terminal in the Days "When You and I Were Young, Maggie"

punishable by an enforced vacation of a specified number of days

Dishing Out Discipline

For an unnecessary delay to a passenger train, the officials had a playful habit of penalizing the culprit one day for every minute of delay. Severe discipline, you may think, but even in those days competition was causing hard sledding for the Midland.

At Litterdale an icy mountain stream was the source of supply for the water tank. It was the source of recreation for the victims of those company kangaroo courts also. Trout were thick. Upon receiving the verdict of a vacation *sans* pay, many of the idle, but not rich rails would hie themselves to Litterdale pump-house, where they were always sure of a warm welcome from Van, the pumper. Van was a locomotive engineer, who, on account of injuries received in one of the numerous wrecks, was no longer able to hold an engine and had been given the pump job. Van always had a supply of fishing tackle on hand, and several old fowling pieces which he called guns. I remember one gun in particular. An old ten gauge. That cannon just suited me. It scattered shot so that you could kill everything on one side of a mountain at one discharge.

One bright, moonlit night, several kangaroo victims were assembled in the pump house indulging in a game of stud poker. Suddenly the night air became hideous with the most damnable yowls and squalls imaginable. Hastening to the one small window the brothers soon located the cause of the commotion.

A bobcat darted across the track, followed by a large mountain lion. Each, in its respective language, was hurling insulting epithets at the other. The racket continued for some time, and then ceased. While fishing next morning, we came upon signs of a violent struggle, and near by the head of the bobcat. Mute evidence of a midnight mountain tragedy.

Located just below Eleven Mile Cañon, was a safety switch, at which all trains coming down the mountain were required to stop. And when I say

stop, I don't mean maybe! We were supposed to call for the switch, and, when the switch-tender threw it, proceed. This switch was kept lined to a track leading around a sharp curve and up a steep grade. It was for the purpose of avoiding or stopping runaway trains.

One morning a train of six stock cars loaded with ice was drifting down the mountain. For some reason the engineer failed to stop and call for the switch as per rule.

The switch tender was on the job, and headed him up the safety grade. Well! I reckon it was about the quickest job of unloading on record. The doors on the cars were all open. They were going at a right smart speed.

As each car hit that sharp curve the ice slid out onto the main line. Yes, it was an easy job of unloading, but I dare say the reloading and explaining to the brass-collars was an altogether different matter.

But now! The old Midland is abandoned. Like other pioneers, it served its purpose and silently faded out of the picture. Unable to keep step in the march of progress, it became passé, even as you and I.

The scream of the wild cat and call of the mountain quail is heard where once echoed the wail of the locomotive whistle, and the shrill singing of brakes as smoking shoe bit viciously into wheels that threw out showers of red-hot sparks as the trains roared down those treacherous grades.

Often I wonder about those brave fellows of mine who sleep beneath the green mounds beside the now forgotten right-of-way. They who lost in the battle. Is their sleep so dreamless as to be untroubled by the vast and brooding silence? Or do they sometimes listen and wonder if their comrades are still carrying on the fight?

Adios, old Colorado Midland, and comrades of those glad, brave days.

JUDGING THE OPS' FISTS

WHEN the hands on the standard clock pointed to 12 01 P M eastern time October 1st, the Editorial Department of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE was considerably snowed in by the avalanche of entrants in the Operators' Fist Contest Hundreds of brass pounders from every part of the United States and Canada participated The operators and ex operators represented every phase of railroad and commercial service

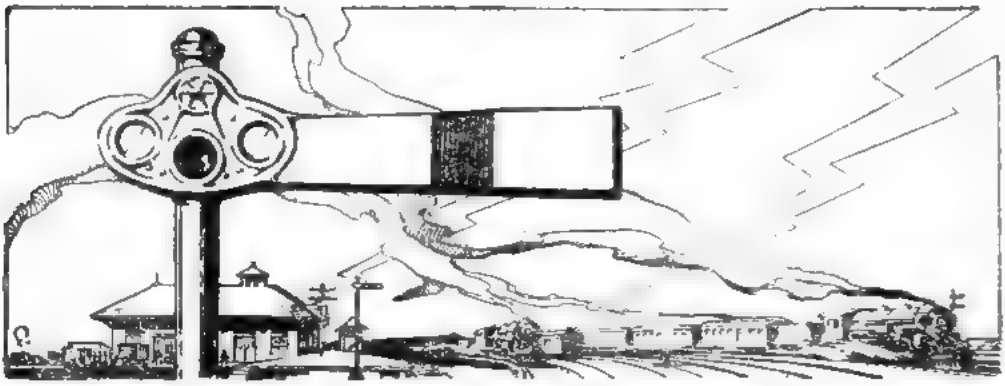
Among the entrants were division superintendents, train dispatchers, trainmasters, wire chiefs, Western Union managers, Western Union operators, Postal managers, Postal operators, cotton brokers, brokerage wire brass pounders, and press association operators The Fist Contest Editor's table was loaded with every conceivable variety of typical telegraphic penmanship

A board of editors was appointed to take up the task of deciding on the winners As this is being written the board is preparing for its initial session The board is made up of M J McGowan, Chief Dispatcher, the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, and George W Loop, of the Erie Railroad Magazine, representing the railroads, F N Powers, General Traffic Control Supervisor, Postal, and G C Gute, Testing Chief, Western Union, representing the commercial operators; John Fraser, nationally known handwriting expert and William Edward Hayes, Editor of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE All, with the exception of Mr Fraser, have been telegraphers.

As soon as the winners have been determined, the fortunate lightning slingers will be notified and the prizes will be made up for the best specimens of the handwriting The winner will receive a silver plaque with his name, the date of the award and a reproduction of his handwriting inscribed thereon The second place winner will receive a bronze plaque with the same treatment and the third place will be awarded a copper plaque.

The names of the winners, together with a reproduction of their handwriting, will appear in RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE for January

True Tales of the Rails



This department, formerly called "My Greatest Thrill," is devoted exclusively to true stories told in the language of the men who have lived them. Readers are invited to submit unusual personal experiences of thrills, drama or comedy. These stories should be typewritten, double spaced, between 500 and 1,500 words. Names and places may be disguised, but each story must be verified. Prompt payment on acceptance.

The Flagman

By JOHN JOHNS

Illustrated by Joseph Easley

BARNEY MINER, train flagman, was certainly entitled to the honors due a hero. It was all in his line of duty and was what he was paid for doing, but I think it was more in the line of heroics than the prosaic earning of the daily bread. But as much as Barney deserved being acclaimed a hero before the world, if one word of what occurred leaked out the few of us who were witnesses would probably be dismissed from the service or serve ninety days' suspension for our honor in remaining silent and permitting "man failure" to go unpunished.

I was braking for Conductor Foley on train Numbers X-39 and 14. Our regular flagman was off sick and Barney Miner caught the run from the extra list. When we departed from Middle City on No. X-39 it was a mild January night. The train was a fast mail run and the crew rode in a coach at the rear. We clicked off the miles at terrific speed.

Barney and I went out on the rear platform at Essex. The weather had grown colder. I observed that Barney had no overshoes or gloves. When we reëntered the coach I sat beside him.

"You're taking an awful chance going around without overshoes and gloves. What will happen to you if you get stuck with the flag?" I asked.

"Nothing. I can stand the cold," Barney replied, smiling wistfully.

"You won't stand sub-zero weather. And before morning we will have it. If you think it is different to go around dressed like you are you're crazy," I said.

Barney made no reply. I am not curious by nature, but I was curious to know something about Barney. Ever since he had come on the railroad he had kept to himself. And when a man flags a train in midwinter without warm clothing there is certainly some reason for it. As if he had read my mind, Barney began to talk.

"I did not want to come to work to-night. My baby is very sick." He paused as though he were groping for words to express what was on his mind Then, as if he had decided that his personal affairs would be of no interest to me, he said:

"By golly, next pay day I'll buy myself a pair of overshoes and gloves" And to dismiss the subject, Barney turned his face toward the window. We rode in silence in the darkness.

So that was the reason. The responsibility of marriage resting heavily upon his young shoulders

I hoped for Barney's sake that when we returned from Valley Junction on No. 14 we would not have to stop. We had two hours to wait for 14 to come in, and I saw Barney stay close to the stove in the "Y."

Hank Foley, the conductor, and I sat in No. 14's club car on the back trip. Hank was checking up the sleeping car envelopes.

"You can say what you please, but remove faith from this world and everything would come to an end," said Hank, slapping down a bundle of tickets.

"Is that so?" I remarked, lighting my pipe. "You are the only one who thinks so. The rest of the world has no faith in itself or in anything else. It does only so much, and no more. That is the idea to-day. Get by on a hair line."

"Listen. You do not understand me," exclaimed Hank. "I am speaking of faith. I mean being faithful to oneself or to what one is doing. We have faith in this train remaining on the rails, otherwise you and I would not be sitting in this car. We would run for our lives. But as it is our fath is so great that we take it for granted that we are safe."

"Here's a Lehigh ticket," I broke in, wishing to change the subject.

"I'll cancel it in a minute," said Hank, spreading more tickets out in front of him. Then: "Fellow, the moment you lost faith in yourself you would be afraid to come around the railroad. You would have fear—fear of being killed, of being unable to do your work. Observe people who are nervous about their work. They have lost faith in themselves. They—"

"Hank, you better hire yourself a hall," I snapped.

"Never you mind about that. I am speaking the truth. You mark my words. Look what happens when we have faith in some one and they fail us—" Hank stopped talking. Our engine had whistled twice, two short blasts as in answer to some signal and had shut off steam. The brakes were being applied.

"What is he stopping for now?" Hank growled, rising from the desk. I dashed to the vestibule and opened the door. Hank was beside me

"How is the signal?" Hank queried.

I glanced out. It was bitter cold, and blowing. Far down the track I could see a green eye, and there was no sign of a fusee. Hank took in the situation.

"He's going to stop all right. Either

He Threw His Lantern at Me and It Smashed into the Cab as I Passed Him

Barney has pulled him up or something is wrong with the engine or that last signal. Well, we'll soon find out," said Hank. Just as the train stopped a Pullman porter came up.

"Boss, the flagman said for me to tell you that we has a hot box on the rear sleeper," the porter exclaimed excitedly. "He rush me up here to tell you so you know why he stopped you."

Hank nodded. I started for the rear and Hank went to the engine to inform Russel, our engineer, of the reason for our stop.

We had seven cars, and it was only a matter of moments until I was back at the hot box on the last car's rear left truck. I lifted the lid of the journal and was examining it when Hank and our engineer appeared.

"How bad is it?" Hank asked when he got within earshot. I replied that with a cool off and a little oil it ought to run until we got to Tower Hill, where we could have it repacked, if necessary.

The engineer had a shovel from the engine and a can of valve oil with him. He started to shovel snow into the box. It sizzled upon striking the hot journal. Our lanterns cast a yellow light on the white snow and the engineer's torch appeared as if it might be extinguished at any moment, so strong was the wind blowing.

When we walked around in the snow it sounded as if we were walking on cinders. And it was cold. It must have been ten below. The sky was clear and sprinkled with stars.

Hank, grumbling about the hot box, caused me to turn toward the train. I

glanced up at the windows. Just over the rear truck a child had its small face pressed against the pane, staring at us. At another window a woman of middle age was also staring at us. The train stopping and sight of our lanterns had aroused their curiosity.

Then, far off in the night, we heard the whistle of a train. The whistle rolled its notes as in the case of a train traveling at high speed. Hank and the engineer paid no attention to it. I had a packing iron in my hand, waiting to tear out the "dope" from the journal box.

A few moments later the whistle again sounded. As there were four tracks, whatever train it was, No. 6, most likely, it would pass us on the other eastbound track.

Again the whistle. The engineer had just whistled for the grade crossing in Riverview, three miles distant. Russel, our engineer, shoveled a load of snow into the journal and straightened up. He leaned on the shovel. Then No. 6, whistling again, drew his attention. By this time we could hear the roar of the train. From where we stood the track ran straight for a quarter of a mile and then turned sharply to the right, where a hill shut it from view. A train would have to pass that curve before it could be seen.

Now we could hear the regular staccato bark of the exhaust above the roar of No. 6. The train was traveling at a mad pace. Russel turned to Hank and, with a laugh, remarked, "Listen to that baby! He certainly is tearing along. I hope the son of a gun is on the right track."

"Well, if he isn't you just watch me make a bee line for that hill," was Hank's jocular reply. Oh, we never doubted but that the train was on the other track.

Russel was just about to shovel more snow into the journal when we heard a torpedo explode. Then another one. Russel stood, posed with the shovel in the air. Hank stared down the track. I felt my blood freeze. I glanced at the car windows. The child was still staring at us. The woman had her hands cupped before her face in order to see us better.

Then around the curve shot No. 6 From every wheel fire was flying because of hard pressed brakes. Russel dropped the shovel and ran with Hank up the side of the knoll. I followed them. I remember I stumbled and fell and picked myself up and stumbled again. In those seconds I seemed to have lost all use of my limbs, but I was thinking of the child in the window. And the woman too.

When No. 6 tore into our train the child would be killed first—then the woman; the child with all life before it. The middle-aged woman with her life behind her. Both would go in the same moment—

But No. 6 stopped—stopped a car length from the rear of our train.

Cold as it was, we sat down on the rail, exhausted. Reaction had gripped us. The engineer swung down from his engine, excited and nervous, came over to us. We had lost our voices. Russel sat holding his head. Hank was wiping his eyes. Finally Hank managed to speak. In a dry voice, like a man dying, he said to Blinker, the engineer of No. 6:

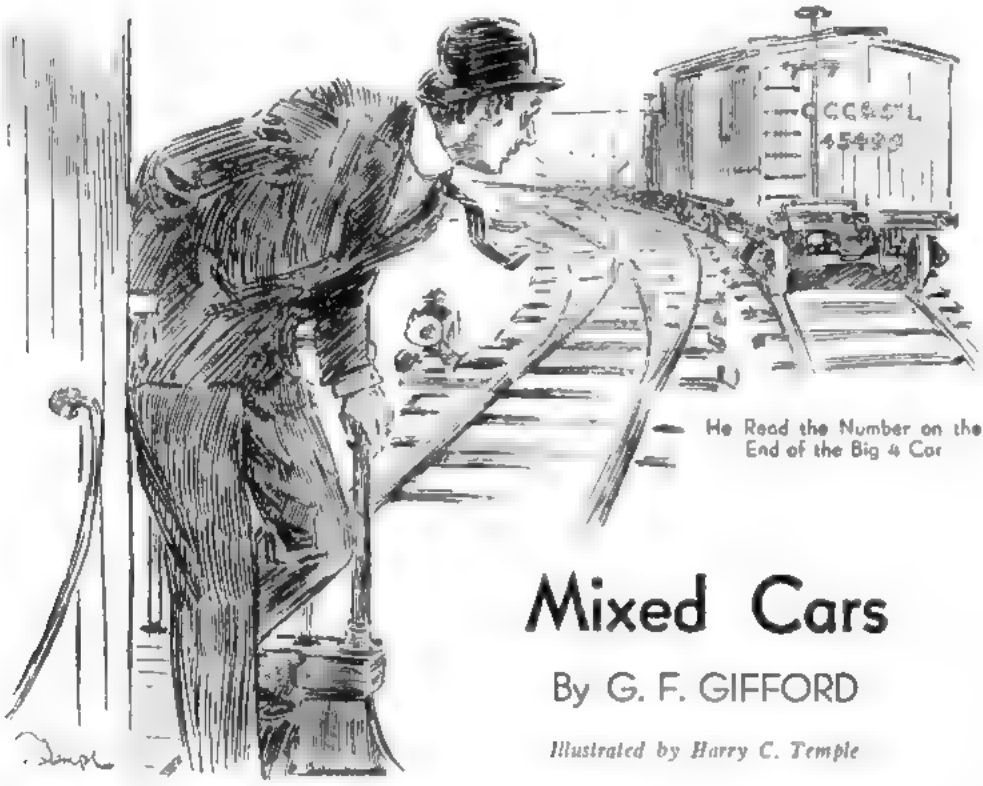
"Just what in all that's holy happened to you?"

"I am at your mercy," said Blinker. "I took a chance and ran a yellow board. It's such a long block, I figured this signal to be yellow, too." Blinker's face was dripping with sweat. His eyes were wild, his hair matted.

"Did you see my flagman?" Hank asked Blinker.

"My God, yes. If it wasn't for your flagman I would have plowed into you. I did not see him until I was on top of him. He threw his lantern at me and it smashed into the cab as I passed him," Blinker stammered out.

I couldn't help but think of Barney back there in the snow without gloves or overshoes, and of what Foley had said about faith.



He Read the Number on the End of the Big 4 Car

Mixed Cars

By G. F. GIFFORD

Illustrated by Harry C. Temple

ONE afternoon in early autumn, a lone freight car bearing the initials C. C. C. & St. L., known among railroad men as the Big 4, and the number 45499 stood alongside the loading platform in the yard at Fort Wayne, Indiana. It was old, and needed repainting. The letters and figures were blurred and indistinct. It was empty.

A little farther down the same track two other empties rested on the rails. Presently a switch engine brought several other cars down the track to be loaded, and coupled them to the Big 4 car. The car at the lower end of the string was initialed P. C. C. & St. L., known as the Panhandle, and carried the number 45499. It was old, and needed repainting. The letters and figures were blurred and indistinct. It was identical in size, color and class with the Big 4 car to which it was now coupled, and was set out there to be loaded with chests, boxes, scenery, and

other theatrical equipment of the Birds of Paradise Company, which had offered its production at a local theater the night before, and was billed to open in Chicago the next night, a proven success.

A young freight solicitor for the Pennsylvania Railroad was congratulating himself at getting this business for his road on his promise of delivery in Chicago the next morning. The manager of the Birds of Paradise Company arrived to assist at the loading, and his stuff was trucked into the Big 4 car by mistake, the loading foreman giving it a cursory glance only, and believing he recognized a Panhandle car, which road was a part of the Pennsylvania System, while the Big 4 car was, of course, a foreign car, owned by the New York Central.

Soon the car was loaded, sealed and billed to Chicago ready to be switched into the fast westbound freight train then being made up.

The doors of the Panhandle car were already closed and sealed, although it was an empty. The rest of the cars in the string were being loaded for Chicago.

The agent of the Monon Railroad at Benson, twenty miles north of Fort Wayne, had a rush order for three empties to be loaded at once. He telephoned his order to Fort Wayne, and a switch engine picked up the two empties on the lower end of the loading track, then backed up and took the Big 4 car, supposed to be empty, and added these three cars to a northbound train just ready to pull out. On arrival at Benson they were sent out for the agent's customer, just at dusk, and that customer, who was the manager of the Birds of Paradise Company, asked for and obtained permission to begin loading at once.

Under cover of night he removed the chests and scenery, hauled them six miles north to Naples, where the Nickel Plate crossed the Monon, and shipped them by express to Chicago. The Big 4 car he loaded with newly painted worn out sawmill machinery, and next morning he requested the Monon agent at Benson to bill the car of new machinery to Bidwell Siding, a former lumber town, now deserted except for one big old warehouse, behind which a rusty spur track still remained. This town was 190 miles north and near the end of a little used branch line.

He then went to Chicago to take delivery of his stuff from the Nickel Plate agent, and open his show that night, first sending a transfer company to unload the same stuff, supposed to be in the Panhandle car, which was now spotted on the Pennsylvania team track. It was opened and found empty.

The usual investigation was promptly started, also a damage suit for $20,000 was instituted against the Pennsylvania Railroad by the manager of the Birds of Paradise Company.

II

THERE had been no resident agent at Bidwell for several years, the infrequent shipments to that place being handled by the agent at Dover, six miles south, who now held the bill of lading for the Big 4 car loaded with the obsolete but new looking machinery. After several days had passed and no one had appeared at his office to pay the charges and unload the car, the agent at Dover wrote the agent at Benson of the fact and requested him to notify the shipper. This he did, by mailing a postal card addressed to

General Delivery of his town. Another period of time passed and he received another request from Dover to notify the shipper again that demurrage was accruing on the Big 4 car. He mailed another card.

Meanwhile the most careful checking and search along the line from Fort Wayne to Chicago failed to locate any irregularity. The records at Fort Wayne were clear. The P. H car had been loaded with the theatrical property, sealed, billed and switched into the manifest freight. Stops had been made only for water. No switching had been done along the route. Each member of the train crew agreed on that.

The suit for damages would be called soon. No more delays could be arranged. Lawyers for the Birds of Paradise Company were impatient and insistent. Settlement in their favor appeared certain. The Pennsy lawyers were nearly frantic. It was rumored among the employees that any man who solved the mystery could name his own reward. Every one of them had that car number so firmly fixed in their brains that they dreamed about it. Dozens of theories had been discarded. It was just not possible that such a thing could happen. Yet it had happened.

III

Bob Lewis had been a clerk at the Fort Wayne freight office for four years. He was still referred to as "that new man," although his writing was admired up and down the line. The waybill covering the Panhandle car was written by him. No chance to mistake that bold and fancy writing, or those clear heavy figures. He had forgotten how many nights he had lain awake, trying to solve the problem of what could have become of the contents of the Panhandle car. He was tired and nervous and thin. He asked for and secured a few days vacation which he planned to spend lying on his back under a tree beside some lake far back among the pine trees of northern Michigan. This he did.

Bob was much refreshed and cheered as he boarded the day coach at the end of the train of freight cars, soon to move south over the little used branch line. He would get to Fort Wayne in plenty of time to be on the job next morning. He filled and lighted his old cob pipe as the train bumped along through the naked country once covered with beautiful tall pines. Passing the old warehouse, with its rotten loading platform and caved in roof, he noted a box car on the rusty track behind it, and from force of habit looked for the initials and number. Suddenly the cob pipe fell to the floor as he dashed out to the steps and leaned far over as his train crawled by the end of the building. He read the number on the end of the Big 4 car.

During the delay at Dover, Bob introduced himself to the agent, and made a quick copy of the waybill, while he listened to the agent's story of the car. Although Bob wrote "sawmill machinery (new)," on his copy, he believed the car contained the missing theatrical property. As soon as he arrived at Fort Wayne he telephoned the freight agent of his discovery and his belief that the search was over.

Early next morning an order was wired to rush the Big 4 car to Chicago. Upon its arrival quite a crowd of officials gathered around to inspect the contents. Mr. W. H. Scriven, superintendent; Mr. Wm. Borner, general Western freight agent; Mr. F. W. Belz, agent at Chicago, the special

agent and others. Great was their surprise and disappointment when the door was slid back. These emotions were reflected on the faces of Bob and the agent at Fort Wayne when they heard the news.

Four days later the damage suit was called in court. Among the imposing array of attorneys and witnesses was Bob. When he was called to tell his part of the story, he laid before the judge a carefully drawn map of the States of Michigan, Indiana and Illinois, showing the several railway lines and how the trick might have been done. It was so close to the truth that the Birds of Paradise manager arose from his chair, stepped to the open window near him and sprang through it to the street. He escaped, and is still a fugitive from justice.

Did Bob collect the reward and promotion? Oh, no! Those things happen only in stories. I have here set down only the facts. Bob was discharged from his job, arrested as an accomplice, served his sentence, and drifted West. He is now in California, a marked man, an ex-convict, barred from work on all railroads. How do I know? Well, I am Bob Lewis.

Superstition and a Stripped Jack

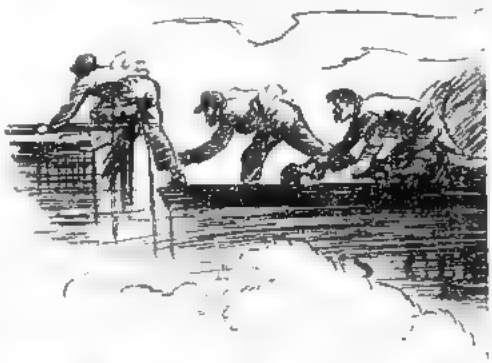
By A. J. ("FATTY") THOMAS

Illustrated by Joseph Easley

IN the old wooden axle, link and pin, hand brake days in the latter 80's and early 90's, while braking on the Mississippi Division of the old "Eye See," we had an engineer by the name of Lee Hawkins, who lived in Water Valley, Mississippi, and who was, I believe, the most superstitious person I have ever met on or off the road.

He was forever looking for ghosts—and seeing them when they were invisible to others. Regardless of the bold and fearless front you attempted to maintain, that jasper would start a creepy feeling running up your spine just simply by being near him.

I remember when he stepped down from his engine at the Taylor water tank to oil round one night, and stepped on a corpse. He would never get off his engine after dark at that tank again for any cause. Another night an owl flew in his front cab win-



dow near Malone tank, and he stopped and got off his engine and sat on a pile of cross-ties near the edge of the right of way.

"That is a bad sign," he moaned. "And we better wait here until daylight."

It took the persuasion of the whole crew to get him back on his engine and moving again.

Then came the night when we were going south on 1st No. 9. Second 9 caught us at Michigan City as we had the heavier train. We both wanted to make Lamar, our schedule meeting point with No. 22. We were then working under the old thirty-minute system instead of our present indefinite right system, and we were running against No. 22 on our 30 minutes.

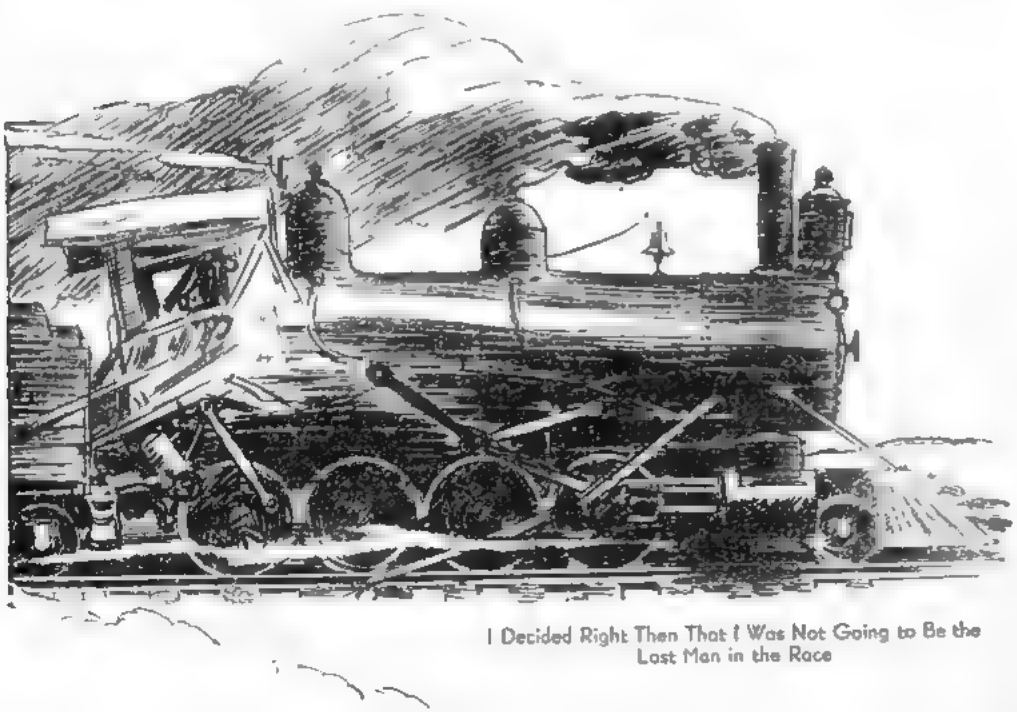
Charlie Harrington was my conductor, and in order to make our meet, he had arranged with 2nd 9 to couple into our caboose so we both could go over together. We stood a better chance to make the meet that way. Lee had a peculiar way of looking at you as though in a dream, and the look alone was spooky, but I was used to it, and leaving Michigan City, he said:

"Fatty, I don't like this a bit; I have a hunch everything is not just right, and we are going to have trouble sure."

I had been out with the gang that trip, and was sleepy, and paid little attention to his spooky jabber as I settled myself on the fireman's seat box for a few minutes' hay on the way to Lamar.

"Aw, forget that, Lee," I said "Pull her tail out and let's go." And I was soon dozing

The next I knew there came a rattle and bang and splintering sound, and something struck the floor under my feet in front of the fireman's seat box and lifted me clear off the seat and threw me backward into the gangway. After picking myself up I had not got straightened out until—*blam!* Something struck the floor in front of Lee's box and turned him in a backward flip right into the gangway on top of me,



I Decided Right Then That I Was Not Going to Be the Last Man in the Race

and of all the clattering and commotion I ever heard! It was at both sides of that cab.

My lamp was knocked out of the cab at first, and we had no air or steam brake on the engine, and Lee could not even get to his whistle to blow the second engine down.

So all three of us tried to get out over that rolling tank of coal at the same time, and the coal just wouldn't stay put. Fast as one of us would make a little headway toward getting out, one of the others would grab him by a leg to help himself out and pull the other back. There was just simply no seniority shown between us three in that tank of coal that night.

Either by act of Providence, or by reason of the fact that I was the worst scared of the three, I was the first one out and on top of a box car. The moon was very bright, and I ran over two cars and stopped to set a brake when Lee ran up and jumped clear over me. I saw the fireman a close second behind him, and I decided right then I was not going to be the last man in the race.

We all three went racing over the top toward the caboose. Of course, from the noise we supposed our engine was off the track, and on reaching the caboose we got the second engineer stopped and went to the head end to size up the situation.

We had a scrap heap to start with, but what was left of our nice little cab was so much kindling. About all we found in the cab was a bent Johnson bar, and the cab was literally whipped to pieces on both sides. The rods had first turned loose on the fireman's side, and the engine had stripped herself on both sides. The side rods had whipped the cab clear off. I had picked up an extra lamp while back in the crummy, and had brought the flagman's red lamp over, so I went ahead and met No. 22 and flagged them. We backed them up to Lamar so our second section could shove us in the side track where I started to bed down and catch up with my much needed sleep while we were waiting for a new engine from the terminal. But I hadn't more than got to sleep when Lee, having killed his fire, came back to the crummy. He kept me awake with his spooky talk until I had to threaten to shoot him unless he cut it out and let me sleep.

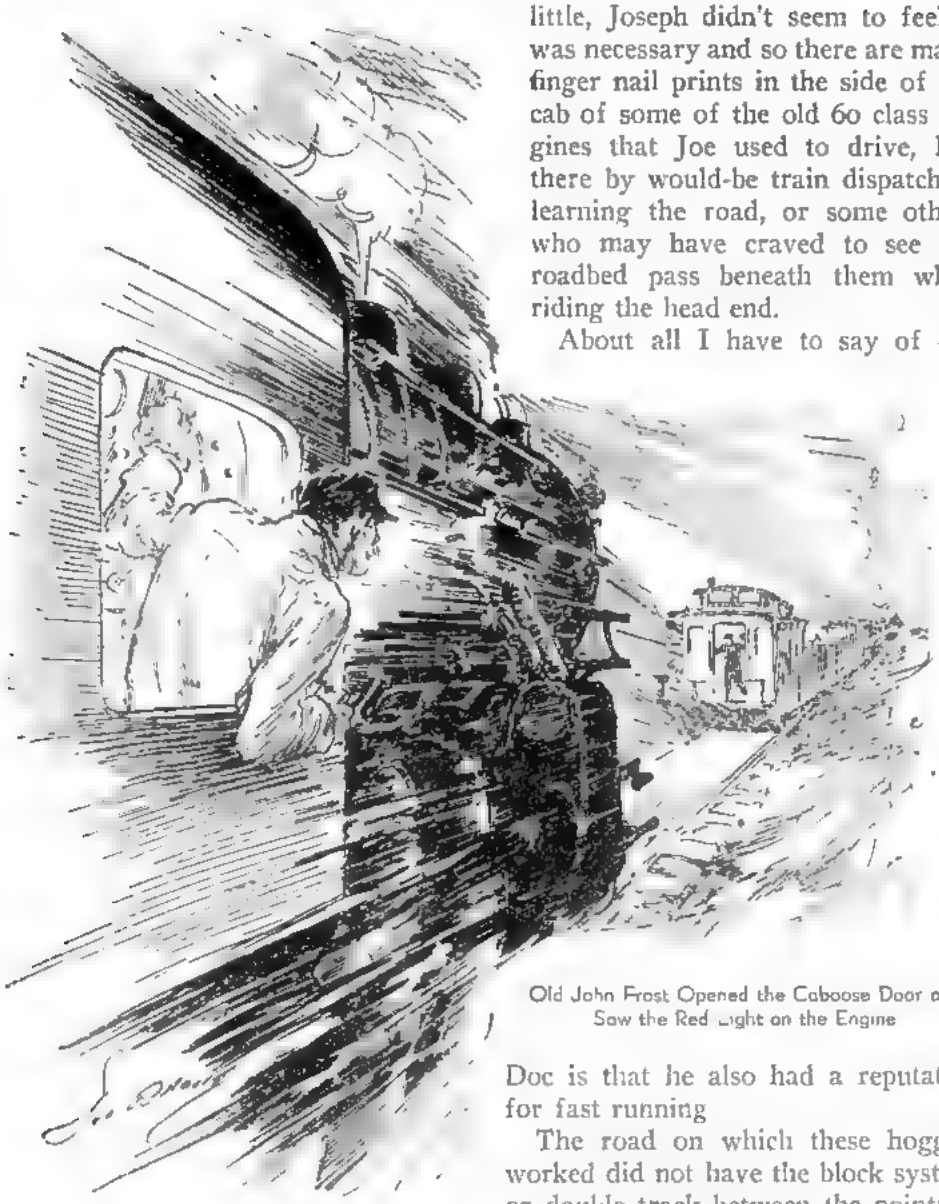
A Hot Box That Saved Lives

By NEIL A. ROBERTSON

Illustrated by John R. Neill

BACK in January, 1911, I was working third trick at Millinocket, Maine, and it was there that I received what was perhaps the greatest thrill — or scare — in my twenty years of railroading.

In order to lead up to the facts in the case I should make you acquainted with two gentlemen who were riding the right side of the two engines on the night in question, so, brothers, meet Joe Young, hauling 1st 36 on January 26, 1911, and old Doc Hurd,



Old John Frost Opened the Caboose Door and Saw the Red Light on the Engine

who signs engineer on No. 45 the same night.

Now, Joe Young was known for his ability to get along nicely without Mr. Westinghouse's invention, and the only time he ever had any use for the air was when he simply had to stop, but when it came to making a reduction for the purpose of slowing up the cars a little, Joseph didn't seem to feel it was necessary and so there are many finger nail prints in the side of the cab of some of the old 60 class engines that Joe used to drive, left there by would-be train dispatchers learning the road, or some others who may have craved to see the roadbed pass beneath them while riding the head end.

About all I have to say of old Doc is that he also had a reputation for fast running

The road on which these hoggers worked did not have the block system, or double track between the points in question in this narrative. At some stations only did they have the automatic semaphores, but these did not extend out onto the main line between stations.

At the time of this story our road had but a few heavy locomotives, and having a good business in the winter it meant a great number of trains had

to be run on single iron, and it was a practice for No. 36 to run in several sections.

Joe Young was hauling 1st 36, as has been noted, and Doc Hurd No. 45, which had one of the large locomotives.

As No. 45 pulled into my station at Millinocket that night the dispatcher wanted me to let him know about when they would be ready, so I got the dope from the yardmaster and passed it on to J. H. C., who was working 3rd trick at "WB." He then called the operator stationed at Sherman, whose answer came quickly:

"I. I. SN."

"I'm going to want you for a 31 soon," the dispatcher said.

"O.K.," replied the operator at SN. In about twenty minutes the conductor and engineer of No. 45 came into the station and informed me that they were about ready to go, so I passed it on to WB, and he again called SN, who answered immediately.

Now Sherman was twenty-four miles north of Millinocket, and on our road southbound trains are superior to northbound of the same class. Even numbers for southbound and odd numbers for northbound.

Well, as Sherman answered, the dispatcher said, "31 South copy 5," and the operator promptly gave him, "S.D." Then he gave me "31 North cy 3," and after my "S.D," meaning "signal displayed," he sent the following order:

> No. Forty-five (45) meets First No. Thirty-six (36) at Grindstone and Second No. Thirty-six (36) at Stacyville.

Sherman, having the superior train, repeated first and then I repeated, and in a minute or two, the conductor and engineer having signed up, I got "complete," after which away went No. 45.

About fifteen minutes after No. 45 had departed Sherman came in on the wire and told WB that 1st 36 had got by him. J. H. C. didn't waste one minute asking foolish questions of the poor fellow, but he called me and told me to see if I could get an engine quick and send it after No. 45 and try to get them stopped before 1st 36 hit 'em.

While I was getting the orders for No. 45 the yardmaster was in the office and the switcher crew, some of them at least, also knew what the order was, so I just told the yardmaster that 1st 36 had got by Sherman without getting that meet order and for him to get an engine and send it after No. 45.

He ran out on the main line and there was No. 32's engine just coming out from getting coal and water, and he ran for it and told the crew what had happened, and, by actual timing, two minutes from the time the operator at SN told of the slip there was an engine chasing No. 45—and, boy, how old Ed Leonard did chase that light engine backwards!

Well, to say the least, it didn't look good. Two fast hoggers heading for each other, one superior by direction, caring nothing about the fellow going north, and the fellow going north holding a positive meet with the southbound man at Grindstone.

We in the office began to figure out where they would hit. As it didn't sound very optimistic I shut my eyes and bowed my head in a little silent prayer that somehow they just wouldn't hit, and then we sat and waited for what we all felt would happen.

Well, to follow No. 32's engine in her chase for No. 45. Going backward in a light engine doing about sixty per is no picnic, but that it what they claimed for the light engine that night. At any rate, it caught up with No. 45 before it got near Grindstone and the light engine had a man riding the north end of her with a red lantern and then they came up as close as they dared and whistled all the whistles they could think of—some just for inspiration.

As the hogger on No. 32's engine whistled and whistled old John Frost, Conductor of No. 45, opened the caboose door and came out and saw the red light on the engine and decided that something must be rotten in Denmark, so as the boy with the red light gave him the big washout stop sign they eased up and stayed back a safe distance while Johnny pulled the air on his train.

When they got stopped Bill Boone, conductor of 32's engine, rushed up and explained to Johnny what had happened, and Johnny turned up his coat collar and turned to his rear end man.

"Well, sonny, you better go up ahead," he said, and then added, "and you better go dang quick too."

The rear brakeman beat it over the tops and met the head end man running back to meet him to see what it was all about. Then both brakemen raced ahead with a flag when they saw Joe Young's headlight coming down Summit, and it was a five-mile down grade and a grade on which Joe was said to never bother with the air.

I have heard different stories of how close they came to hitting, some to the effect that a man could stand with a foot on the pilot of each engine; others that there were two or three minutes to spare. At any rate, it took a combination of things to save that scheduled head on, but the thing that seemed to me to be the greatest factor was that 1st 36 had a hot box at Stacyville, four miles south of Sherman, and it delayed the train about twenty minutes. In fact, as we afterward figured, 1st 36 had been at Stacyville seventeen minutes before the operator at Sherman took the order at all.

And here's how it happened: The operator at Sherman, after the dispatcher called him the first time and told him he would want him for a 31, dropped to sleep and 1st 36 went by without waking him. When the dispatcher called him the second time to give him the 31 his call awoke him immediately and he answered so quickly that there was no suspicion whatever that he might have been asleep. The first the operator knew of what he had done was when he saw "2/36" in the headlight stencil of the train that came later

After he had told J.H.C. that 1st 36 had got by him he went upstairs, woke the agent up and told him he was in trouble. He tore his hair and bled at the nose and mouth until word came back to him that there was no wreck.

No one can imagine what that boy suffered except some other unlucky one who has slipped up on a 31 and has had to sit and wait to see what the mistake is going to cost in human lives.

It may not be a good ending for a story, but I hate to close it without saying that when 1st 36 did finally get to Millinocket, Engineer Joe Young and Conductor Pat Gillen were grinning, but Joe was certainly white around the gills.

Yes, there are plenty of thrills to be found in the railroad game east of the Mississippi.

A Trick at Quarry Hill

By HARDY REEVES

Illustrated by Harry C. Temple

IN five years of booming as a telegraph operator I had never worked east of the Mississippi River until late in the summer of 1916. At that time I took a fling at New York, picked off a job in the Western Union. Broadway and the white lights were insufficient to hold me, however, and one evening, with the aid of a couple glasses of beer, I unburdened myself to another operator who had just come to work.

"Give me the good old West anytime," I said. "You fellows in this part of the country have life too easy. No thrills much to your railroading here. All I've seen of these pikes is a streak of two and three and four tracks, with no train orders to speak of, and none of the elements that go into making our single iron jobs in the West something to grip you and hold you."

"You haven't seen all of the East yet," the other op said. "We've got jobs in this part of the country that are just as gripping."

We argued about it a little, but he didn't convince me any. I'd been made in the mountains of Colorado; I knew what railroading by smoke meant, which this fellow didn't, I supposed, and I knew what wild chances meant on meets and passings with single track. I was far from ready to admit that my companion knew what he was talking about, and just to find out for myself, I decided I'd take a whirl around New England and look over the territory. It couldn't do me any harm, and I'd at least be able to say that I had railroaded in the East.

Accordingly I grabbed a New Haven caboose at Harlem yards, got squared out all the way to Boston. In that city I landed on a pretty big road that had a lot of main and branch lines in several of those States up there, and the first sine I got was at a place called Quarry Hill, right up in the middle of the mountains.

Now, mind you, I'd worked some pretty tough jobs on the U. P. and the S. P. and a few other pikes where the telegraph offices were few and far between, and where most anything could happen. But when I dropped off the noon train at Quarry Hill to report to the agent, who also was the day man, I got the surprise of my life.

Here was a rustic village with a couple of mills to give employment to some of the natives, and a rock or marble quarry after which it got its name. I took a look at some of the hicks who'd come down to see the noon train pull in, and they were a handsome bunch of rough looking customers.

The day man took me under his wing and we went into the telegraph office.

"Ever work a trick in the back country?" the agent asked.

"Did I? Boy, I'll say I did," I replied, boasting a little.

"Chief tell you anything about this job?" he asked.

"No," I said, "he just told me to get out here. That's all."

My First Thought Was to Rouse Them and Send Them Home

I frowned a little at this, when the agent looked at me with puzzled eye, and wondered whether he was trying to kid me. He seemed like a pretty straight young chap. I asked him what he meant by his line of chatter.

"Oh, nothing much," he replied. "Only this night job here is a mean one. Especially on Saturday nights These quarry workers are a tough lot, and when they get paid off and get some of the local gin under the old belt they get playful."

"They play around the depot, you mean?"

"Yes," said the agent. "They don't mean any harm if you know how to handle 'em."

I told the agent I had worked a trick at several mining camps in the West, and I boasted of the fact that I had met some playful customers in time past. Then he explained my duties.

This was single iron, through here, on the main line, stretching northwest into Canada. The station was half way up a long grade and westward the freight trains had helpers. The night job meant a lot of train orders because the helpers, returning light, had to go in at Quarry Hill for westbound men coming up the grade. The agent assured me I wouldn't be lonesome. He pointed out that I would have two passenger trains. One eastbound at nine o'clock and another westbound at 12.05 in the morning. The westbound train carried through sleepers and I had to sell tickets when and if anybody wanted to ride

He showed me the cash drawer and explained that I would lock up any money I took in when I went off duty at four in the morning. You see the hours were from eight P.M. to four A.M. and after that the station was

closed until seven when the agent came on duty.

It was on Tuesday night that I went to work. We had no block signal system. I had two semaphore signals over the station platform which normally were set at stop both ways. In the event I had no orders for a train I was to set the signal at clear and let him thunder by. The signals were pulled down by means of a rope that dangled above the telegraph table. This rope had a loop in the end of it, and when you pulled the rope down, the arm on the semaphore went to clear position. The loop was then hooked over a peg at the edge of the table. Very simple and very crude when you look at what they use these days in the line of signaling.

It was a tough job all right, and a lonesome one. After the nine o'clock train went by eastward, there wasn't anything to keep you company but the chatter of the relays on the table. There were plenty of train orders, like the agent had promised, however, so I didn't notice the lonesomeness. Up and including Friday night of that week I had sold but two tickets, so that part of the job wasn't much to write home about.

When Saturday night came I suppose I found myself looking forward to the playfulness of any of the quarry workers, because you like some variety on jobs of this kind. I dropped down to the station about seven, right after supper, and went in to write a few letters until time for me to report on duty.

About seven thirty I was disturbed by some coarse laughter, crazy singing and loud talking. I heard the door in the waiting room slam and I took a peek through the ticket window. I saw four bearded brothers opening a bottle of gin and they certainly did gurgle it down. Then one came to the ticket window and began to pound on the glass. I opened up and asked them what they wanted. One snarled out a query about the time of day and I promptly told him. Another wanted to know if No. 6—the eastbound at nine—was on time and I told him it was too early to tell yet. I promised to give the dope if he came back later.

I think these delegates killed their quart then and there and pretty soon they faded out. I was convinced by the time eight thirty rolled around that the vicinity of the station certainly was a nice place for the local bootlegger—they had local option up there—and I never saw so many roughnecks come and go in my life.

No. 6 rolled down on time and thirty minutes later a westbound freight train panted up the hill with a couple of helpers cut in. He was followed ten minutes later by a like job. I had a nineteen order to hand up to the second man and I took my lamp and went to the platform. I saw two husky birds sprawled out on a baggage truck, but paid no attention to them. Another pair of quarry drunks, I thought to myself, and as they made no advances toward me, I did my work and went back inside.

Around eleven o'clock it got pretty quiet and for some reason I began to have a strange foreboding of trouble. Maybe you know the feeling. Like everything isn't just right. A couple of helper engines came down light and I found myself wondering if I had handled all my orders according to Hoyle. Felt like I was forgetting something, or like everything wasn't in regular order.

Finally I got hold of myself and passed off the sensation as just a case

Before I Could Open My Mouth He Had Me Covered with an Ugly-Looking Pistol

of nerves caused, perhaps, by the letdown after a busy evening and after having been keyed up to a certain degree expecting some rough-housing and not seeing it.

I was startled a little while later when the waiting room filled with a party of men and in answer to a tapping I went to the ticket window. A man wanted a handful of tickets to Montreal on the westbound train at midnight.

I stamped the tickets, passed them over, and collected a little over a hundred dollars for the lot. The train stopped only by flag, so after putting the money in the cash drawer, I went outside and hung up the proper lanterns. I heard the dispatcher put out an order to a helper engine that was still on the hill to wait at the next station above me for No. 3—the westbound passenger—which was about ten minutes late.

No. 3 rolled in and stopped at 12.18. The party of passengers climbed aboard, and as I came back from up the platform where I had been standing with my lantern, I saw the same two forms still stretched out on the baggage truck. My first thought was to rouse them and send them home, but I figured I'd better let well enough alone, so I went back about my business.

At 12.30 I heard the station above me report No. 3 by, and also the departure of Extra 318 east, a light helper engine, coming down. As I had no orders for the engine, I pulled the

semaphore to clear, hooked the loop in the rope over the peg, and proceeded to take a little spot if I could get it.

Only for a minute, it seemed to me, had I dozed, when I was startled to my feet by loud and boisterous laughter, and immediately I figured that some of my drunken friends had paused to pay me a call on their way home. I decided I would make short work of them, if they got too cute, when, to my amazement, the office door that opened to the waiting room flew wide in my face. I apparently had forgot to latch it when I had returned from the platform. But what startled me more than that, even, was that two brothers, red-eyed, staggered in and looked at me with darn cold eyes.

I was getting ready to kid them when the larger of the two who was first in, suddenly straightened from what appeared a drunken stagger.

"All right, pardner," he growled, "put them lily white hands o' yourn right up to the rafters."

Before I could open my mouth he had me covered with an ugly looking pistol. His companion, too, seemed to sober mighty suddenly, and I backed against the telegraph table with my hands up.

"What kind of a joke is that?" I yelped, and I know it must have sounded crazy.

"No joke, pardner," said Husky, "unless it's on you. We happen to want a little change you collected from a bunch of liquor runners who bought some tickets here a while ago."

"Yeh, an' we don't want to waste no time," said Shorty, the smaller of the pair.

I don't know what I said, but I do know I was scared to death. I remember that I made up my mind that those two brothers weren't going to get away with that ticket money without a struggle.

"Come on," said Husky. "Where you got that kale?"

He ordered his partner to search the office while he kept me covered. The partner looked at the safe and decided that the money was in there. He tried the combination, but found that the safe was securely locked. They next tried to get me to tell them the safe combination, and when I told them I didn't know anything about it, they prodded me in the ribs with the gun.

I looked over at the safe and saw my red and white lanterns in front of it. If I could only think of some way—

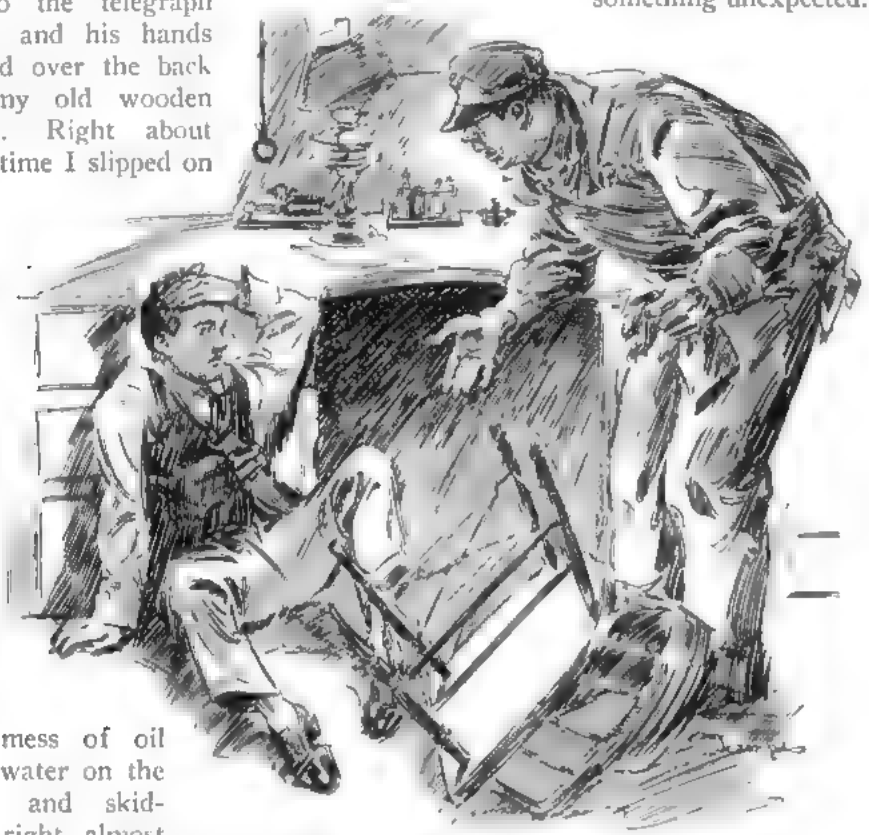
Then it came to me what I'd do. I told Husky to put up that gun and I'd open the safe. He marched me over to it and stood back a few paces while I monkeyed with the combination. I watched my chance, and when I saw that both visitors had their eyes glued on my left hand, feeling out the dial, I made a grab for my red lantern and hurled it full in the face of the man with the gun.

Boy, that lantern socked him—and how! In grabbing for his map he let go of the gun, and when his partner made a dive for it I crowned him with the other lantern. I must have put some awful force into that last throw, because the little guy slumped right down and didn't move. He was squarely on top of the pistol.

From then on it was a nice battle.

Husky was half again as big as I was, but he was clumsy. I did a lot of dodging and ducking while he made some grand dives and rushes. I staggered back against the waybill press, grabbed the bucket of dirty water that was standing there, and made a great

effort at plastering that pail right down over Husky's features. Husky saw the pail coming in time and backed out of the way. He backed into the telegraph table and his hands closed over the back of my old wooden chair. Right about that time I slipped on the mess of oil and water on the floor and skidded right almost to the feet of the demon who, as I looked up, had taken that chair and brought it back over his head for one crowning blow on me.



"Hey!" a Strange Voice Yelled, "What in Hell You Mean by Gettin' Crazy Drunk on Duty an' Throwin' the Red Board in a Man's Face?"

I remember I tried to get out of the way, but I couldn't get up. I know that I covered my head with both arms to block the blow, and the next thing I know I heard a most ungodly noise out on the platform and a terrific shattering of glass. It sounded like a freight wreck, and while I was waiting for the end my whole life went before my eyes in swift review.

In a time like that you lose track of seconds, of everything else. I don't remember clearly whether I prayed or what, but I know that I was rudely brought back to realism by something unexpected.

Gradually I came out of a daze.

"Hey!" a strange voice yelled. "What in hell you mean by gettin' crazy drunk on duty an' throwin' the board in a man's face?"

I looked up and blinked. There, standing over me, instead of Husky with upraised chair, was a man who wore overalls and had cinders in his ears. It was the engineer of the Extra 318 east.

"I'm not drunk," I said weakly, getting to my feet. "An' I didn't throw—"

Then the engineer saw the other form on the floor, just moving back into consciousness

"If you ain't drunk," he snorted, "I'd like to know what the hell kinda mess you call this."

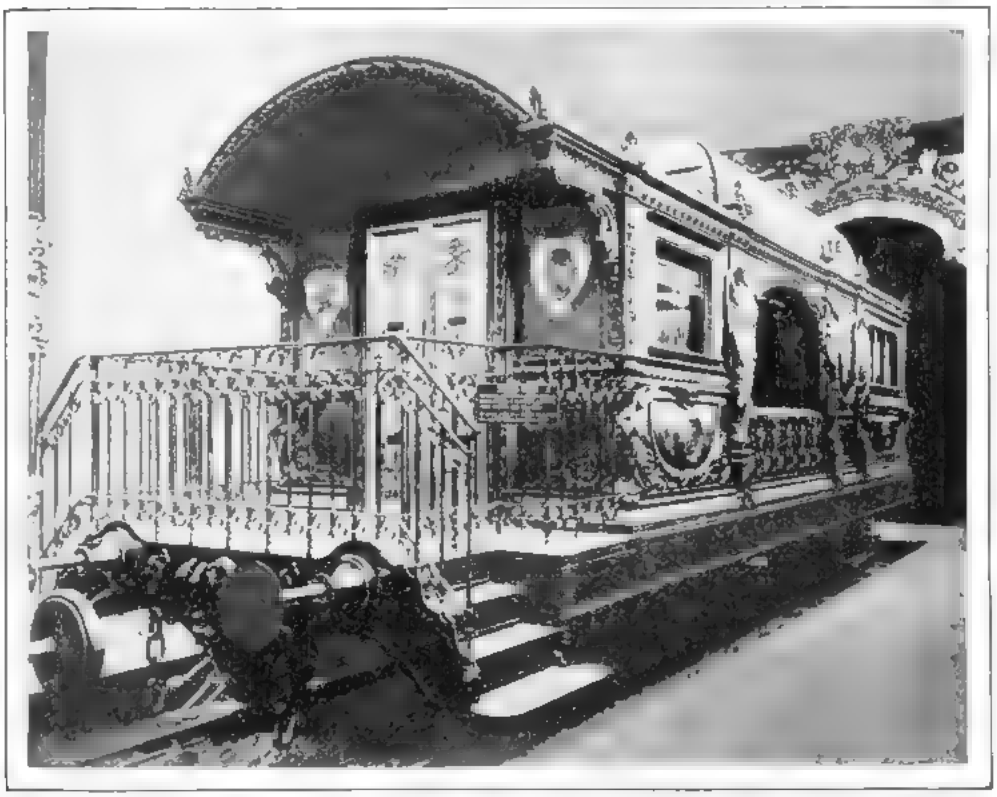
I looked around wildly.

"Say, fella," I expostulated, "there's no liquor on my breath. If you wanta know what happened, I just had the fight of my life. It ain't very amusing, either."

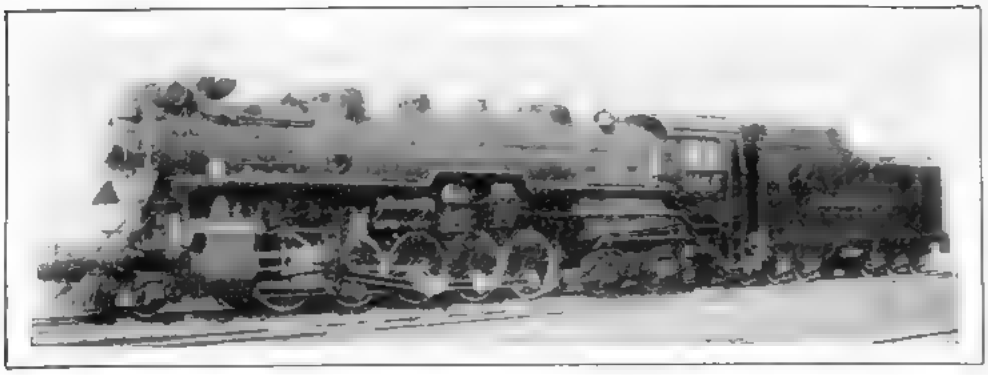
I know it looked funny to this hog-head, and it took me some time to explain about the attempted holdup. The bird on the floor bore out my story in another minute. The hogger watched the office while I went and found the local law. Then I gave the engine a clearance and reported to the dispatcher.

It took me a little while to figure out what threw the board in the face of the helper engine, then I remembered how Husky had swung my chair back over his head. In doing that he'd hit the rope and knocked the loop from over the peg. The noise of the engine going into the big hole scared Husky, and he went through the office window at the back. No. He hasn't been found yet.

PONTIFICAL SPLENDOR ON THE IRON ROAD



The Pope's Private Railroad Car, Richly Ornamented with Pure Gold It Was Captured by Garibaldi's Volunteers in Their March on Rome in 1870 and Later Was Placed in the Museum of the Castle St. Angelo



WORLD'S BIGGEST OIL-BURNING JACK

H. B. BOWEN, Chief of Motive Power and Rolling Stock of the Canadian Pacific Railways, designed the world's biggest and most powerful oil burning locomotive, recently constructed in the Angus shops at Montreal. It is the first of its kind ever put into service on the American continent, and the largest engine in the British Empire. This is the first of a fleet of new powerful jacks which C. P. R. will add to their large locomotive army.

Designed to deliver the tremendous tractive power of 83,200 pounds, this oil burner is operated on the efficient high steam pressure principle. It replaces the famous 5000 series and has 5,700 pounds greater tractive effort, and 37,000 pounds greater than the 2800 series recently hailed as the fastest and most modern passenger locomotives perfected.

The engine is equipped with a two wheel leading truck, five pairs of driving wheels and a four-wheel trailing truck. The locomotive weighs 400,500 pounds and the tender 207,000 pounds, a total of 703,500 pounds, or 351.+ tons. Although 14,000 pounds heavier than the 5000's and 120,000 pounds heavier than the 2800's, it can deliver the greatest amount of power for weight of any locomotive built, fuel consumption considered.

Known as a T 4 A, the locomotive is operating under multiple pressure and burns fuel oil. High-pressure steam is used in the middle cylinder at 850 pounds pressure. The steam is generated by heat interchange coils in the high pressure drum, the coils being part of the sealed system of tubes and headers which contains distilled water.

A pressure of about 1,350 pounds is carried in the closed generating system and heat interchange coils. The forward end of the giant boiler is of the conventional type and is capable of generating steam at 200 pounds pressure per square inch. The high pressure steam is superheated and after passing through the high pressure cylinder, is supplemented by superheated steam from the low pressure boiler and fed to the two low-pressure cylinders, the exhaust from the outer or low pressure cylinders is used in a feed water heater in the usual way, as well as to furnish stack draft.

Three cylinders, with high pressure in the middle one, with 15" inch diameter by 2 inch stroke, the two outer low pressure cylinders 24 inches by 30-inch stroke, insure tremendous driving power.

The tender, though in appearance quite like the usual hook on, is radically different from the tender we are accustomed to. It has an oil fuel capacity of 4,100 gallons and a water capacity of 12,000 gallons. *Earle W. Gage*

ENGINE PICTURE COLLECTORS

will enjoy the illustrated feature article on their hobby which will appear in the January issue of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, together with names and addresses of readers who wish to buy, sell or exchange pictures of locomotives. Ask your news dealer now to reserve your January copy, or write to

RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE : : : 280 Broadway, New York City

The Roadway Engineers

By EDWARD GILLIGAN

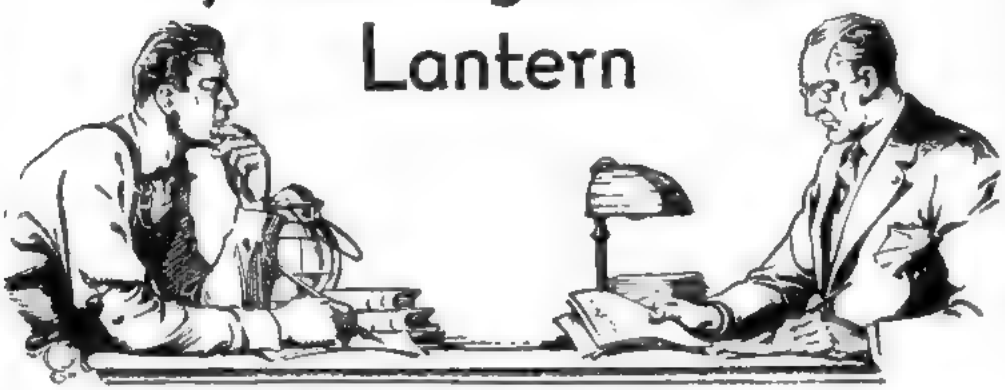
IF the boss wants a tunnel bored
Through mountains high where eagles soared,
He sends for the engineers,
And so they drill, and pile the fill
To serve in lieu of piers.

If it's four miles through solid stuff,
Where drills mushroom and quartz is tough,
The newspapers make a fuss—
But right-of-way, through stone or clay,
Is just a job to us.

We blaze our trail o'er hill and dale,
Clearing the tangled forest swale,
Bridging both swamp and hollow.
We wade in snow when north winds blow,
While the rail gangs follow.

With powder and pneumatic drill
We blast the crest from lofty hill,
Heeding neither fears nor cheers.
We don't care much for scenes and such;
We're hard-boiled engineers.

By the Light of the Lantern



WE want to be as useful as possible to our readers, but, because of the great popularity of this department, we are obliged to impose certain restrictions. It is limited to the answering of questions of an informative, technical, or historical nature only. Letters concerning positions WILL NOT be answered. All letters should be signed with the full name of the writer as an indication of his good faith We will print only his initials. The editor begs that readers sending in questions will not be disappointed if the answers do not appear as early as expected Delays are often unavoidable for two reasons: the magazine is printed two months in advance of the date of issue, and it frequently takes weeks to secure correct answers, owing to the complexity of the questions.

WHEN did the Lehigh Valley inaugurate the Black Diamond, and was this train ever hauled by camel back locomotives?

(b) When did the New York Central inaugurate the Empire State and what type engine was used to pull it?

(c) Did the Lackawanna ever use a camel back 4-4-0 on its Lackawanna Limited?

(d) Could you give me a short description of the Lackawanna & Wyoming Valley Railroad? —N W. B, Toronto, Can

(a) The Black Diamond Express was inaugurated on May 18, 1896, and at that time six engines were assigned to handle the trains, all of which were of the camel back or Mother Hubbard type

(b) The New York Central Lines inaugurated the Empire State Express October 26, 1891. Both American or 4-4-0 and ten-wheelers or 4-6-0 engines were used on this train

(c) Prior to 1000 light 4-4-0 type camel back engines were used to haul the Lackawanna Limited and all other through passenger trains In 1000 similar but somewhat larger engines of the 4-6-0 type were purchased and used on the Limited. These were replaced by new 4-4-0's which hauled the Limited then until 1905, when an improved ten-wheeler or 4-6-0 was assigned and continued on its runs until 1912 Subsequently the 4-6-2 and later the 4-8-2 type engines with standard cab arrangement, were used until October, 1927, when the present 4-8-4, or Poconо type, locomotives were placed in service between Hoboken and Scranton

(d) The corporate name of what is locally known as the Laurel Line is the Lackawanna & Wyoming Valley Railroad Company, which runs from Scranton, through Pittston, to Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania, a distance of 19 miles. Its general offices are at Scranton. It is built on a private right of way, is well constructed and double tracked. It does both a freight and passenger business and uses electricity with the third rail system of contact

B. F. T., McKinney, Texas The Santa Fe adopted the red and yellow marker lamps as standard on July 1, 1928. The unlighted marker lamps were adopted as standard approximately fifteen years ago

R. W. C., Auburn, Md.—The main line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad through to Chicago is operated under signal indications as are also certain other sections of the line specified by time-table Under such operation the movement is directed by the train dispatcher through the signalman. The signalman is directed as to the character and signal to display to the approaching train. The rules bearing on the subject of classification signals are as follows

Rule 20—All sections except the last will display two green flags and, in addition, two green lights by night, in the places provided for that purpose on the front of the engine.

Rule 21—Extra trains will display two white flags, and in addition two white lights by night, in the places provided for that purpose on the front of the engine

Rule 23-A When trains are run under signal indication, the signals prescribed by Rules 20 and 21 will not be displayed

You will note that under Rule 23-A, where signal indication is in effect, the requirements of Rules 20 and 21 are not effective

J. D., Rome, N. Y. Locomotive photographs such as you desire may be obtained from the builders and a charge is made for this service. We suggest that you write to the builders direct.

(b) The *Locomotive Encyclopedia* issued by Simmons-Boardman Company, 30 Church Street, will give you complete data on water scoops, feedwater heaters and power reverse gears, and the *Railway Engineering and Maintenance Cyclopedia*, which is published by the same company, will take care of you on train control

(c) A locomotive engineer is charged with responsibility of successfully and safely operating the locomotive and the train in his care, and he must be thoroughly conversant with all of the mechanical details of the engine he drives, the physical qualities of the road, the location of signals, yards, water tanks, coal chutes and all obstructions and buildings and platforms where clearances are at a minimum. He must familiarize himself with the book of rules, with current time card and all special instructions, and must be physically and mentally efficient at all times.

The fireman is charged with the responsibility of assisting the engineer in such duties as the engineer may prescribe and he must at all times maintain as nearly as possible a uniform temperature in the fire box to give the required amount of steam. The fireman must familiarize himself with the problem of fuel consumption and must study the needs of the locomotive to which he is assigned so that the maximum pressure may be maintained without undue waste of coal. The fireman must be equipped with a standard watch and, like the engineer, must be thoroughly conversant with the book of rules, the current division time table and the special instructions therein. He must be mentally and physically efficient and must assist the engineer in watching signals on approaching yard limits and station platforms and at all other times when his duties do not require his presence at the fire door

H. S., Albany, N. Y.—The Philadelphia & Reading Railroad locomotive No. 604 of the ten-wheeler type which you fired in 1907, was built by the Baldwin Works and was officially classed 1038D21. This locomotive had 22 x 28-inch cylinders, balanced slide valve, carried a steam pressure of 210 pounds and was built to burn anthracite fuel. The fire box had a length of 120¼ inches and a width of 108¼ inches, or 212 square feet of heating surface. The grate area was 90.4 square feet; the driving wheels were 68½ inches and the total weight of the engine and tender was about 350,000 pounds. The engine was originally designed for fast freight service. The weight on the drivers was 165,700 pounds.

F. J. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Erie Limited's motive power is of the Pacific type or 4-6-2.

(b) This train operates eastward from Chicago to Jersey City, a distance of 997.5 miles in 23 hours 45 minutes at an average speed of 42 miles per hour

(c) This train operates on its own rails from Jersey City to Chicago.

HOW many locomotives are operated by the Rock Island Railroad?

(b) What is the tractive power and other specifications of the 1700 series on the Rock Island?

(c) What is the Missouri Pacific's 9700 class?

L. B., Alexandria, La.

(a) The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad in September, 1930, had 1494 locomotives in service

(b) The 1700 class locomotives on the Rock Island were of the Consolidation type, had cylinders 24 x 30 inches, 63-inch drive wheels, carried 185 pounds steam pressure and weighed 182,300 pounds on its drivers. The weight of the engine and tender in working order was 344,910 pounds. The tractive power was 43,131 pounds. The engines were used for freight

(c) The Missouri Pacific's 9700 class locomotives are switch engines of the 0-8-0 type and are used exclusively in yard service

R. S., Sewell, N. J.—The Great Northern and the Milwaukee Lines use electric locomotives on the bulk of their passenger service, although each does employ the motor unit car.

L. C.—There are two ways for blocking the gear of the valve on the Baker motion in the event of a breakdown. A set screw is provided in the valve stem crosshead so that the valve can be blocked central over ports by clamping the valve stem crosshead to this guide. This, of course, is the procedure in the event that the engine or the gears are disabled only on one side Blocking may be accomplished another way by bolting the lower arm of the bell-crank fast to the

The First Train Ever Operated on the Soo Line out of Minneapolis

side of the frame. After the valves have been set, the reverse lever should then be put in mid gear and a hole drilled through the frame of the bell crank arm and then bolted. In some designs of the Baker gear two holes will be found drilled in the gear frame and a clamp provided to encircle the bell crank and hold it in a stationary position With this feature it is possible to get the lap and lead movement in the event that the eccentric crank, eccentric rod, radius bar, reverse yoke, gear connecting rod, horizontal arm or bell crank or short reach rod fails. If any of these parts break, the bell-crank arm should be bolted fast and the eccentric rod removed. With the gears bolted in this manner, lap and lead movement and a port opening equal to the lead for all cut-offs may be obtained.

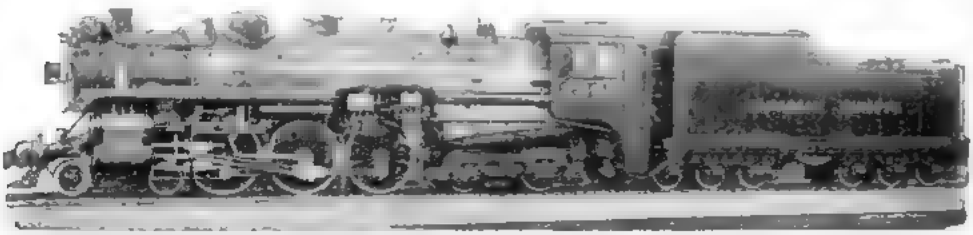
A. S., New York, N. Y.—Your questions as to the salary or wage of men in engine service should be more specific. The scale paid to firemen and enginemen differs with the weight of the engine, the type of service it is used for and the section of the country in which it is operated

A. G. F., Philadelphia, Pa. Tractive effort is the effort exerted by a locomotive in turning its wheels through the action of the steam against the pistons, which through the media of the crossheads, rods, etc., causes them to revolve and the locomotive to move along the rails. A booster is an auxiliary locomotive used to give additional tractive effort to the engine proper. It is usually built into the trailer beneath the fire box. When the engine has once started the train in motion a device in the cab allows the engineer to cut the booster out. A syphon is a triangular-shaped water leg used singularly or in multiple for adding to the heating surface of the fire box, thus promoting circulation of the water in the boiler

A. G., Staples, Minn We are able to reproduce here the earliest equipment in use on the Soo Line out of Minneapolis. The first power was of the American type, and the coaches, of course, were wooden. Note the plain dirt ballast in the photos.

O. B. K., Edmonton—Engine 2808, pictured below, Hudson type, on the Canadian Pacific, made the 1,252 mile dash from Fort William, Ont., to Calgary, Alta., over nine divisions and kept right up to time-card requirements

W. S. T. D., Milwaukee, Wis. The Northern Pacific dynamometer car you refer to was not built at the Como Shops in 1904. The old car was built at that time and was disposed of recently. The new dynamometer car was built at Como in the latter part of 1928 and has been



This Locomotive Broke World's Records in a 1,252-Mile Passenger Run Without a Change

continuously used since that time in locomotive tests. Complete technical information was published concerning this car in the *Railway Age* of February 9, 1929.

The 5200 class locomotives on the New York Central can easily handle a passenger train of eighteen solid steel Pullmans at a maximum speed of 90 miles an hour on level grade

The maximum speed for safe operation of the Class H, C. & N W locomotives is 85 miles an hour if such speed is desired The average operating speed, however, is below 65 miles an hour.

The "bird cage" observation cars you refer to are merely glass inclosed on the rear and were described in our August number in brief

HOW do the oil burning locomotives compare with the coal burning locomotives now in use on the St Louis Southwestern Railway in speed, power and economy?—S. P. B, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Oil burning locomotives on passenger and freight trains of the St. Louis Southwestern Railway Lines, when compared with coal burning locomotives of the same design, are capable of sustained running speeds with heavy trains somewhat higher than the same trains handled by coal burning locomotives. This is because the oil burning locomotives lend themselves to the maintenance of a more uniform steam pressure than the coal burners. In starting power the locomotive capacities are equal. In horse power, because of the more uniform steam pressure, the oil burning locomotives, with heavy trains, will show an output of from three per cent to ten per cent greater horse power than the coal burners.

As to economy in running, there are some indeterminate savings in boiler maintenance due to the maintenance of more uniform steam pressures. At terminals, however, in preparing locomotives for runs, or in housing locomotives after completion of runs, there are substantial saving in fuel as compared with the coal burners. For all classes of locomotives in all kinds of service it is estimated that the total fuel saving, oil versus coal, is in the neighborhood of eight per cent, the exact percentage varying from time to time with the relative fluctuations in the cost of coal and of oil

J. H F., New Haven, Conn.—The Housatonic Railroad, of which you inquired, was incorporated June 1, 1836, and organized April 5, 1837. Its first line ran from Bridgeport to New Milford, Connecticut, about 35 miles, and was opened in 1840 The line from New Milford to the Massachusetts State line, about 38.9 miles, was opened December 1, 1842. On November 26, 1888, this road built a line from Botsford, Connecticut, to Huntington, Connecticut, about 9.8 miles.

Following is a list of the railroads leased by the Housatonic Railroad Company:

BERKSHIRE ROAD

Incorporated in Massachusetts April 13, 1837; organized March 29, 1838; leased January 11, 1843. Connecticut State line to West Stockbridge, Massachusetts, 21.1 miles, opened December 1, 1842; physically joined with Housatonic Railroad under agreement of May 10, 1838; leased perpetually from date of opening to Housatonic Railroad January 11, 1843.

WEST STOCKBRIDGE RAILROAD

Incorporated in Massachusetts April 5, 1836, organized April 26, 1838; leased February 6, 1844. West Stockbridge, Massachusetts, to New York State line, about 2.8 miles, opened April 1, 1844; connected with Western Railroad (now part of Boston & Albany)

STOCKBRIDGE & PITTSFIELD RAILROAD

Incorporated in Massachusetts March 20, 1847, organized July 3, 1848; leased January 1, 1850. Van Deusenville to Pittsfield, about 22.7 miles, opened December 24, 1849; leased perpetually to Housatonic Railroad from January 1, 1850, on January 25, 1850.

NEW YORK, HOUSATONIC & NORTHERN RAILROAD

This was a New York corporation and was authorized by Act of Connecticut, dated July 1, 1864, to construct a railroad from New York State line to Brookfield, Connecticut. Only the portion from Danbury, Connecticut, to Brookfield Junction, Connecticut, was built, a distance of about 5.4 miles, and opened September 24, 1868; leased March 1, 1872, and bought October 9, 1882

DANBURY AND NORWALK RAILROAD

Incorporated in Connecticut May 29, 1850; organized June 7, 1850; leased October 1, 1886. Danbury, Connecticut, to South Norwalk, Connecticut, 23.8 miles, opened February 22, 1852. Branchville, Connecticut, to Ridgefield, Connecticut, about 4 miles, opened July, 1870. South Norwalk to Wilson's Point, Connecticut, about 2.7 miles, opened July, 1882. Hawleyville, Connecticut to Bethel, Connecticut, 6 miles, opened July, 1872.

NEW HAVEN & DERBY RAILROAD

Incorporated in Connecticut July 9, 1864; organized April 24, 1867; leased July 10, 1889. New Haven to Ansonia, Connecticut, about 13 miles, opened August 5, 1871. Derby Junction, Connecticut, to Huntington, about 3.8 miles, opened November 14, 1888.

On September 10, 1892, the Housatonic Rail-

road Company, the Danbury & Norwalk Railroad Company and the New Haven & Derby Railroad Company each leased its railroad and property to the New Haven for 99 years from July 1, 1892. Each of these leases provided for an exchange of stock

On February 24, 1893, the Berkshire Railroad Company, the Stockbridge & Pittsfield Railroad Company and the West Stockbridge Railroad Corporation were all leased to the New Haven for 99 years from April 1, 1893

On March 29, 1898, a certificate of retirement was filed with the Secretary of State of Connecticut. It was approved June 22, 1889, and on that date the Housatonic Railroad Company ceased to exist as a separate corporation. Its franchises and property were transferred to and merged in the stock and franchise of the New Haven

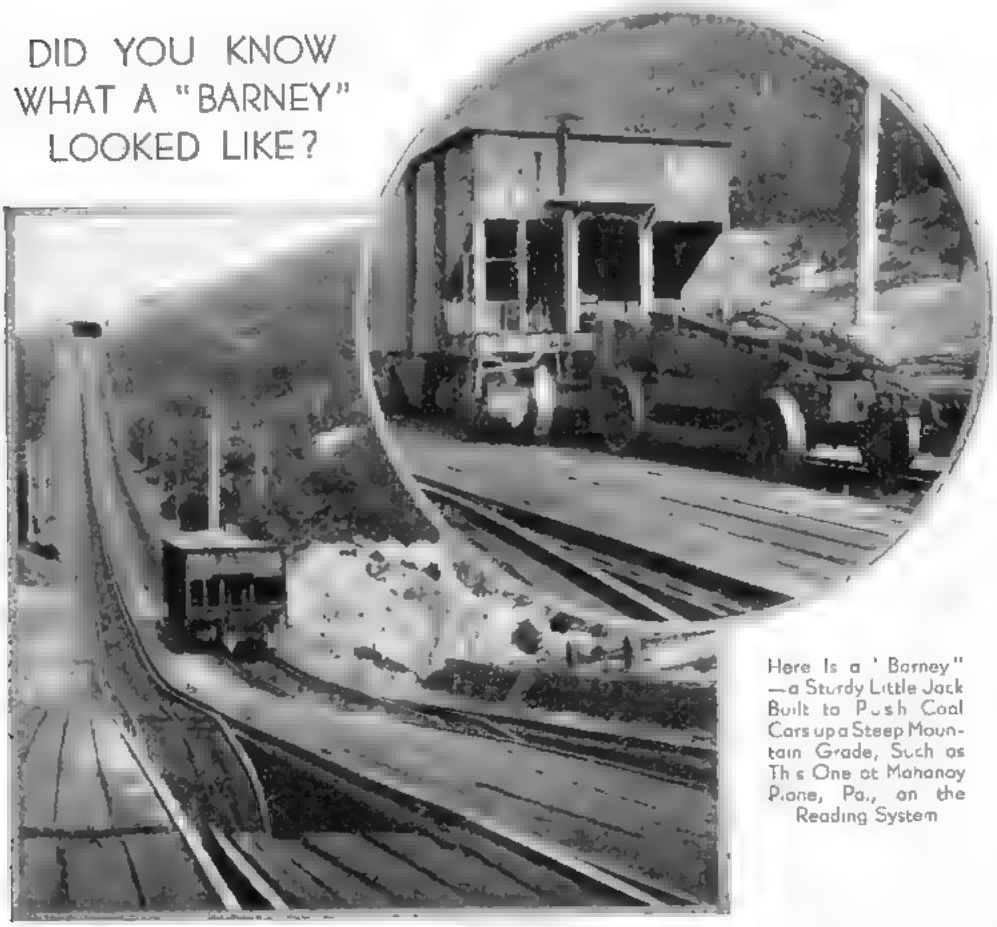
On March 23, 1905, the Berkshire Railroad Company, the Stockbridge & Pittsfield Railroad Company and the West Stockbridge Railroad Corporation were authorized by an act of Massachusetts to unite as one corporation under the name of the Berkshire Railroad Company, and this company was granted permission to convey its property and franchises to the New Haven June 30, 1910, which was done October 26, 1910

The Danbury & Norwalk Railroad Company by deed dated October 26, 1905, conveyed all its property and rights, except its franchise of being a corporation, to the New Haven, as did the New Haven & Derby Railroad Company by deed dated November 3, 1905. Both of these companies later merged in the New Haven on March 26, 1907

Thus the title to all railroads and property formerly operated by the Housatonic Railroad Company, whether by ownership or lease, passed to the New Haven

---

DID YOU KNOW WHAT A "BARNEY" LOOKED LIKE?



Here Is a "Barney" —a Sturdy Little Jack Built to Push Coal Cars up a Steep Mountain Grade, Such as This One at Mahanoy Plane, Pa., on the Reading System

When the King Travels

A Rolling Palace Takes the British Monarch to Any Point in England, Scotland or Wales, but He Pays a High Railway Fare

By SIDNEY SMITH

CONTRARY to popular belief, the King of England does not ride free of charge. The four important railway systems in Great Britain maintain a special train exclusively for the royal family. When traveling, George V is charged thirteen shillings and fourpence a mile for the use of the train itself, in addition to regular first-class fare for every person in his party making the trip. Thus the king pays the same railroad fare for his valet that he pays for himself or the queen

The royal cars are decorated and equipped with the luxury of a palace. Their interior color scheme is chiefly ivory and white, although blue—Queen Mary's favorite hue—predominates in the salon on her private car. Part o the regal furniture is trimmed in green silk, the remainder in Jacobean tapestry, while the doors are of polished teakwood. The king's salon is finished in "fiddleback" mahogany; on each side is a mahogany table, and in each corner an upholstered armchair in apple-green morocco leather.

A square vestibule leads into the king's salon, which adjoins the day compartment. Next to that is his majesty's bedroom, furnished with a silver-plated bed, a satinwood dressing table and other expensive furniture.

In 1860 This Engine Hauled the Prince of Wales (Edward VII) on His Tour of Canada

Day Salon in King George's Royal Palace

The dining room is fitted up sumptuously, and the kitchen is a model of efficiency. So perfectly balanced are the coaches and so well are they protected with anti-jarring devices that the sovereign can write at his desk with ease whenever he feels so inclined, even though the train may be tearing along at high speed.

A train telephone system permits the train crew, the engine crew and the royal staff to communicate with one another as often as is necessary without disturbing the monarch. The train has a radio, of course, and in each compartment of the grand salon is a push-button labeled "Equerry," which enables King George to get immediate service from members of his suite, who occupy a luxuriously furnished car behind the diner.

Whenever British royalty uses a railroad the officials of that road, as well as many of its employees, take an active part in assuring that the journey is made with the utmost safety and comfort.

Every foot of the right of way over which the ruler will travel is inspected in advance. At grade crossings gates are locked some time before the special is to thunder past, and all shunting operations are halted half an hour before it is due to enter a given section. Additional precautions are taken in case, for any reason, the block signal system should prove ineffective. The train's progress is signaled, mile by mile, with flag or lamp, which puts the emphasis on safety rather than speed.

The operating crews are chosen with exceptional care and given extraordinary instructions, and the best available locomotive is hooked up to the king's special. Four sharp rings of the signal box, repeated thrice, announce the approach of this train, which, of course, is given precedence over all other traffic. A staff of expert telephone operators and linesmen aboard the train has the privilege of

tapping wires anywhere along the line, using the call signal RX.* All other messages on that wire must wait until RX has had its say

No trains are maintained permanently and exclusively for King George and his immediate family anywhere except in England, Scotland and Wales, although British royalty visiting other parts of the far-flung empire almost always travels in special trains. One of our photographs shows Grand Trunk Locomotive No. 209, which hauled a special in 1860 for the then Prince of Wales—later Edward VII—on his tour of Canada. No. 209 was the pride of the Grand Trunk Railway, having been built the year before at Montreal as one of the world's first "outside connected" engines.

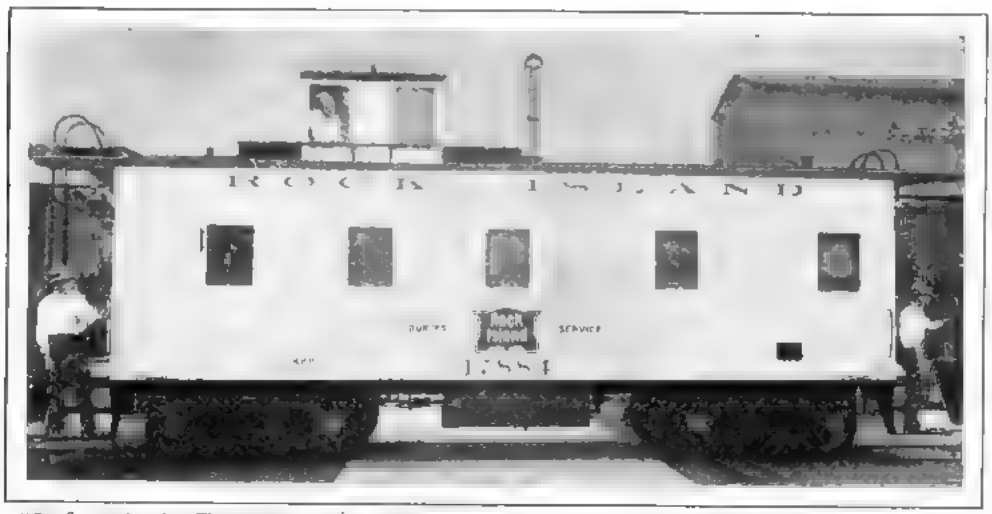
Nowadays when the Prince of Wales visits Canada he usually travels in the governor general's big $500,000 twin palace cars, the most luxurious coaches on the American continent, built in 1927. These two cars, known colloquially as the royal G.G.'s, are painted a deep violet color, with the Canadian crest emblazoned in heraldic fashion on their sides

One car contains adjoining bedrooms for the governor general and his wife, with a little open hatchway in the mahogany partition through which they may converse. There is a sitting room with chintz-covered easy chairs and sofas, book shelves, a radio, a writing desk, and holders for both potted and cut flowers. There are rooms for the private secretary, aides-de-camp and lady in waiting.

The other car contains a reception room and a dining room which seats twelve persons; also a model kitchen and servants' quarters. The whole is furnished tastefully and luxuriously.

Even to look at such gorgeousness is a rather thrilling experience; but the scenery over which king or governor general casts his eyes is exactly the same as that viewed by any passenger or the poorest hobo riding "side-door Pullman."

*From *Rex*, the Latin word meaning "king"



"Fit for a King!" That's What Rails Say of the Fifty New, Aluminum-Painted, Steel Crummies Recently Built by the Rock Island at Its Blue Island, Illinois, Shops. One of Them Is Pictured Here

Many Thousands of Dollars in Freight and Passenger Traffic Have Been Diverted to the Central of Georgia Railway by Members of the Cedartown Ladies' Solicitation and Safety Club

A LIVELY GROUP OF BUSINESS-GETTERS

THERE'S a live and active organization down in Georgia known as the "Ladies' Solicitation and Safety Club" at Cedartown, a busy town of five thousand inhabitants and a division terminal of the Central of Georgia Railway. The club has nearly one hundred members—all wives, mothers, daughters or sisters of men in C. of G. service.

Their object, as the name indicates, is to get business for the railroad and to promote safety for both employees and traveling public. Naturally, they are loyal to the company which supplies the family income, and their solicitation has greatly increased the Georgia Central's revenue. One member influenced traffic routing which brought in $30,000 worth of business.

The women find that the tradespeople with whom they deal are more than willing to listen to them. For instance, the grocer has a ready ear for the housekeeper who gives him daily orders, the automobile salesman is glad to please the customer who selects and drives the family car.

Since the men of the households represented at the club's monthly business and social sessions are all in railroad work, the safety question is of direct concern to each woman, and this topic is always discussed. Accidents are analyzed to determine how their recurrence may be prevented. Campaigns are conducted to educate motorists in grade-crossing safety.

Teas, picnics, watermelon parties, prize contests, etc., are among the social features of this club, and their monthly publication, *Cedartown Chat*, of which Mrs. X. N. David is editor and Mrs. J. L. Low associate editor, goes to all members and to employees, patrons and friends of the railroad.

The club is four years old. Officers are Mrs. Ira L. St. Clair, president, Mrs. J. Bryan Coffee, vice president, Mrs. R. L. Warren, secretary and treasurer, Mrs. E. A. Woodward, general chairman and Mrs. J. G. Witcher, group chairman, wife of the company's Cedartown agent.

The group picture shows (reading from left to right):

(FIRST ROW) Mrs. J. G. Witcher, Mrs. J. L. Low, Mrs. X. N. David, Mrs. Ira L. St. Clair, Mrs. R. L. Warren, Mrs. E. A. Woodward, Mrs. J. Bryan Coffee. (SECOND ROW) Mrs. W. A. Green, Mrs. J. A. Salley, Mrs. C. M. Tuggle, Mrs. G. L. Livesey, Mrs. C. C. Coffee, Mrs. S. N. Clary, Sr. THIRD ROW: Mrs. C. B. Chapman, Mrs. O. A. Williamson, Mrs. J. C. Hendricks, Mrs. R. L. McCollum, Mrs. Wesley Henley, Mrs. R. L. Stephens, Mrs. Olga Hendrix, Mrs. J. H. Williams. (FOURTH ROW) Mrs. S. N. Clary, Jr., Mrs. Paul West, Mrs. W. W. Boulineau, Mrs. W. J. Foster, Mrs. B. F. Archer, Miss Bessie Chappel, Mrs. T. J. Ricks. (FIFTH ROW) Mrs. Matt O'Hara, Mrs. W. W. Barnes, Mrs. H. E. Underwood, Mrs. K. G. Ragan, Mrs. J. B. Tamplin, Mrs. Robert Leslie, Miss Sara Branch, Mrs. E. W. Fuller, Mrs. T. R. Duke, Mrs. John Northcutt, Mrs. A. J. Wiley. (SIXTH ROW) Mrs. O. B. Tyler, Mrs. J. B. Roberts, Mrs. M. B. Woodward, Mrs. Wade Akin, Mrs. T. E. Underwood, Mrs. J. B. Griswold, Mrs. C. M. Meredith, Mrs. L. F. Wingard, Mrs. G. L. Warren, Mrs. C. E. Gray, Mrs. C. M. Bentley, and Miss Mamie Surls.

Rusty Threads

"A Guy With a Big Fear Working Constantly at the Back of His Brain Writes His Own Ticket to the Cemetery"

By BOB CROSS

Illustrated by John R. Neill

GREETINGS, lads! Might a stranger join your little circle? Ah, fine! That's comradeship — comradeship of the destitute.

I saw your fire flickering, smelled your coffee. It beckoned — drew me like flame draws a moth. The aroma of that Java—aye, by the gods, I will! Now, that *is* coffee. Warms the cockles of a man's heart, it does.

Eh? Hail from, you ask? Well, now, most recently from that empty corncrib back there in the deeper shadows. I'd have joined you sooner, only I must have fallen asleep. A man will do that, you know.

I holed up in that crib when I found I hadn't even a single match to start a fire with. Must have lost the little box I had. A man feels pretty bad on the ground at night without a fire, so the crib came in handy. I might have been there yet, but a filthy rat crawled over me. Ugh! I *hate* rats!

I never see a rat but what it makes me shudder. I'm not afraid of rats in any sense of the word—but the damn' things are horribly suggestive of—what befell Crandal. . . . Story? Say, I'd rather curl up here and go back to sleep. . . . Oh, well, if you insist . . .

II

I'M a bum by trade, but I used to be a full-fledged car tonk with plenty of seniority. And then I got caught. All on account of the draft—and rats! Trench rats — big, man-eating brutes that came across the ocean by proxy and nested in a tallowpot's dome.

Yes, *by proxy*, I said . . . How is it possible for rats to do anything by proxy? Anything is possible if a fireman is involved, especially a fireman like George Crandal. Not that he couldn't keep an engine hot. There wasn't anything wrong with Crandal's stoking technic. His trouble was entirely mental.

I don't know when that guy first learned there was such a thing as a trench rat. Probably in '15 or '16. Anyway, he heard about 'em. The way I got it, Crandal went to hear a lecture on the big war. A little shrimp who did the talking must have said something about trench rats — something that took root in Crandal's brain and started to grow. And by the time we got into the war, Crandal's mental rats had raised families and the whole tribe kept gnawing on his brain.

Just after they had started drawings for the draft, Crandal showed up at Bayside Yards. . . . You know Bayside? No? Well, it's a little receiving yard a hell of a long ways back there toward where the sun comes up. Right now the boys there are working their heads off—the second-trickers at Bayside.

"Greetings, Lads! Might a Stranger Join Your Little Circle?"

They were drawing off the first-class draft prospects when Crandal arrived. He came in on one of the first-trick engines, and for a few days he was just an ordinary fireman, attracting no more attention than any other fireman. I didn't even notice that the job had a new tallow until one day the goat slid off the rail at the east end of number eleven track. I happened to be there and helped Crandal to rerail the engine.

The next day I got better acquainted with Crandal. Right off the bat I figured something was eating on him.

Always at noon the works would bring their lunch and eat it in the shade. Old "Bill" Henley, my foreman, and me—we always joined in and the gang discussed the war. Up to then Crandal had eaten in the cab and stayed away from everybody. But this day he dropped down out of the engine and ambled over to join us, after he'd eaten.

He came up just as old "Tuffy" Sloan, Crandal's hogger, was giving some of the youngsters a tongue-lashing for letting themselves be conscripted instead of volunteering. Most of us in that gathering were too old for the draft, but I saw Crandal's face get pale and he actually winced when Tuffy pointed a finger in scorn and ended his tirade with:

"There's a fine example for you! Strappin' young buck, not a day over twenty-three, waitin' to be drafted. I ain't sayin' you're yeller, son, but even if you are in Class Two, they'll be gettin' you in another month or so. They've drew about all the Class Ones outta the hat . . ."

Crandal just stood there, changing colors and gulping. While it was nothing to me, I did feel a little sorry for the boy. But he took a brace on himself, and the way he answered Tuffy wasn't exactly what I looked for.

"I ain't yeller, ya big cow. But I ain't goin' to be drafted, see? Firin' a engine is more important to the coun-

try than totin' a gun, or maybe bein' bait for them man-eatin' trench rats—" Thereupon Crandal shook all over. "A good fireman," he continued, "is more good than a regiment. Without firemen, trains can't run. I do my share of winnin' the war right here, see? An' if I hear another crack about bein' yeller, the guy who makes it is goin' through a private war of his own. Don't forget—none of you!"

Crandal, pale at the lips, went back to the engine. We all felt that maybe Tuffy hadn't been considerate enough, so I climbed on him about it. But Tuffy didn't agree.

"Him!" Tuffy snorted when I got through. "That guy's got a yeller streak up his back. Lemme tell ya, Packin' Iron"—that was my handle, hung on me after I had monkeyed around a couple of years trying to get the railroad to adopt my idea of a fancy packing iron—"he was practically run off the division because of the razzin' his mates put him through, an' he took this yard job to get away from it. He's got plenty of nerve when it comes to firin', but it leaked out that he's afraid of war. Just mention war an' see how pale and limber he gets—an' I don't like to be workin' with a dam' slacker."

III

It wasn't long until the Government had summoned about all the Class One draftees and started on Class Two. One of the yard clerks got a telegram to report at draft headquarters on the Fourth of July. Before leaving he went around shaking hands with everybody he knew.

Crandal heard about it, of course. Old Tuffy had got down off the engine to tell the clerk good-by, and when he got back on the seat box he pointed at the departing muddler and said to Crandal:

"There goes the first number twoer, son. You'll be his second section pretty soon, I betcha!"

Crandal didn't say anything. Maybe he was too filled with indigo thoughts. I think he was weighted down with thoughts, because that day at noon he came over to our shanty and squatted in my chair.

It had started to rain, so the crew was eating in the switch shanty. We didn't mind the boys eating on our bench, but we drew the line on their bringing grub in our little office—a line everybody concerned respected. It was a breach of manners for a tallowpot even to dare think about stopping in our department to loaf—much less doing it. A tallow's place was in the engine or out in the open spaces, not in the car tonk's place of business.

I was ready to tell Crandal that he had a hell of a nerve when I caught old Bill's eye giving me the big wink So I held my peace. But I've wished a hundred times that I'd have kicked Crandal out no sooner than he darkened our door.

Well, that tallow sat down in my chair with a sort of beseeching plea in his throaty:

"Howdy, men, you don't care if I set in here an' talk to you a minute or two?"

Bill made Crandal welcome in the friendliest way I ever heard that old codger address anybody. I might have known there was some devilment behind it.

"'Course not, son," Bill answered. "Here's one place a peace-lovin' man can find welcome an' rest. Dam' glad to have a man of my own way of thinkin' drop in on me any time. Some of these rude fools around here are

offa you, but not old Bill Henley, nawsir!"

Well, you could have knocked me over with a feather. I knew Bill as a rabid war fan, but he seemed so genuine that I began to think I'd figured him wrong. I was taken with my own thoughts for a minute or so and lost track of the conversation. When I got focused again Bill was saying:

"An' if I Hear Another Crack About Bein' Yeller, the Guy Who Makes It Is Goin' Through a Private War of His Own"

"So you want my opinion about which is the most important to the world in this war—firemen or switchmen? Well, now, that's a easy one. I been through other wars an' I know. But why do you ask?"

I could see a big twinkle in Bill's eye, so then I knew he was baiting Crandal. After hum-hawing around a little, the tallowpot came out with:

"I ain't no coward, ya understand. But this war ain't none of my makin'. So I aim to stay out of it an' do my bit right here. Why the hell should I go over across a ocean to fight for the damned foreigners? Just think of it"—Crandal shut his eyes and shuddered—"sleepin' in a muddy trench an' wake up to find one of them big trench rats eatin' a hole in your face. I just ain't goin' to do it . . . So I wanna know what's the most valuable, fireman or switchman?"

It was the first good study I'd made of Crandal. He was plenty dumb-looking, but there was something intense about his eyes—drawn, they were. And there was something else about the whole of his figure that made you want to pity him one moment and kick him the next.

You can put him down as a big, rawboned squarehead with a five-year grade school education that was mostly baked out in the flare of the firebox.

Bill slipped me another wink, then said to Crandal:

"Well, son, since you tell me why you want to know, I'll give you the answer—but don't get the idea I'm runnin' down your perfession. The truth is—switchmen's the most important by far and away. Without switchmen, they wouldn't be any

trains made up. Anybody can fire a engine, even hunkies. It takes brains to switch—an' a big strong monk could be learned to heave coal. See the difference?"

Just then Tuffy, back on the pony after the lunch period, set up a nasty tooting on the whistle. Crandal, with a quick "Much obliged," dashed out. I watched him run to the engine, and I don't believe I ever saw a guy with a more clumsy gait. Then I jumped on Bill.

"Just what the hell, old-timer?" I asked.

"Experiment, Packin', my boy; just an experiment," Bill explained. "I'll lay you a month's pay that this dear old pike is goin' to lose one of its huskiest coal heavers mighty soon. Want it?"

I told Bill to go to the devil.

IV

You can believe it or not, but the very next morning Crandal's engine showed up with Tuffy at the throttle and a new tallow at the scoop. At lunch that day, Bill asked Tuffy where his pet aversion was, and learned that Crandal had laid off. Bill chuckled, but said nothing.

A day or so passed and I'd almost forgot Crandal. However, I was destined to meet him again, to my everlasting grief.

In less than a week after Tuffy had told us that Crandal was laying off, lo and behold, Mr. Crandal himself showed up at Bayside as a full-fledged switchman! He'd actually quit his job firing—gave up all his seniority!

Bill and I were sitting on the bench when the nine o'clock engine came in off the main from the house, and who else but Crandal brought it in? Good Lord! But I was knocked cold for a second when I saw Crandal on that footboard.

I nudged Bill and pointed to what I thought might be an illusion. Bill saw, too, and laughed so hard I thought he'd break something deep inside.

"By Jumpin' Judas!" Bill croaked as the engine drifted down the lead. "Dam' if he didn't believe what I told him!"

I told Bill he ought to be strung up to a tree, but Bill just started chuckling and kept it up most of the morning. We couldn't tell how Crandal was getting along as the job worked down at the east end of the yard all morning. But about one o'clock we found out several things:

That Crandal was the clumsiest imitation of a switchman ever let loose on Bayside, and the dumbest. But the next bearer of tidings gave us a jolt. "Slab" York, the chief yard clerk, stopped in after a trip to the other end of the yard.

"How's this for a sample of breaks handed out to a guy?" Slab exclaimed. "That goofy fireman, Crandal, quit the scoop in favor of the brake club, and everybody says he done it to keep ahead of the draft after getting the idea a switchman wouldn't be drafted. Now get this." Slab paused a long time to let us collect ourselves for what he had to impart. "On his first day as a switcher on the extra list, Crandal is called for a job off which the regular switchman was drafted! Some break, huh?"

Slab went giggling out the door. Bill and I just looked dumbly at each other as the import of Slab's message sank in.

Neither of us had heard up until then that little Ossie Carter, the nine o'clock's regular field man, had been called for the war. Ossie had kept it

"This War Ain't None of My Makin' an' I Aim to Stay Out of It. . . . So I Wanna Know What's the Most Valuable, Fireman or Switchman?"

all to himself, except for calling up the night yardmaster and telling him that he might not show up for work for a long time.

Later in the day the boys heard that Ossie had gone off to war. I'd just begun to give Bill the cussing out he deserved when in came Mr. Crandal, very much excited. He'd heard about Ossie, too!

Boys, that guy's eyes looked more strained than ever. He paced the floor like a wild man, asking Bill what could be done about it. I felt mighty sorry for Crandal right then. The word "doom" seemed written on his sweating forehead.

But I didn't want it. I knew danged well that Crandal 'd show up on the job next morning without his teeth. And sure enough, he did. Everybody on the works knew why he did it, too—that is, they knew it was to evade the draft; they didn't know that Bill

put him hep to the idea. So Crandal led one mighty tough life from then on. But it didn't last long—Crandal's life.

V

You can take it any way you please, boys, but I say a guy with a big fear working constantly at the back of his brain writes his own ticket to the cemetery. Crandal had the fear, and when he quit stoking to twist down brake wheels, he wrote the ticket. And on his fifth day of switching at Bayside, he used the ticket.

I told you Crandal was as clumsy as a cow, didn't I? Well, during four of his five days of hopping cars he had a dozen or more narrow escapes. The boys he worked with wouldn't show him anything, and he had a hell of a time getting along. So what happened was inevitable.

Maybe Fate took pity on the poor devil and arranged things accordingly. I don't know about that. What I do know is that they hung the blame for Crandal's end on me—called it criminal carelessness.

On that fifth day, along about noon, the Belt shoved in a measly little string of coal for the Northside yards. As soon as the engine cut off, I hung my blue flag up and went around the cut. I looked it over with as much care as I ever looked at any string of cars, which was plenty careful. There wasn't a danged thing wrong with any of 'em, I'd swear.

After I lifted the blue flag, Crandal's pony coupled on and hiked the cut to the other end of the yard to put it where it belonged. Crandal rode the hind car as they pulled the string through track six.

I can see him now, standing in the coal on that rear car, looking down at his big hands resting on the brake wheel. I had a good look at him, as I also rode that rear car, hanging on the side at the "B" end, just below Crandal

I had some hose couplings to make on a city cut at the other end of track ten, so I rode the rear car of the cut I'd just inspected to save me a walk. As I hung on that car the few minutes it took to pull through track six, I noticed Crandal's face and eyes looked more strained than ever before.

At the other end of six I dropped off while the cut went further up the lead. The two rear cars of the Belt cut had to be kicked down in nine, which was clear, and the remainder of it went in number thirteen. So the cut stopped just above number thirteen switch.

Doyle, the nine o'clock foreman, kicked off the two rear cars to Crandal, who'd dropped off at number nine switch.

I stopped to watch Crandal catch the two gonds rolling to him. By the time they reached him they were picking up speed, and I sucked in my breath as I saw how like a cow he was in swinging on.

Instead of catching 'em at the east end, he grabbed the car first reaching him and climbed up to the wheel. He didn't have a club, so he started to twist the brake wheel as soon as he got up to it, with both his big feet on the little dog platform and his body leaning back as he twisted the harder.

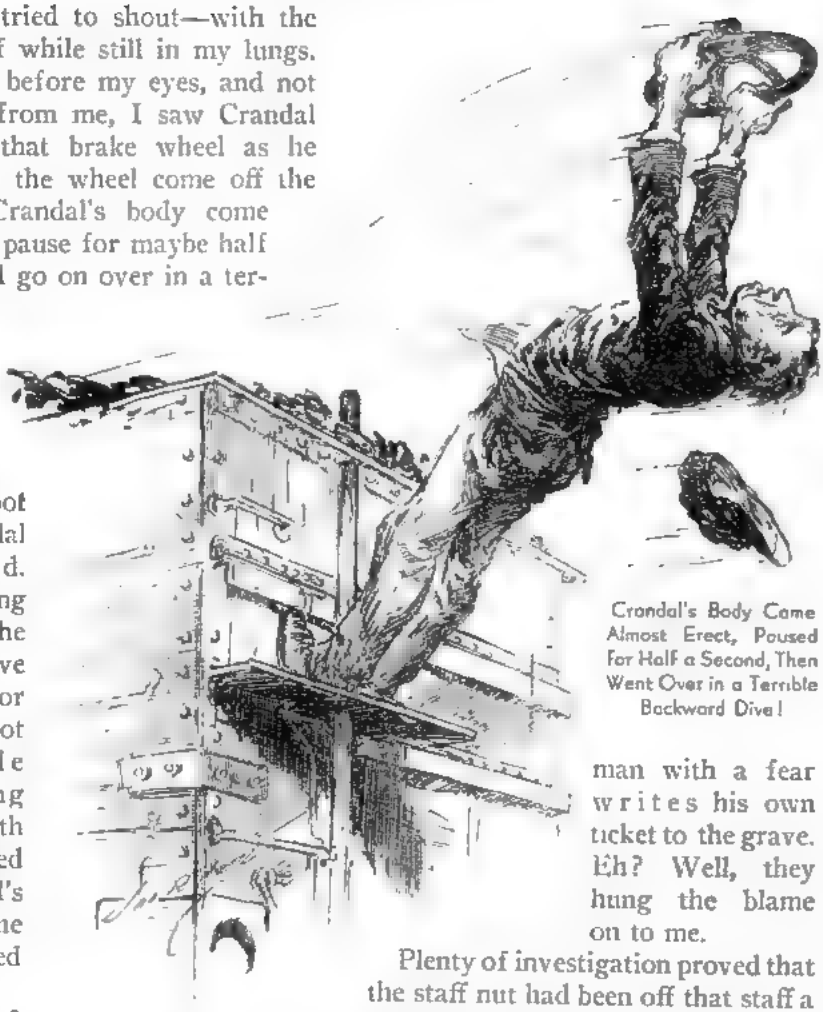
"Of all the dumb methods of tying down just two cars," I said to myself, "this takes the palm. Why didn't that sap catch the other car and do his braking where it 'd be more healthy in case he falls?"

That was what I said to myself as I kept my eyes on Crandal. Then I

shouted—or tried to shout—with the sound cut off while still in my lungs.

For there, before my eyes, and not twenty feet from me, I saw Crandal pull up on that brake wheel as he twisted—saw the wheel come off the staff—saw Crandal's body come almost erect, pause for maybe half a second, and go on over in a terrible backward dive.

Thereupon I let out a real yell and ran toward the spot where Crandal had dived. Doyle, coming back down the lead, must have seen it, too, for when I got there Doyle was running hard by. Both cars had rolled over Crandal's middle by the time I reached him.



Crandal's Body Came Almost Erect, Paused for Half a Second, Then Went Over in a Terrible Backward Dive!

Doyle and I leaned down close to Crandal's lips as we saw him mumbling. We couldn't get what he said.

Then Crandal opened his eyes and actually smiled! He shut his eyes again, still smiling, but now we could catch what his lips whispered as we bent down, Doyle holding his head.

"Fooled 'em," Crandal whispered faintly. "The rats, trench — fooled 'em. No—army—now."

VI

That was the end of Crandal's worry and his fear. It's as I said, a man with a fear writes his own ticket to the grave. Eh? Well, they hung the blame on to me.

Plenty of investigation proved that the staff nut had been off that staff a long time. The evidence was rusty threads. Old defect, they said, and I was careless in overlooking it.

Maybe they were right; maybe. But I've got a clear conscience. In Crandal's pocket was a telegram from Terre Haute, where he'd registered, ordering him to report the next day. That nut might have been almost off—but it was in place, at least, when I took off my blue flag.

Hard, you say? Yeh, sounds that way. But I never could figure old Bill. Heard he bought a stone for Crandal's grave. Crandal didn't have any folks.

Christmas Eve at Katahdin

By Olin Lyman

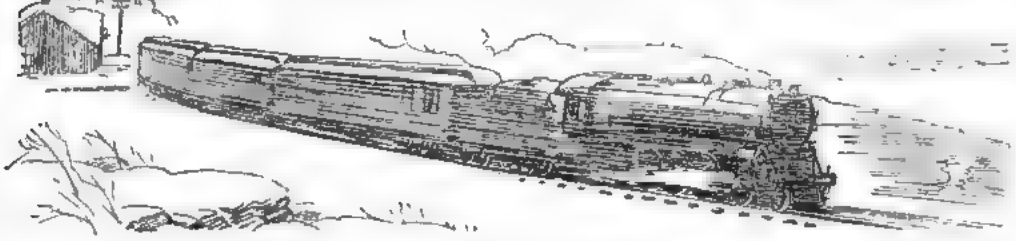
FIFTY below—and the snow-pearl gleaming
Mile up in the air on old Katahdin's head;
Frost on the rails—and the siren screaming,
Green light at the station—and the tots abed,
Dreaming of old Santa and his sack of dole,
Harnessing his reindeer up around the Pole.

Icy cedar-ghosts—and the round moon staring
Down at frozen river and the lonely hill;
Hearth on the north—the borealis flaring,
Kindling where the bending sky is vast and chill;
Green light at the station and the spruce and pine
Ramparts on the Bangor & Aroostook line.

Silver-tipped firs—and the white cold stealing
Downward from the ridges to the valley's brim;
Red hearts of coal—and a thunderous wheeling
Onward in the starlight toward a misty rim;
Somewhere south of Suez sprawls a coral isle,
But there's a brittle beauty in an ice-cap's smile.

'Way up in Maine—and the pulp mill growling
Hard by the Penobscot where the ice is blue;
Midnight and past—and the whistle howling.
Swing the bell for Christmas as the mail comes through;
Drivers all are spinning in the steam and grease,
Rolling for the glory of the Prince of Peace.

Sand on the rails, and a throttle in high,
While children dream of Santa, driving down the sky.



The Boomers' Corner

BROTHERS, pull up that bench and listen! Here's a worthy . boomer from Brooklyn, New York, who comes forth to make his presence known and at the same time plant the seed of a swell idea. We have been talking in this corner of ours for several months now, about getting a Boomers' organization started and this lad has a pretty good hunch on what the organization should accomplish. This letter needs some attention from the rest of you worthies and the skipper of this hack wants to hear you express yourselves. Here's the dope:

DEAR BOOMER:

Since our magazine has made its reappearance in December last I've been reading in the Boomers' Corner of the long strings of jobs held by our brethren, and although I'm somewhat of a boomer myself I'm not going to attempt to match the records of those so far registered, but am modestly requesting just a little recognition for some gandy-dancing on the C. B. & Q. at Bishop, Wyoming, on an extra gang shipped from Omaha, some more of the same for the C. & N. W. at Douglas, Wyoming, again for the U. P. at Loring, Kansas; a little laboring in the scrap yard of the C. & A. at Bloomington, Illinois, electrician on construction of the Pennsy roundhouse at Cresthne, Ohio, more gandy-dancing for the N Y. Central at Dunkirk, New York, braking on the N. Y. Central on the Hudson Division, signal wireman on the Pennsy at Sunnyside yards and at Manhattan Transfer, signal wireman for the B. & O (Staten Island R T.), Boonton branch, towerman on Rapid Transit Road in New York City, then back to school. Later I was signal designer in the office of a New York City rapid transit road and for the past three years have served as engineer designing the signaling for a large rapid transit project in New York City.

I've also been reading in the letters of many brothers, their suggestions for the formation of some sort of Boomers' organization, the purpose of which, as I interpret it, is to keep together these roaming sons of the rail. Well, that's what I call one darned good idea, but I'm going to try and go it one better

I've got that same certain something in my blood which binds us all to the railroad and I know very well that therein lies my life's work, and I fully realize that for many of our brothers booming will soon be a thing of the past as the home guards and modern machinery are making short work of that "railroading as was railroading." So, let us not sit and dream of has beens. Let's get to work and do something which will keep alive forever that "spirit of American railroading" which is the foundation on which this great country of ours is built

There are, in every part of this country, railroads which for many and various reasons have been abandoned, but which with the real spirit of coöperation which characterized the construction of the best paying roads in the country today, can be resurrected and made self-supporting and profitable even in the face of competition

The financial part of this proposition can be worked out if the boys will communicate with me so that we may arrange for a meeting and a discussion of the details. I have many plans and I'm sure that in such a large body of clear-thinking men as comprises our brotherhood we shall unearth some darned good talent for such a project as this. So, Brother Boomer, if you think this suggestion worth while just mention it to the gang in the yard shanty and see what they think of it

Now for our magazine. Well, I think the best praise that can be given it comes from the sweet woman. She says that some month between the first and fifteenth she's going to divorce me, because I spend too much time reading our joint copy of RAILROAD MAN'S and she can scarcely get a look at it herself. The magazine certainly supplies the much needed stimulant of every real railroader, contact with his fellow slaves of the only real profession—railroading!

R. F. W McDONALD,
28 Argyle Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

How to Qualify

Now following up Brother McDonald, an old friend commonly known as Silent Slim, steps into the picture and lays out the secret works for us, also an idea as to the necessary qualifications a brother should have:

DEAR BOOMER:

While I think of it, about the boomers' lodge, or boomers' association, I will agree to do anything favorable to the majority; and also suggest a system of initiation like this·

There are many of us old birds who have either lost or thrown away our old clearances, passes and such which might set us right in passing an

examination for admittance to the order. Why not create a code of signals for each member to answer? We all know them. Switching signals. If a feller can't pass them he's out, for of all the things remembered that we did in the long gone past, it is signals. We know them any place, and could stand up and answer any one asked by the supreme ruler.

Now I believe too that such a thing would make a very unique assembly, for to have a meeting and transact a lot of business talk with signals, would be remarkable. But we could do it, and as far as I know, there is no other organization on earth able to do the same thing. What do you brothers say?

Keep the old book hot as you have in the past. Bob Cross's "Redwood" was great. And I don't mean maybe!

I read in the August issue where some tal'r pot has discovered a new name for a switch shanty. Good name, that, but did he ever hear of the "gas-house," "stock-pen," "buzzer's roost," "wrangler's castle," "house-of-lords" (yard office) and "house-of-commons" (switch-shanty); "liars' home," "jaw-bone shack" and many others that I have chanced to discover in my wandering up and down the old rusty rails in the long gone past?

And to answer the gentleman who has held the staff of super and many other such positions, who makes inquiry about a few old-timers, causes me to ask where is Ben "Club-foot" Cassidy who was a hogger, clown, snake, and op with a smile that would disarm the toughest thug on earth? Then the "gold dust" twins, Hank and Eddie Hansen, who always worked together. If one got a job he wouldn't take it unless his twin was hired, and they wanted to work on the same crew if possible, and usually did. The final exposure of one of them—Eddie, I think it was—revealed a woman. She was Hank's wife. Ever hear of them?

CHARLES ANTHONY ROACH,
Portland, Ore

* * *

Welcome, Op!

We are always glad to hear from the ops because if it weren't for them most of us boomers could never have moved any trains in the not so long ago. However, there are some of us who claim we moved by smoke orders and ops weren't necessary, but in the sister State of which the brother we quote below writes, the boss of this column happens to know personally several hundred miles of railroad where you could never run by smoke, so let's give a rousing welcome to this worthy:

DEAR BOOMER:

With considerable interest I notice that you come from our sister State on the north, which is probably one reason why Montana decreased in population between the 1920 and 1930 census.

If there is room left which has not otherwise been occupied I would like to sit in the operators' section of the Boomers' Corner for a little while and submit the following list of railroads, etc., where I have held a "sine": A. A., D. T. & I., P. M., Penna., B. & O., N. Y. C., Erie, M. C., U. P., G. T., Western Union, Postal and five pipe line and oil companies. I stowed my bug away in the late spring of 1925 and have been in the oil fields ever since. I still have the bug, and the "mill" upon which this is being written, but probably will never get back in the game. In addition to the above list I also served a two-year and three-day hitch during the world fracas as an op in the signal corps, seventeen months of which was in France and Germany with the 111th Army Corps headquarters telegraph office.

Having read the old RAILROAD MAN'S before the war, I welcome Emmet Harte back with *Honk* and *Horace* and deeply regret the passing away of J. E. Smith, thus depriving us of the Observations of a Country Station Agent.

Was in Sheridan, Wyoming, attending the State convention of the American Legion where we made an effort to elect the C. B. & Q. agent from Douglas as department commander, but we were outpolticked.

As a point of information for you, I want to tell you that the Casper paper has stated that the Wyoming Railroad Commission has asked that the C. B. & Q. take over the C. & N. W. from Casper to Powder River or Bonneville. These two roads parallel from Casper to Powder River and are within three miles of each other at Shoshoni on the C. & N. W. and Bonneville on the Q. The commission asks that one line be junked and that a branch connection from Bonneville to Shoshoni be constructed and also that a branch from Riverton on the C. & N. W. into the Pavillion country where there is an irrigation project under way be constructed. This is northwest of Lander where the branch would terminate.

Our local North and South railroad extending from Illco to this place, and originally planned to reach from Miles City on the north to Craig, Colorado, on the south, has evidently gone blooey for lack of funds; that is, the extension has, but as long as the Salt Creek oil field remains in existence we will have our tri-weekly service between here and Illco.

L. C. GARNER,
P. O. Box 924, Midwest, Wyo.

* * *

Another op from the good old South makes his presence known.

DEAR BOOMER:

I am more than pleased with the September magazine and "31, copy 3." I would like to have this picture as I have done this little thing on fifty-eight lines in Alaska, Canada, and the United States. Have also done time as wireless operator for the French Line and the United Fruit. Being born a boomer, I was one until I married. I presume that all the folks know that one born

in Oklahoma was called a boomer, and I was born at Lookeba, Oklahoma, May 9, 1904. I left Oklahoma when I was six months old, as my dad left the C. O. & G., now Pan Handle division of Rock Island, to take a job on the Leaky Roof district of the K. C. C. & S. now part of the Frisco. My first job on the railroad was at Cushman on the Q. as call-boy. Got out as telephone operator in 1917 during the war Learned a little telegraphy on the block job and then when the men came back from the war I was turned loose account of my age, as I was only fifteen.

I have telegraphed, telephoned, fired, broke and run an engine on the following roads. Have also worked as track laborer and electrician. C. B. & Q., seven; U. P., seven; Wabash, two; Santa Fe, six, once under my own name; Southern, fifteen minutes; on Knoxville Division, Rock Island, six: Frisco, ten; Katy, two; T. M., one; E. P. & S. W., five; A. E., two; Southern Pacific, five, and others too numerous to mention.

I have worked as high as ten roads in a month as my record was rather bad. Was out on the W. U. strike in 1919. Joint job with M & N. A. in 1921, A. C. L. in 1925, so you see my record was about all that a boomer could wish I got a boom pass from Mr. Rosenberger at Los Angeles in 1925 and, as you know, you must have six months' service in the past with a letter less than sixty days old, and he took it off of fourteen. I remember that I hired out at Tucson and Mr. Wilson sent me to El Paso, where Mr R. D. Blass did the necessary and dumped me on at Gila Bend extra. Well, the punkins passed on and so did I. I laid the straw hats by, got the rubber necks into Florida. Harvested the beets on the U. P. and the cotton on the Y. & M. V. I was hurt in an auto accident in March, 1926, and as I could not railroad any more came over and settled with the home guards on the C. & O. Have been here four years and over half the employees here have twenty-five or more years on the road. I have been regular since I hired here and still on a regular job. As I can't get by the doctor with a bum back I suppose that I will die hearing the dispatcher say, "31, copy 3."

Well, 73 to all and to the men that I have tramped with, especially E. C. Cornick, born at Charleston, Mississippi, and C. M. Kirkland with whom I last worked at Kismet, Kansas, in 1924.

OKLAHOMA CHARLIE.—Snowden, Va.

* * *

He's All for the Islands

We have all experienced a few ups and downs, but this brother can tell us a little bit about railroading in strange places that we ourselves haven't hit:

DEAR BOOMER:

I am just another boomer who has been around Got my start on the B. & O., have worked the W. M., M. & K., G. & B in the States and have tried the O. R. & L. and the H. C. R. R in the Hawaiian Islands; am going to try the D & R. G. W. as soon as they start hiring.

Hawaii is the best place I have ever hit, but it would take ten years to work up any turn. Have put in about six years in the army between times, but I get homesick for the road. I have done everything on the road but run, and never stayed long enough to get promoted. Once I was promoted as conductor on the Cumberland Division of the B. & O. Worked about two months as a conductor on the Hawaiian Cons. R. R., but that don't count as it only runs about two passengers a day. The rest is sugar and pineapple and a few cattle. I sure got a kick out of Hardy Reeves's story, "Runaways," in the December issue, for I've seen boomers hire themselves plenty of times from 1918 to 1920. They would sometimes be working a month or two before the T. M. would run on to them and then often as not he would send them to be examined and let them stay.

I got canned off the B. & O. in '25, and went from there to Panama, but could not get on, so wound up in the Islands. Came back from there in '28 and joined the army. Haven't railroaded since, but will buy out of here and try it this winter if there is any chance.

H L H.,
Fort Douglas, Utah

* * *

From Pat Casey

And now here is a welcome hand for no other than our old pal Patrick "Apple Pie" Casey. If anybody wants to get in touch with Pat this office will take care of his mail and forward it. Meanwhile, we pass along Patrick's greeting to the brothers:

DEAR BOOMER:

I have filled out quite a few applications on different jobs throughout this U. S. A. and I'm still going strong. My last job was on the Base Ball Central (S. P. out of Ennis, Texas), but I couldn't run fast enough to stay there. That was in May and June of this year. (I hope my friend B S. Hollimon sees this.)

I would like to know where the following knights of the switch key are: L. V. Mahoney, V W. Lawlor, "Chuck" Murray and a few more of the wandering brethren. If any of you boys see this write me in care of RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, New York City.

I remember one St. Patrick's Day out in Arizona. They ran out of crews and they made up an emergency crew off the extra board. The crew line-up was Conductor Mahoney, Brakemen O'Neal, Casey and Monahan, Engineer Gallagher, Fireman Sullivan. We were carrying green for another fellow following us. Maybe you think we didn't take the shipments to town. Even the dispatcher handed us up a message calling our attention to the St. Patrick's Day crew

Would like to file a grievance now against Max Brand material in our magazine. I think you should stick with railroad stories exclusively and let the other stuff stay out of the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE.

I ran across Dennis "Carranza" Sloane in Pueblo, Colorado, a few weeks ago. He said he saw you. Carranza is a true blue friend and I hope he is a success.

The Boomers' Corner interests me very much as I always look there for some of my old side kicks, but so far Carranza Sloane is the only one I've been acquainted with. Believe me, there are oodles of boomers in this day and age, but they are not boomers from choice. Personal records, Rule G and other causes have made lots of them, but Mr. Trainmaster likes to see them blow in when he needs men because he knows that the boomer knows his stuff.

Well, if I see this in print I may write again. I have a job hanging fire and may leave here any day, so I'm taking the liberty to have my mail sent in care of you

Let's have more from the pen of Mr. Earp and best wishes to all my friends.

PATRICK "APPLE PIE" CASEY.

FAMOUS ELEPHANT KILLED BY IRON HORSE

THAT part of A. W Somerville's story, "Sure-Shot Gilhooly," (in September RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE) which tells of elephants derailing a train recalls actual wrecks wherein elephants figured conspicuously.

The most recent one came to light a few weeks ago in court at Paris, France, when a judge awarded damages to the owners of Mary, a circus elephant, on the ground that a railway accident had deprived her of a musical sense and dancing ability.

Another was the case of Jumbo, P. T. Barnum's biggest drawing-card and probably the most famous elephant in all history. Jumbo was a monster twenty-six feet tall He died sensationally, just as he had lived, by derailing a freight train and smashing a locomotive. The accident occurred in Ontario, Canada, on September 15, 1885, when the huge pachyderm tried to stop the freight and was pinned between it and a train of Barnum's circus cars. Jumbo succumbed almost instantly to a fractured skull and internal injuries.

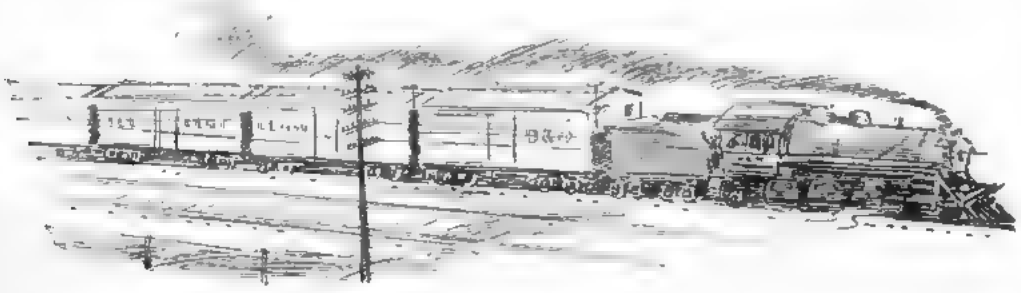
The tragedy made a profound impression on the popular imagination. Circus publicity men spread a story that Jumbo had died heroically while snatching his favorite, the baby elephant Tom Thumb, from the path of an oncoming train; and the leading comic weekly of that day made political capital of the incident by publishing a double-page colored cartoon which showed a Democratic candidate in the rôle of Jumbo meeting death from a Republican locomotive.

Sidney Smith.

CAN YOU BEAT THIS FOR A BUSY SPOT?

OBSERVATIONS taken recently from the front end of an electric train which was running eastward from Hackensack River Bridge to the tunnel portals at Waldo Avenue, Jersey City, on the Pennsy's New York Division, showed fifteen separate and distinct train movements on main running tracks, within a distance of less than two miles, and over a period of less than four minutes.

This is the greatest number of trains noticed by this observer who has a railroad experience of forty years, and undoubtedly challenges any other similar section of any railroad in the country for density of traffic.



Li Wo Was Doing the Strange Dance of Death.

The Mask of Ching Wo

Gentleman Bandit Breaks up a Lynching Party and Gives the Sheriff a Whole Series of Thrills

By Max Brand

Illustrated by Fred Small

THE Buffalo Flat of gold rush days, before the building of the transcontinental railroad, was a wild, lawless town in California. Li Wo, a merchant living in its Chinese quarter, arranged a marriage between his son, Ching Wo, and wealthy Fow Ming's daughter.

Ching was young, studious, cultured. Fow Ming knew this, but did not suspect that his prospective son-in-law was also a gentleman bandit known as "Handsome Harry" Delancey—a romantic figure, widely feared and secretly admired, upon whose head a price was set.

In short, Ching was playing a bold dual rôle, alternately appearing as a modest Chinese boy and a debonair highwayman.

Sheriff Wilson threw the Chinese boy into jail on suspicion, but the prisoner escaped, presumably with the connivance of Handsome Harry. Then Ching, in white man's garb, routed stage-coach robbers and rescued a girl named Margery Linton and her father.

Margery made such a deep impression upon the young man that he arranged to have his prospective Chinese bride kidnaped, so he would not have to marry an Oriental.

After that, inflamed by Li Wo's story that a certain Captain Foster was responsible for his mother's death, Ching sought to kill Foster in a hotel at Slater's Crossing, but accidentally attacked the wrong man, Tim Dodd, and barely escaped with his life.

Li Wo, suspected of having hired Delancey to commit murder, was tried and convicted by vigilantes just outside the town of San Salvadore. Ching,

disguised as a Mexican, saw what was happening to his father.

This is a brief summary of preceding chapters. We are now ready to go on with the story:

CHAPTER XXVII

CHING WO, having made sure what the vigilantes were about, had gone straight back into San Salvadore. His skin was very dark, from a liberal use of walnut juice, and his upper lip was graced with a short, sparse, bristling mustache.

He walked straight up Main Street to the point where he had left his stallion, which he led down an alley and tethered it at the far end. Then he strolled over to the jail.

On the front steps of this sturdy little building sat Sheriff Wilson, whittling at a stick and chewing an enormous cud of tobacco.

Ching Wo raised his hat with ceremony. "I give you news, *señor.*" He leaned forward a little and softened his voice to a whisper. "News of Handsome Harry."

The sheriff, with one keen glance, rose suddenly.

"Foller me, *amigo,*" said he, and led the way up the jail steps, and into the jail to the little room reserved for him.

Sitting on the edge of his desk in his office, and staring at the boy, Wilson exclaimed: "Kid, whatever you have to say, spill it out. An' if you can give me a lead, I'm your friend. Un-'erstand? Your friend for keeps!"

He spoke solemnly, and the other bowed again, hat in hand.

"*Señor,*" said Ching, "I can tell you where Delancey is right now."

"You can? Where, then?"

"Here in San Salvadore."

"The damn' impertinent rat," roared the sheriff. "Can you lead me to him, son?"

"*Señor,* I do not need to lead. He is now in this room!"

The good sheriff stared helplessly at his informant, and then groaned.

"By the eternal Jehoshaphat!"

He did not move toward a gun, for Ching's arms were now lightly folded across his breast, and the sheriff could guess that either hand was now gripping the handle of a Colt revolver.

Lefty was a brave enough fighter, but he was no artist with weapons such as Handsome Harry had proved himself to be.

"Delancey," he said huskily, "what 'll you have? What's on your mind?"

"I've come here," Ching replied, "to give you an opportunity to become famous."

"Thanks," sneered Lefty. "How'm I gonna get famous?"

"By jailing me, Wilson!"

The sheriff drew a breath. "I don't foller this kind of jokin'."

"There's no joke. I'm willing to give myself in exchange for another man."

"Meanin' what?"

"Down the river they're holding court, under the Judgment Tree, you know."

"Damn them!" roared the sheriff. "Ain't I law enough for 'em? It's the blockhead Jim Bone that's carryin' on again!"

"It's Jim Bone," said the boy. "What will you do about it?"

"Who've they got?"

"A Chinaman named Li Wo."

"That old snake from Buffalo Flat? Aw, let him hang! It 'll do nothin'

but clear the air, from my way of thinkin'." He relaxed as he spoke. "What's a Chink or two between friends, Delancey? An' what's that got to do with—"

"Go down to the oak tree, Lefty," urged Ching. "Scatter 'em; bring Li Wo through, safe and sound. If they have law to use against him, let them use it. But no lynch law, Lefty."

"What have you to do with Li Wo?" asked the sheriff.

"He's a friend of mine," said Ching.

The sheriff stared again. "Is it straight that you tried to kill Foster?"

"It's straight. And I did it because of what Li Wo told me. And I'll try it again if I have a chance. That brute, Foster, caused the death of poor Li Wo's wife."

Wilson was amazed. "You got me beat, Harry. Of all the gents I ever met, you're the outbeatin'est. I don't hardly dare to say what I guess this here visit of yours means."

"It means this, Wilson. Go down there and drag the Chinaman away from them, and I'm your man."

"You'll let me jail you, you mean?"

"I mean that."

"An' you want Li Wo jailed, too, 'stead of bein' lynched?"

Ching shook his head. "No, my story will clear him altogether. He didn't pay me a penny for attacking Foster, like Foster claimed. I went on my own hook because Li's story convinced me that Foster needed a trip to the cemetery."

The sheriff nodded. "I go down with you an' get Li Wo away from the crowd. Then you promise to come back an' let me jail you?"

"That's it. Can you trust me, Lefty?"

Wilson stretched out his hand and it closed over the strong, slender fingers of Ching Wo. "It's a go, Delancey!"

"Then start quickly!" urged Ching "We haven't much time."

The sheriff shoved his hat down lower over his eyes, seized an extra gun from the wall, and rushed from the jail with Ching Wo at his side.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Two saddled horses stood before the jail. Upon them the pair threw themselves and rode furiously until they came within view of the Judgment Tree.

There Ching held up one hand and halted the wild gallop, for as he pointed out, if they came with too much noise, the vigilantes were as apt as not to put a bullet through their captive's head and scatter with no more ado. So they went on at a mild jog of their horses and were able to come unobserved up to the outskirts of the crowd.

The crucial moment had come!

Poised upon a rock, some four or five feet off the ground, Li Wo stood with his hands still firmly lashed around him and a noose running from his neck over the limb of the tree. Jim Bone, in position before him, was going through with the final details of the regular ceremony.

"Li Wo, is they anything you want that we can give you?"

The yellow face of Li Wo puckered, but he said not a word.

"Failin' of wantin' anything — say a drink, now? Is they anything you wanta say to us, Li?" went on Bone persuasively. "You might figger," he continued, like a good host who wishes to cheer the departed, "that you're about to barge off on a tolerable long journey, an' they's a good deal of

doubt about where you're gonna wind up with it. Now, if they's any little directions you'd like to leave with us all, an' messages, an' such like things, we'll write 'em down an' deliver 'em, free of charge."

Li Wo's upper lip merely lifted and rage glittered in his eyes. That was all. Never had a prisoner in the hands of the vigilantes showed less terror.

"It's come to this here point," said Jim Bone, "that we gotta put an end to the job. We can't linger it out no more, because a lot of these gents are busy an' they've carved a big chunk out of their time for you, Li Wo. I'll wind up by merely sayin' you'll get a good, decent Christian burial. An' if that means anything to your heathen soul, good-by, Li Wo, an' a happy trip for you!"

Li Wo, for answer, broke into a strange laughter. It did not sound like the mirth of a white man. There was a crow and a cackle of fierce joy in it, and mockery that chilled the blood of all men present.

Instinctively, the vigilante chief turned about to follow the direction of Li Wo's glance. Thus he saw a most unwelcome sight. The sheriff was upon them!

It was the accepted rule that the sheriff should take the activities of the vigilantes as reënforcing and supplementing his own, but Lefty Wilson looked far from passive at this moment. He carried in his hands a big caliber double-barreled shotgun, loaded with small shot scrap, scraps of iron and mischief of all descriptions. Just beside him rode a wiry young Mexican with a similar weapon in his hands. If that pair of guns were fired upon the face of the crowd, they looked capable of ripping away many faces.

As Jim Bone's jaw fell, the rest of the assembled gang looked in the same direction and saw the same thing. Only one group stood fast, and these were the men grasping the rope attached to Li Wo. A brawny miner yelled:

"Let's finish the Chink in spite of Lefty Wilson. Give a heave, lads!"

Instantly Li Wo was plucked above the rock and left gasping and kicking upon the empty air, doing the strange dance of death which old-time Westerners loved to see. But he descended instantly, for Ching Wo, with a shriek of rage and of horror, had charged his horse in among the hangmen!

El Rey was a savage animal. Straight through the line he bolted. One man was hurled a dozen yards off and lay gasping and groaning, with broken ribs and no wind whatever. Two more were knocked down. A third was trampled and broken under the ruthless feet of the stallion. However, the third had the wonderful luck to escape without any serious injury; he jumped up and fled with a screech.

There was no resistance. The sight of the ruin of the line of hangmen had a great effect upon the crowd.

The leveled shotguns did the rest, and with a yell the mob turned and bolted, Jim Bone rushing through the rest with tremendous leaps, like the spy-hops of a jack rabbit. It was no longer tragedy, but broadest farce.

Soon the two rescuers were left alone, with the groaning man who had been shouldered by the horse, and Li Wo himself. The latter was already up. The rope was loosed from around his neck and his hands freed by a touch of Ching's knife.

"Father," said the boy quietly, in a shaken voice, "I give praise to all the bright ones who watch over you!"

Li Wo turned to the sheriff and bowed deeply.

"All that is done by just men for poor Chinamen is not forgotten, Mr. Wilson," said he. "May—"

The sheriff cut in rudely: "You got a stretched neck, but a living one, Li Wo. You better run out of here as fast as you can before the boys come back for you. In the meantime, you can thank God that you once did a good turn for Handsome Harry Delancey!"

Li waved his hand.

"Git!" ordered Lefty Wilson.

And Li Wo "got" with speed. Only once he turned around to view with wonder and a shaken head the sight of Ching Wo riding off side by side with the sheriff.

Li headed straight down the valley, but this sight meant so much that he could not contain himself.

The wily old Chinaman knew, as the sheriff had said, that it would be safer for him to vanish from the town of San Salvadore and not come back until another six months had filled the streets with a new generation of gold-seekers and idlers. But curiosity got the better of caution, so he turned back toward the town.

Skulking from tree to tree, he entered San Salvadore from the rear, where the hills slanted down toward "Chinatown." Almost at once he came into a narrow alley.

A porter was carrying a great load, bowed under the carrying pole, from which a huge basket was suspended at either end. Li Wo passed without a word, but next encountered an Oriental in silk, with softly-shod feet. He knew that man, but the latter produced a fan from up his sleeve and held it before his face.

It was the Chinese sign that the wielder of the fan was very busy, and, not intending any discourtesy, wished to go on without greeting the other. But Li Wo was too excited to regard this signal. He touched the sleeve of the other, who stopped unwillingly.

"Sun Chee," said Li, speaking in Chinese, "if you are hurrying on your way, tarry a moment, still, because I am distressed. I am in great trouble and danger. Let me go with you to your house!"

Sun Chee's eyes flickered up and down the street. Then he clutched the arm of the other, dragging him into the first doorway. There he answered:

"We know what has nearly happened down by the river. But that cannot happen every day. You cannot have enough money to keep on buying white men to give up their lives for you!"

"What white men have died for me?" asked Li Wo eagerly.

"Is not Mr. Henry Delancey in the jail for you?" retorted Sun Chee.

"He? Is he in the jail?" inquired Li Wo, biting his lip.

"He is. Men say he has given himself up to pay the price for your life, Li Wo! Well, well, it is like some story of China's golden age. Sons in those days would die for their fathers, but in these times they have forgotten the old virtues. Do you hear me, Li Wo? You, too, have a son. Have you taught him to do as much for you as this white man has been taught to do by your money?"

He asked it half spitefully and half in plain curiosity. Li Wo, feeling that the man had stepped perilously close to the truth, merely answered:

"This Delancey is one honest man among all the Americans. Because I have been able to give him kindnesses,

not because of money, he has helped me. But is it possible that this good man is now in jail?"

"They stand in line to go past him and look in his face where he sits behind the bars," returned Sun Chee.

Li Wo blinked, remembering certain arts which had been taught to Ching Wo before which the strongest locks dissolved and left a prisoner free. This trust was rudely shocked when Sun Chee added:

"They have handcuffed a strong fellow to him with irons, so that Mr Delancey cannot escape without taking the other with him, and that is hardly possible!"

Li Wo stared with a sudden helplessness out the shadow of the doorway at the keen mountain sun which blazed along the narrow street.

Sun Chee made a little gesture. "And now I must go on. I am a busy man. You, I believe, were walking *up* the street?"

Li Wo took the broad hint and departed. His friend went the other way.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE ravine where Stephen Linton had staked out his claim hummed with many voices and clanged with the noise of hammers. A thousand men swarmed through it; everywhere they were knocking chips from rocks, as though they expected that the blow of a hammer might reveal naked virgin gold within.

Often they turned hungry eyes upon Linton's claim. That stretch of rocks also was alive with men, but Linton's laborers were working systematically, lethargically. They were the hired hands, bitterly taking their days' wages to dig gold for another man.

Linton had struck it rich. Right now he was not paying any attention to the swarms of workers. He was busy with a tall, bald-headed, hook-nosed attorney named Bentley, who sat with him on a rock before the tent, his hat on the ground beside him, talking earnestly.

The attorney was summing up:

"Your idea, Linton, is that money is no object, and it must flow like water to get this young rascal, Delancey, out of trouble. Is that right?"

"Exactly."

"You're impatient," said Bentley.

Linton answered quickly:

"Of course I'm impatient. We're in a lawless place. How can I tell when a crowd may rise in the street and storm the jail and take that boy out on a lynching party, such as they organized for the Chinaman?"

Margery Linton came suddenly to the door of the tent and stood breathless, listening.

"Go back to your work, Margery," said her father briskly. "I'm going to handle this affair. You can't do a thing about it, as you should be able to see for yourself!"

She did not stir.

"There's no great hatred of the boy around here," Linton went on. "Nine out of ten are his friends. Every one speaks favorably, for instance, about the way he brought Margery and me through the hands of the Saunders gang. They speak even more favorably of his insane chivalry in jeopardizing his life to save the Chinaman! You couldn't get a jury here to convict him!"

"No doubt you're right. But the fact is, Linton, they've planned to take him away to San Francisco."

"Take him away?"

The lawyer nodded. "Yeah."

"Then he'll stand a good chance of being hanged in Frisco?"

"The brightest chance in the world."

"What will they charge against him?" Linton inquired anxiously.

"Murderous assault on Tim Dodd," the lawyer replied.

"But Tim Dodd is still alive?"

"Of course he is. But you see what this shows about Delancey? That he'd never pause to think twice in attacking any man with intent to kill."

"But Delancey didn't kill—that kid stopped his hand when the light showed he was at the wrong man."

"Nobody doubts," said Bentley patiently, "that the boy is a good, clean fighter. But the fact is, he made that attack."

"Walk down the hill," suggested Linton. "I'll go halfway back to the town with you. We've got to work it out."

As they started down, Margery Linton sprang up from the rock on which she had sunk down and would have run after them had not a shadow slipped across the ground in front of her.

The girl found herself looking into the yellow face of a Chinaman. She did not speak; the apparition had almost startled her first thought from her mind, when the other said:

"They never will free Henry Delancey. Only you can do that."

He held up before her eyes a little red phial.

"You will go to see him, because your heart is gentle and good. Men know that you owe him kindness, and they will not be surprised if you take him a little bunch of flowers. Among the stems conceal this. It will save him; it will set him free!"

He paused, then added simply:

"I am the man for whom he is about to die. I am Li Wo!"

CHAPTER XXX

On a drowsy afternoon Captain Foster walked down the main street of San Salvadore with an escort of two sailors. Since the adventure in the hotel at Slater's Crossing, all three had developed the eyes of hawks. They were armed and ready for trouble.

Thus Foster strolled along the winding highway and entered the jail, leaving his two sailors at the door. He found Sheriff Lefty Wilson within. The latter nodded and smiled at him.

"I've come to tell you," said Captain Foster, "it was not my suggestion that made the crowd take Li Wo to the Judgment Tree and prepare to hang him. I was following, as I took it to be, the custom of the country."

"A dog-gone good custom, now an' then," remarked the sheriff, amiably. "I don't hold nothin' ag'in' you, Cap'n Foster. Set down an' rest your feet."

"I want to see young Delancey," said the captain, "If that's possible."

"It's after visitin' hours," was the answer, "but you're a different case. Maybe you've got a thing or two to ask him, eh?"

Straightway he led Foster to the boy's cell. There were four other cells, and every one was full. In each one of those four the occupant was lying on his couch, sleeping or pretending to sleep.

But in the cell of Handsome Harry a small lantern was burning, because of the darkness which pervaded the small-windowed jail. There sat the prisoner with a burly guard manacled to him. The guard's left hand was clasped with steel to the gunman's right wrist.

The guard was unarmed, for the very good reason that by some maneuver Delancey might gain possession of the weapon and thereby master the guard. But the guard himself had not the key of the lock of the manacle.

Everything that prudence could do to keep Henry Delancey under guard was done here; and at the first outcry of the guard two picked men would rush in, gun in hand. That was not all. Every four hours the manacled guard was released and another was given that partnership in bondage, so that there might be no relaxing of watchfulness.

Malcolm Foster came to the cell and looked in on the prisoner by the dingy light.

The guard waved his hand cheerfully at the sheriff. "All well an' restin' easy!"

"That's what the rooster crowed before the fox bit his head off," warned the sheriff. "You have a hold on yourself, young feller, an' remember it's Handsome Harry you're guardin!" He added to the prisoner: "Here's Cap'n Foster come to talk to you, Mr. Delancey."

Captain Foster took note of that "mister." It was a most unusual term of courtesy in the West, brought in for strangers or for those held in the greatest respect.

Ching Wo looked straight at the visitor without saying a word.

Foster came to the point. "Delancey, will you tell me what sent you after me?"

Ching said nothing, but his eyes fixed steadily upon the skipper's face, reading every line of it, probing at his eyes, striving to find there the things which Li Wo had told him existed in this man's soul. But in spite of himself, Ching could not see them all.

This was a sufficiently grim man of action, a stern, strong and purposeful leader of others, but the young captive did not find cruelty in Foster's expression. Therefore, he was baffled, although he strove to hide it.

Said the sheriff: "I might as well tell you that what you say now ain't goin' to be held ag'in' you at the trial, Delancey. You can talk out with a gent like the captain as though I wasn't here!"

Ching smiled a little. Then he responded:

"Captain Foster, why do you think I went to the hotel that night?"

"To find me," was the instant reply.

"Was there any reason why I should want to find you?"

"You spoke the name of Wei Sung."

At that, Ching's eyes closed somewhat, with an expression of tenderness. Of this the captain took note and wondered at it.

"You came," said Foster, "to kill me, for the sake of what a Chinaman had told you about his wife. Is that correct?"

Ching did not answer.

"Come, come," urged the captain. "Is there any reason why we should not be candid with one another?"

Foster paused, and in the pause he scowled at the floor, but even then the boy did not see in the skipper's face the brutality for which he was hungrily watching.

"Delancey, I'm frankly bewildered. I don't see what there is about Li Wo to draw you so violently to his side."

"I can explain it," Ching replied at last. "If it were not for him, I should not be alive to-day!"

Foster nodded slowly, as one who considers. "You owe him a great debt. You are paying it in a great

"They Smell Like the Free Open Country to Me," Said Ching. "There's a Scent of Wild Honey in Them"

way. Delancey, you move me to the heart!"

Ching looked with new eyes at the speaker. But he had heard endless tales from Li Wo of the duplicity of the Occidental, his skill in lying and reckless truth-telling. The prisoner would not easily be drawn in.

"If you could let me at the bottom of the mystery," said Captain Foster, "I will make a promise. I will agree to give no testimony against you, and to withhold the testimony of Tim Dodd also!"

"Easy there, captain!" exclaimed the sheriff.

"You understand," went on Foster, "if we talk against you in San Francisco it seems clear that you'll hang for that night's work at the Crossing?"

Ching was still silent.

"Will you tell me this. Did you ever serve on board any of my ships?"

Still the boy did not speak.

"Because," persisted the captain, "it seems to me that I remember your face, sadly, as though it were connected with some important event in my life. Can you tell me that much, Delancey, without committing yourself?"

Ching responded with a burst of scorn: "Why should I trust you, Captain Foster?"

The skipper looked at him with open eyes, as one puzzled. "My word isn't doubted by those who know me well!"

The boy stared hard, and the longer he looked the more he felt the truth of this remark. Captain Foster might be harsh, but not a facile liar.

Then Ching cried out with a suddenly ringing voice, forgetful of the others, except the big sailor before him. For something drew him with a wonderful force toward this man—not the hatred which Li Wo had taught him, but sympathy and understanding.

"Foster, tell me truly—you caused the death of Wei Sung?"

The captain did not draw back. He took a short step forward and answered:

"So help me God, I'm innocent of any wrong to that poor Chinese girl!"

Bewildered and uncertain, Ching heard Foster's declaration. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

"Some liars are saved by their lies. You won't be one of them, Captain Foster."

"Not even my word, Delancey?" asked the visitor gloomily. He flushed a little and added with a strange humility: "Let me tell you, man, I've traded in a great many parts of the world, and my word has been worth money in all of them!"

Ching made a graceful gesture, slowly, with one hand turned palm up. "I give you warning. They say the rattler is an honest snake because he gives warning!"

Foster turned to the sheriff. "This fellow seems to be an inveterate rascal. You hear him threatening me in your own presence, my friend?"

"I hear him," answered the sheriff, nodding. "But that don't mean nothin'. He'll be hangin' by the neck in Frisco before long."

The skipper threw up both hands.

"I can't understand it. And mind you, Delancey," he went on, "the sheriff will forgive the offer I made to you a moment ago. Tell me your secret—because a secret there must be—and I'll use all my power to get you free!"

Ching forced a grin. He did not need to make any other reply, for Foster turned abruptly away. Halfway down the aisle with the sheriff, he paused again and looked back. Then he went slowly on, as though his wish still drew him back to the prisoner.

CHAPTER XXXI

It was growing dusk when the second visitor after hours arrived. Margery Linton came down the aisle with the sheriff.

"I gotta go along," said he. "The idea is, Miss Linton, you an' your father have reason to be pretty fond of this here Delancey. I don't wish him no harm, but I can't let things be passed inta him."

"There's only this bunch of wild flowers," the girl explained. "I thought they might make his place a little more cheerful."

"Sure, sure," agreed Lefty Wilson. "Lemme have 'em. I'll give 'em to him, an' welcome. He can put 'em in the water basin if he wants to."

They came before the cell. Ching stood up. His dark eyes gleamed once, then grew blank.

"My father sent me," said the girl. "He wants to know if there is anything we can do for you. Can we send you in fruit or some extra fare of any sort?"

"The sheriff is very good to all of his prisoners," answered Ching. "There's nothing I need. But your kindness—I thank you for that."

"Our kindness!" returned Margery, with a break in her voice. "We've found a good lawyer to fight for you, Harry. He'll bring you off, if possible!"

"If such a man can open the door for me," said Ching, "then I'll owe

you as much as my life is worth, Margery!"

The sheriff passed in the flowers. "Here's something to buck you up, Delancey."

Ching raised them to his face. "They are very fragrant."

His fingers, working subtly among the bound stems, touched the hard, cold surface of a glass phial, whereupon he lowered the blossoms and smiled at the girl.

"They smell like the free open country to me," said he. "There's a scent of wild honey in them!"

After a brief pause Lefty Wilson had to close the jail for the night, so he excused himself for asking Miss Linton to close the interview. She bade good-by, clinging an instant to the bars of the cell, her eyes filling with tears.

Ching bowed deeply. As she went off, his glance followed, cherishing every step she took.

"What's the smell of wild honey like?" the guard asked curiously.

"It's something that can't be explained," was the reply. "The point is, only one sort of men can understand it."

"What sort of men?"

Ching waited a moment. "Starving men," he said at last. "Men dying of hunger, my friend!"

The other swore. "Look here, Delancey, are you moonstruck or just plain nutty?"

"Did you ever find wild honey when you were sick with hunger?" Ching wanted to know.

The guard scratched his head. "I dunno as I ever did. I would rather of found fried bacon, for my part."

"You would," said Ching. "And you're quite right, too. Things that are too sweet have poison in 'em. Better leave the honey for the bees that make it—the bees that make it!"

The guard looked askance at his companion and then remarked: "You'll be needin' all yer strength. Why not turn in an' try to sleep."

"Sleep?" echoed Ching. "Certainly. A very good idea."

He had drawn out the phial from the flowers and managed to glance down at its reddish contents. The instant he saw it, the faintest of smiles touched his lips. Dextrously he removed the cap of the phial. Then, pretending to smell the bouquet, he managed to sprinkle some of the red fluid upon the blossoms. At once a thin, rather acridly sweet fragrance filled the air.

"What's that?" inquired the guard, sniffing.

"What?" returned the prisoner.

"Don't you smell nothin'?"

"Oh, you mean the somnos?" asked Ching.

"The—what?"

"These little red flowers. Somnos."

The guard stared. "That's a funny name."

"It means sleep," said Ching. "The smell of 'em is a great cure for insomnia."

"The hell it is!"

"Why, it would make you dizzy almost with one whiff."

"Bah!" sneered the guard. "Lemme try."

He raised the bouquet to his face and breathed deeply. The result made him sag back with a grunt of surprise.

"What the devil's in these flowers? Dog-gone if I ain't dizzy!"

He breathed in from the flowers deeply again, then lay half stupefied, muttering:

"Funny—never heard of 'em before!"

"No. Only the Indians know about them," said Ching. "They—and the Chinese," he added cautiously but vindictively.

As the guard's eyes were closed, Ching carefully sprinkled some more drops upon the broad bosom of the man of the law.

"Seems to be gettin' into my head," murmured the other drowsily. "Mountin' right up into my brain. I—aw—"

And his breathing became regular. The instant this happened, Ching redoubled the application upon his companion's breast. The guard relaxed in every muscle and lay unconscious.

Ching's head was ringing, though he had not inhaled a hundredth part of the odor taken by his companion.

However, he doubled in the palm of his right hand. It allowed him to slip easily from the handcuff, and being free, he stole across to the farther side of the cell and there drew in a great breath of pure air. It steadied him, and prepared him for what he had now to perform.

CHAPTER XXXII

THEY had searched Ching from head to foot. But they had not suspected his long black curls of being a wig. This he moved a trifle and drew from beneath it several of those minute steel blades with which he had been taught to read the mind of the most intricate lock.

Armed with these, the prisoner crouched beside the door and, reaching through, started to work. The lock was very big and partially stuck with rust, so much so that it always screeched whenever the jailer's key was applied.

Just as Ching made this discovery, the sound of footsteps and the sight of a lantern swinging down the aisle warned him to get back to the cot. He barely had laid down again at the side of the unconscious guard when Sheriff Wilson and a stranger stood at the door of the cell.

"Hello, there!" greeted the sheriff.

The guard did not stir. Ching merely groaned, as though painfully overcome with sleep.

"Look at 'em," said the stranger. "Dead to the world! That Delancey ain't no more than a boy, is he?"

"No more than a boy, by the look of him. More than a hundred boys by the hell he raises. I don't wish him no harm, though."

"What's the smell in the air?"

"I don't smell nothin'. I got a cold."

"Well, it's somethin' makes me dizzy."

"What've you had to drink this afternoon?"

"Hardly more than a drop."

"A couple of your drops would fill a bucket. Come along, old son. Let's vamose out of here before you get so dizzy your head spins around."

They went off, the lantern making the shadows of the bars sweep in a crazy and entangled pattern upon the walls and the ceiling.

Hardly were they gone before Ching was at the door once more. The lock bolt shuddered and finally yielded with a distinct groan. Ching stepped into the passage, closing the door of the cell behind him. He delayed only an instant at the lock of the outer door, opened it and stepped into the welcome darkness.

For a little while Ching, against the wall, breathed deeply to free his lungs from the poisonous fumes. So greatly was he affected that he thought with some concern of the quantity of

the drug which his guard had inhaled. Then he passed around the side of the jail until he came beneath the office window.

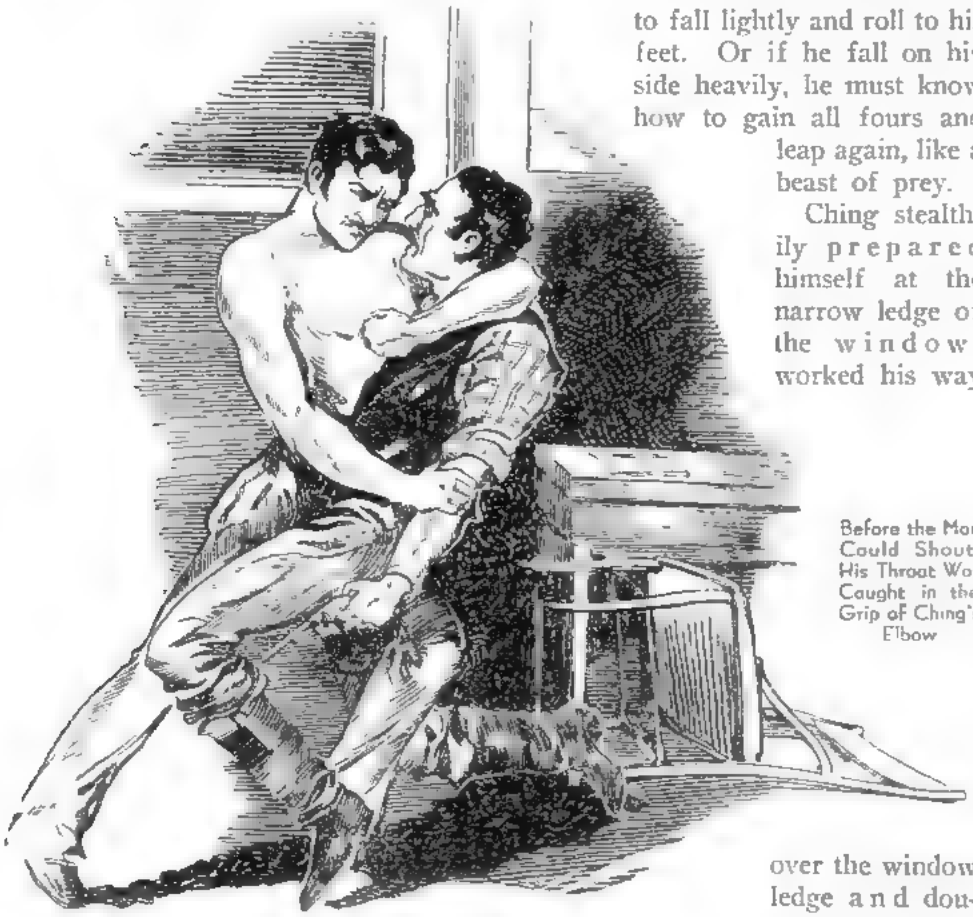
Kicking off the oversize shoes which had been given to him, and shedding his coat, the fugitive climbed almost naked up to the window ledge and peered in.

There he saw the sheriff not three feet from the window, sitting in a chair with his side turned toward it somewhat, and yet facing it sufficiently for his heels to be cocked upon the sill. The good sheriff was smoking a cigar with the slow enjoyment of a connoisseur.

Ching Wo gathered himself as a cat gathers for a spring.

In jujutsu there is nothing so important as to learn how to handle one's self when in an awkward position. He who is thrown must be able to fall lightly and roll to his feet. Or if he fall on his side heavily, he must know how to gain all fours and leap again, like a beast of prey.

Ching stealthily prepared himself at the narrow ledge of the window, worked his way over the window ledge and doubled his knees.



Before the Man Could Shout, His Throat Was Caught in the Grip of Ching's Elbow

The sheriff opened his eyes wide. He saw before him the face of Henry Delancey; he saw a slender, half naked body, covered with whipcord muscles. Then, before he could shout, this creature sprang at him and caught his throat in the crook of its elbow.

The sheriff went over with a crash; his head clicked against the floor. It seemed to Wilson that he was unconscious for only a moment, but when he sat up again, dizzily supporting him-

self with both hands spread out upon the floor, he saw Delancey seated upon the edge of the desk.

The escaped prisoner was swinging one leg and regarding the sheriff with rather amused eyes, like one watching a show.

Ching was now wearing the same Mexican clothes which he had worn on entering the jail. About his hips appeared the same gaudy sash. The same broad sombrero shadowed his face. But a gun on the desk face beside him belonged to the sheriff.

Ching was rolling a cigarette. This he finished making, lighted, and snapped the match into the air. With fascinated eyes the sheriff followed its flight by the thin streak of bluish smoke. He noted the faint scent of sulphur.

He was noticing, in fact, all details—the slenderness of Delancey's foot, the highness of his heel, the very pull of the cloth over his knee, as his foot swung back and forth. Men on their way to death—" the last mile "—notice details with the same minuteness. Lefty Wilson felt his final moment had come.

TO BE CONCLUDED

"RED EYE!"

By HARRY C. TEMPLE

ANOTHER fine intimate study of railroad characters and railroad life is presented on the front cover of this issue, by Harry C. Temple. We knew that the vast majority of our readers would appreciate the realism and the drama which is contained in this story without words. The railroad man has but to take one quick look and he reads the whole tale.

See that glove down on the floor by the seat box! Don't you just know that old hoghead was wheeling along, probably reaching into his pocket for his pipe, when suddenly he saw ahead of him the red eye of an open switch? In another second he was on his feet, one hand on the throttle and the other on his brake valve.

Just look at the black hand on the train line air gauge. Big hole! Outside, the switch sliding by. Look at the expression on the fireman's face. He has just been thrown back against his butterfly doors, one foot is on the pedal cracking the door half open, and what he is thinking about engineers right now is nobody's business.

If you want to be one of the lucky ones and get a two tone reproduction of this painting without type and suitable for framing, you will find the coupon in the advertising section, and when you send the coupon don't forget two cents in postage.

"Merry Christmas, Everybody!"

On the Spot

WITH this issue we begin the second year of our revived existence and as we passed that first year mile post you could have heard our exhaust bellowing out like the blast of a northern type jack, smacking hard against the rise of a mountain In other words, we are proud to say that we are rolling them without the flicker of an eye. We have a white feather and a red stack and we want to take this opportunity to extend best holiday wishes to every last man and woman of you—and boy and girl, too—and to thank you for the splendid welcome you gave the magazine right from the start.

Here we are with our old red cover back, a bunch of favorites making up the crew on the contents page, a wide variety of human interest railroading, in fact and fiction, and we feel mighty proud of our handiwork as we go roaring forth into another year.

In the advertising section of this issue you have perhaps already spotted the coupon which will give you a two tone reproduction without lettering and suitable for framing, of Harry Temple's dramatic cover which greeted you from the news-stand this morning. We want to place emphasis on the fact that *a two-cent stamp must accompany this coupon and the coupon must be clipped.* We have endeavored to place it so that clipping it you will not destroy a story and we also want to advise quick action. A few thousands of these prints melt in no time when the boys make up their minds that they want them

Comments still continue to come on Mr. Temple's September cover, "31, copy 3." For instance:

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

The September issue of the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE is a hot shot. All articles good and some of them better. Don Waters's "Rolling Wheels" was very good. "Sure-Shot Gilhooly," by A. W. Somerville, good. I have been reading some of Somerville's stories in the *Saturday Eve-*

ning Post. Hope you can keep him lined up and on the main stem. "Over There With Corky," by J. W. Earp, O. K. I was sure sorry to learn of the passing on of J. E. Smith and the closing of his highly interesting articles on the Country Station Agent in the September issue. We will miss J. E.

Honk and *Horace,* by Emmet F. Harte? Well, we could not railroad any more without *Honk* and *Horace.*

Now about the September cover—it is very good. The operator with his pipe and the old con lighting his Wheeling stogie with the oil cup of his lantern! That old conductor must certainly be on time to-night, no matter what the dispatcher is going to hand him on that flimsy. He should worry.

J. J. B.—Phoenix, Ariz.

* * *

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

My first thought when I saw the September cover was that it was undoubtedly done by an operator, because it is so true as to detail. There is no "What's wrong with this picture" to it. I tried to find some flaw in it, but even the wiring on the switchboard is exact and complete and plugs properly placed

R. L. D.—Bryson, Texas.

* * *

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

When I looked at that September cover picture it brought back fond memories of the old relay and key, and no doubt it did the same thing to any other old time operator who learned telegraphy in the good old days when an operator had to be an operator to hold down a trick, and the days when "hams" were few and far between, and had no place in the telegraph department of a railroad

The present day of telephones has practically eliminated good operators with the exception of the old-timers. Some of us are still hanging on and long to hear the music of a well adjusted sounder with a real dispatcher at the other end click out the "31, copy 3," and you old heads know from experience that we had to be ready to copy when we answered our call, for many of the old time dispatchers were blue streaks on the wire. Woe be unto the fellow who broke him in the middle of an order or train message.

Now getting back to the magazine, the September number is by far the best one yet, and that is saying a lot, for each one is a masterpiece in itself and should be read by every railroad man as well as every one else, for it isn't many magazines that produce the good, clean stories that are found in the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE.

H. A. B.—Mt. Olver, Ill.

* * *

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

Give us red-blooded fiction based on the actual experiences of rails and their families, from the high collars on down to the actual riders of the silver threads; with strong fiction characters depicting the everyday emotions of our life, for only they can make the suspense of plot and action appear real.

Cover designs? Who cares anything about red? Red means stop. And we want to forge ahead. "31, copy 3" is so typical of what we want that we can hear the pop and drum of the hog on the outside; we can ever hear the hustle and bustle of the passengers on the platform, the lumbering station trucks, and otherwise go on with the inspirational throb of life that abounds about it.

M. R.—Washington, Ind.

* * *

The Readers Answer Johnnie

When John Johns expressed himself in the September number he undoubtedly made a couple of friends. These little discussions pro and con on the contents of the magazine are what help us in the Editorial Department to know how best to please the greatest number of readers. We give way to those who would answer Mr. Johns.

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

Reference to Brother John Johns's timely and constructive suggestions.

Brother Johns writes as a modern rail who knows his atmosphere to-day. Letter strikes keynote of success for RAILROAD MAN'S. Editor wise in putting it on "Spot" for general inspection.

Too much boomer stuff, like the old link and pin, is out of date forever. Who wants the old link and pin back? Modern demands will either make or break our sacred magazine.

Autobiographies? Too many appear to know the subjects better than the writers.

Articles? Who cares about those anyhow?

And true experiences? Too common to brag about.

B. & O. Brains—Washington, Ind.

* * *

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I've been sitting in on these "On the Spot" meetings ever since they began, but haven't said anything, as there didn't seem anything I could say that would help. Then I climbed aboard the September number and right away I got me an idea, and if it's all the same to you I'd like to speak to the boys for a minute. Thanks.

After listening to you jaspers all through this last meeting you all make me think of an O. R. C. that was running local a few years ago over on the "Do-Well & Prosper" when I was copying 19's and handin' 'em high on the same pike.

Bert, his name was, headed south one day out of Fort Frances with a whole flock of peddlers. Oodles of package stuff for every station. Every few miles there was a spur or two to switch.

When Bert got to Ray, he made up his mind if he was going to get over the division before the Hog Law caught him, that a lot of work was going to be left until to-morrow. He took the matter up with the dispatcher, through the operator at Ray. As he had only made about 29 miles when he got to Ray, the DI was a little skeptical about okaying a setout of the train and running any work, and told Bert to work as far

as possible. Two hours later Bert was 30 miles farther down the line at Cusson, and old "Hog Law" was tight on his tail. After unloading at Cusson and doing what switching he couldn't talk the agent out of, he again called DI and asked for instructions. DI wanted him to work to the next open station, but Bert being on pretty short time with 40 miles to go yet and being some fast talker, got the DI to agree to a cut and run play

Says Bert, "What'll I set out?"

Says DI, not wanting to take the responsibility of saying what should or should not come in, "Set out all but preference loads."

"O. K.," says Bert, and beat it for the next terminal. When Bert went into the DI office at Virginia and registered in "caboose hop," DI reared up on his hind legs, pawed with both front feet, frothed at the mouth and bawled, "How come?"

"How come, hell," says Bert. "You said set out all but preference loads and that caboose was the only load that was preference to me."

And so with you jaspers. You want to set out *Honk* and *Horace*, *Ipecac*, "The Juice Era," "Just a Few Years Back," love stories, "Europe on Wheels," "Old World Limiteds," etc., etc., yet every man jack of you has his own pet story or department he wants kept in the lineup until, if you all had your own way, the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE would come romping in each month like my friend Bert, just caboose hop.

And wouldn't that be some train? Besides every one at division headquarters from the call boy up to the general superintendent would be squawking about the expense during these hard times. Just think of the extras they'd have to put on so that each of us readers would get just his caboose hop copy. Nope! Can't be done!

The way it is now, every month the G. Y. M. lines up the old mixed train and highballs her with what he is offered or can get just the same as happens in any terminal yard. As the old rattler comes along we all get on and ride her through. If we like *Honk* and *Horace* we ride with them, or if we like "The Juice Era" we'll probably be found riding the new jack up ahead, and so on with all the different stories and departments.

It's my private opinion that our present G. Y. M. up in the editorial yard is doing his stuff. More power to him!

And so, Mr. Ring Master, while that red cover was my little caboose hop, I'm not like the boomer that was first out to ride the cultivator! If you run the old girl "yeller" I'll not pull the pin; I'm ridin' her through. So make her up and highball her out. I'll glom a grab iron somewhere along the line. 73s.

C A H.—International Falls, Minn

* * *

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

As regards the stories, I haven't missed a word of any of them since your magazine started last December, and have thoroughly enjoyed them all. But RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE—is the title and as I get it you are printing it solely or largely for the Knights of the Rail and, of course, the ex-knights. For the past two issues now we have been reading "The Mask of Ching Wo," an excellent story, I'll grant you, full of interest, mystery and what have you? and all those gripping things that hold you, but not for a magazine of your excellent and selective type.

First, last and all the time you are the brains on this train and I am only braking for you and I'll set out and pick up what you tell me, and pull those pins and twist those binders where you want 'em twisted, but I am afraid that alien "outside" stories like "Ching" are going to put hot-boxes in our train and then we're liable to have to—to—to—well, you know the kind of liquid we used to use in the good old days when there was no water around handy and, gosh! we do not want to resort to that. Of course maybe "Ching" will wind up with some railroad dope, but I doubt it now.

Secondly, the other thought is this: the color of your cover. Three cheers for the red!

Woody—El Paso, Texas.

* * *

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I cannot agree with John Johns in regard to cutting out the articles, as I think they are very interesting and also how many of us would want to take the trade papers when you print the most interesting doings in the railroad world in regard to new locomotives, trains, etc., and give us good illustrations of same? These trade papers contain lots of things that are only interesting to officials.

By all means give us plenty of articles.

I would also like to see about two more pages of the Light of the Lantern department, as I think this is very good, including plenty of photographs. A fellow can surely learn something here.

I enjoy *Honk* and *Horace* and the Country Station Agent, *Ipecac* and, in fact, about all the stories.

E. M. T.—Buckfield, Me.

* * *

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

Much comment has been made about your contributors. Some say leave out *Honk* and *Horace*, others say they are just the thing and to keep them by all means. I read your magazine when you first started it years ago and I have read every copy since it was reëstablished last December. I say I think it good enough as it is. Keep *Honk* and *Horace* by all means.

EXTRA WEST—Indianapolis, Ind.

* * *

More About Pay Cars

Here's a brother who would like to inform us of a little more of the interesting history of the old time "family disturber"—the little red car that came around once a month.

EDITOR RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

The article about pay cars, by C. L. H., Atlanta, Georgia, in your September number, is very interesting and accurately represents the old time method of paying railroad employees, but there are a few other details I wish to mention.

Crews for pay cars were not "first in first out"

in the old days, but were selected for their special fitness for this important service, and once assigned frequently remained for long periods, and each engine crew was furnished firearms to be used if a holdup were attempted. Inside the car was an armed guard, usually from the company's police force, and in addition the car itself was almost a rolling arsenal with firearms concealed within reach of the paymaster and assistants.

The rear end had two doors, one for entrance, the other for exit, with a railing between extending almost to the counter at which each signed the payroll and received his money. In order to expedite payment every known device was employed. The top of the counter at the paymaster's wicket was covered with a polished steel plate on which the money was laid and on each morning this plate was lightly oiled.

Necessarily safes were carried, as large sums were required, but not all was taken when the car started out on its monthly round. The paymaster made calls at the banks on his system to which the agents remitted, and thus secured what funds he needed.

Another safeguard was in running the pay car only in daylight, a rule which was invariably observed. I remember of only one case of attempted robbery of a pay car which was in Ohio some forty or fifty years ago at night. The car, if I remember, was deadheading and no money taken.

X—Indianapolis, Ind.

* * *

Electric Jacks

It seems that a sure way to stir up an argument in railroad circles is to let one brother say something for or against the electric locomotive. Take, for instance:

Editor Railroad Man's Magazine:

I think W. A. P. of Newark has a lot to learn according to his last few lines. He is dead set against the Juice Era and states that in his mind there are no thrills in an electric jack or style. R. G. M., that C. N. fireman, should read this also.

Any of you ever ride the Olympian or Columbian on the Milwaukee, or the Oriental Limited on the G. N.? Well, when you do you will find plenty of thrills and they won't be covered with soot and cinders either. When you have to shut off an electric jack because of doing over 60 up a grade of 1.5 per cent with 12 coaches, there is a thrill you'll never forget, and *they make the time in six feet of snow banks besides.*

How about a little dope on some of these short electric lines? Let's have it from any one who knows his A. C. or D. C. jack. I watched a little 60-ton motor at Spokane switch more cars in two hours than two steam jacks of more weight could handle in twice the time. How about 6,600 volts A. C. current right over your head in an oil circuit breaker!

Say, when that thing grounds there is more action in a cab than any busted water glass ever caused, and after all, fellows, when wheels click over the joints they all sound the same whether it's a steam or an electric jack. It's the coming power, boys, at least out here in God's country where Mother Nature has done her best to defy the R. R. engineers, and she did a marvelous job of it in places I have seen.

Keep them all coming as they are. Never read any better stories any time. There is not enough of them. Can't make the book last from one issue to the next. Keep *Honk* and *Horace* and let's have more like "Main Line Man," "Runaways," "Pin Grease John," "Derails," "The Railroad in the Sky," "God of High Iron," "Murder at Spire."

M. C.—San Diego, Cal.

* * *

POETS' CORNER

Here is a little tribute to the railroad by a railroad employee who has spent many years in the service. Mrs. Rogers, the authoress, has left the chattering brass to live at peace in the mountains, but she has not forgotten the old Rio Grande.

The Denver & Rio Grande

What magic stirred the human breast
  Thinking out a railroad scheme!
O'er highest mount, through deepest chasm,
  Beyond the pale of wildest dream.
Trials, tragedies, privations sore,
  Helped pay the hard-earned toll,
That led to better, safer ways
  To reach the traveler's goal.

Scaling narrow, unknown ridges;
Building fairy hanging bridges,
Cutting, blasting tunnels through,
With skill so accurate, so true,
They laid a path of bluest steel
For the safety of our commonweal
So you and I in after years,
With time to rest and play at hand,
Could happily pursue our way,
O'er our beloved Rio Grande.

Mrs. Mary S. Rogers.

* * *

The following was submitted by a reader, Mr. Edward Temke, and we are passing it along to you.

Whistling Snyder

From Spokane to Troy, Montana,
  Stretch two shining bands of steel.
Where the host of Jim Hill's box cars
  Pound the rail with flying wheel.
O'er these lines of steel a hogger
  Blew his way to local fame
With the men of his division—
  Whistling Snyder was his name.

It was in the yard at Hillyard,
In the year of nineteen four,
That I first saw Whistling Snyder
Standing by the fire box door.
He was looking at his orders
By the firelight's ruddy glare,
And he read them over slowly
While the fireman tried the air.

Then he kicked her in the corner,
Pulled her throttle lever back,
And the wheels spit fire like demons
As they spun upon the track.
Strained her drawbar to the limit,
Tore the fire loose from the grate,
And he whistled to the switchmen
As he highballed out the gate.

Thirty cars of stock behind her
Swiftly rolled the big machine,
And her whistle bellowed loudly
For the order board at Dean.
Once again he called for signals,
But the board refused to drop,
Then the grinding brakes spit fire
Whistling Snyder had to stop.

"Darn the luck," swore Snyder loudly,
He was most too mad to talk.
"Who the hell is that dispatcher?
Don't he know I'm pulling stock?"
Then he bellowed to the brakeman,
"Jump down, shack, and bend the rail;
We are stuck as sure as blazes
For the fast Seattle Mail."

When the brakeman lined the switches
Then he dragged them in the clear,
But he swore so loud the captain
Thirty cars away could hear.
Settled back upon the seat box,
Feet upon the window sill,
And he cursed the whole darn layout
From the call boy to Jim Hill.

"Snyder," said the brakeman sourly,
"There's just one thing you do well.
You can blow that cursed whistle,
Blow it long and blow like hell.
And your fireman tells this story
And he swears it on his soul,
That the steam to blow your whistle
Takes each trip a ton of coal.

"Every man along this railroad
Would be glad to shoot on sight,
For your whistle wakes the echoes
Blaze of noon, or dead of night.
In the wee small hours of morning
You awake the countryside,
And I long to see a bounty
Placed upon your measly hide."

"Who the hell are you," said Snyder,
"That can tell me not to toot?"
Then he gave his mighty whistle,
One prolonged, defiant hoot.
Just then, like a fiery comet,
O'er the switches roared the mail,
And with two long blasts triumphant
Whistling Snyder hit the trail.

A Brother C. R. M. of Hayden, Colorado, wants to know if any of you fellows can supply the words of the poem, part of which follows:

Let the spike maul rest,
Across my breast,
The gauge and the old clawbar,
It's a joint ahead and center back,
So Jerry go and oil the car.

Part of another verse runs:

I want to get in ahead of No. 10,
So Jerry go and oil the car.

* * *

THE COUPON

Hundreds of readers are taking advantage of our coupon offer for an original pen and ink drawing from some illustration in RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. If you haven't availed yourself of the opportunity to get an artist's sketch you can start right now by saving this and three subsequent coupons. When you have the four simply mail them to us with your picture choice.

Editor,
RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE,
280 Broadway, New York City.
The stories and features I like best in your December issue are:

1.....

2.....

3.....

4.....

5.....

6.....

Name.....

Occupation.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

COMING for JANUARY

Regulating Bus Competition

By WILSON WELLS

A frank statement of the conditions which now face the railroads because of highway passenger carriers, and a glance at the toll in men and revenue.

A Meet With 86

By DON WATERS

The author of "Rolling Wheels" and "Blood and Steam" presents a tense little drama of love and coal dust and grease.

High Cost of Perishable Moving

By WILLIAM PICKETT HELM

A good chunk of every dollar of revenue gained in hauling the "PF" goes back to the shipper in damage claim payments.

Honk and Horace — Griff Crawford
Victor Maxwell — Gilbert Lathrop

• and •

"More Time on 2"

Another one of Harry Temple's Dramatic Railroad Cover Paintings

50¢ QUALITY

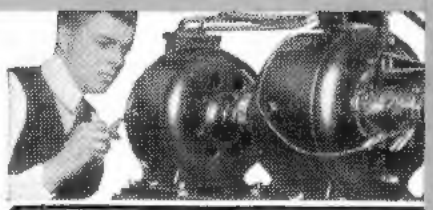
LISTERINE Shaving Cream

NOW **25¢** *Men who know quality have for years paid double what it costs now.*

A remarkable Cod Liver Oil Emulsion

Years of scientific research brings to you this remarkable bone and body builder for infants, children and adults. Easy to take—does not upset digestion. Made from cod liver oil imported from Norway, this emulsion carries in solution the two important bone forming salts of calcium and sodium. Guaranteed to satisfy or your money back. At all Rexall Drug Stores which includes Liggett and Owl Stores; there is a Rexall Store conveniently near you.

SAVE *with* SAFETY *at your* Rexall DRUG STORE



Learn Electricit

In 12 Weeks—In the Great Shops of C

The whole world of electricity is open to the Coyne train- because the COYNE big, newly enlarged course in *comple* trains you BY ACTUAL WORK on a vast outlay of el equipment. NO BOOKS—NO CLASSES—START ANY

NOT A CORRESPONDENCE SCHOO

We don't make you a mere "paper" electrician. You be *real* EXPERT through actual work at COYNE.

YOU DON'T NEED ADVANCED EDUCATION

or experience! Any man who is ambitious and willing can learn at

LEARN TO EARN $200 TO $800 A MON

No books or useless theory. You are trained on everythin door bells to power plants, everything to make you a $50 a week COYNE-trained EXPERT.

Mail Coupon Fill in and send coupon below for big free bo cial **R. R. fare offer**, details of *FREE Life A ship*, Radio and Aviation Electricity included now. Mail today.

COYNE ELECTRICAL SCH
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 90-03, C

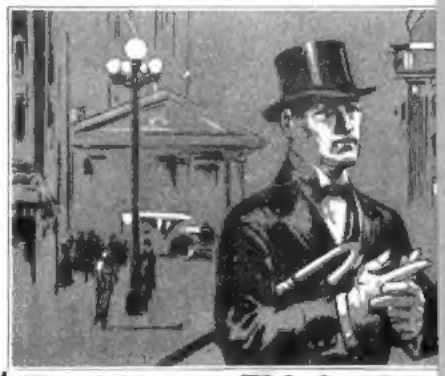
COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, H. C. Lewis, Pres.
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 90-03, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your Free, Illustrated Book on Electric Coyne. No obligation. Give details of special offer too.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....



Follow This M

Secret Service Operator No. 38 is on the

FOLLOW him through all the excitement of hi of the counterfeit gang. See how a crafty o works. Tell-tale finger prints on the lamp s the murdered girl's room! The detective's cigaret is handled by the unsuspecting gangster, and a mystery is solved. Better than fiction. It's true, word of it. No obligation.

FREE **The Confidential Re No. 38 Made to His**

And the best part of it all is this. It may open your eye great future for YOU as a highly paid Finger Print Exper men are needed right now. This school has taken men just and trained them for high official positions. This is the kind you would like. Days full of excitement. Big salaries.

WRITE and I'll send the Free Reports—also a wo illustrated book telling of the future you as a Finger Print Expert. Literature will NOT be boys under 17 years of age.

Institute of Applied Science 1920 Sunnyside

BC

Just a Twist of the Wrist

Banishes Old Style Can Openers to the Scrap Heap

and Brings Agents UP TO $6 and $8 IN AN Hour!

WOMEN universally detest the old-style can opener. Yet in every home in the land cans are being opened with it, often several times a day. Imagine how thankfully they welcome this new method—this automatic way of doing their most distasteful job. With the Speedo can opening machine you can just put the can in the machine, turn the handle, and almost instantly the job is done.

End This Waste and Danger

You undoubtedly know what a nasty, dangerous job it is to open cans with the old-fashioned can opener. You have to hack your way along slowly—ripping a jagged furrow around the edge. Next thing you know, the can opener slips. Good night! You've torn a hole in your finger. As liable as not it will get infected and stay sore a long time. Perhaps even your life will be endangered from blood poisoning! You may be lucky enough to get the can open without cutting yourself. But there's still the fact to consider that the ragged edge of tin left around the top makes it almost impossible to pour out all of the food. Yet now, all this trouble, waste and danger is ended. No wonder salesmen everywhere are finding this invention a truly revolutionary money maker!

New "Million Dollar" Can Opening Machine

The Speedo holds the can—opens it—flips up the lid so you can grab it—and gives you back the can without a drop spilled, without any rough edges to snag your fingers—all in a couple of seconds! It's so easy even a 10-year-old child can do it in perfect safety! No wonder women—and men, too—simply go wild over it! No wonder Speedo salesmen have sold to every house in the block and have made up to $8 in an hour.

AGENTS!

Full Time $265 in a Week

"Here is my record for first 30 days with Speedo: June 13, 60 Speedos; June 20, 91 Speedos; June 30, 102 Speedos; July 6, 288 Speedos; I made $265 in a week."
M. ORNOFF, Va.

SPARE TIME $9 First Half Day

"The first afternoon I received my Speedo outfit I made $9."
MRS. R. SPAIN, Kas.

PART TIME $20 In 3 Hours

"I worked about three hours and took 25 orders. This brought me $20 profit."
O. C. GREGG, Wyo.

Generous Free Test Offer

Frankly, men, I realize that the profit possibilities of this proposition as outlined briefly here may seem almost incredible to you. So I've worked out a plan by which you can examine the invention and test its profits without risking one penny.

Get my free test offer while the territory you want is still open—I'll hold it for you while you make the test. I'll send you all the facts about other salesmen making up to $100 and even more in a week. I'll also tell you about another fast selling item that brings you two profits. All you risk is a 2c stamp—so grab your pencil and shoot me the coupon right now.

CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO., Dept. W-2804
4500 Mary Ave. (Est. over 20 years) St. Louis, Mo.

SPEEDO

CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO.,
4500 Mary Ave., Dept. W-2804,
St. Louis, Mo.

Rush me your FREE TEST OFFER.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

[ ] Check here if interested only in one for your home.